

HOSANNA

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

EDITED BY
A. T. SCHAUFFLER



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THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

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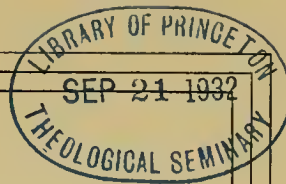
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HOSANNA

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A. T. SCHAUFFLER



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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THIS book has been prepared for those who are looking for a collection of hymns fit for children to use, set to tunes which are, musically, of an order higher than is often found in Sunday-School hymn-books, and yet not above the ability and comprehension of young people.

The number of entirely new tunes in "Hosanna" is large enough to provide variety, and the tunes which are more or less known are of the very best.

The editor is under special obligation to S. M. Bixby for permission to use a number of tunes from "Evangel Songs"; as well as to the following gentlemen for the privilege of using the tunes owned by them: Rev. Robt. Lowry, D. D., Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., George F. Le Jeune, J. W. Walton, Geo. W. Warren, L. H. Redner, A. Gore Mitchell, and Rev. R. De W. Mallary, D.D.

Special attention is called to the large number of hymns appropriate to Christmas and other festival services, and to the richness of the book in hymns of praise and prayer. A study of the Index of Subjects will commend the book to thoughtful superintendents, as much as its musical merit will find favor with musicianly pianists and organists in the schools.

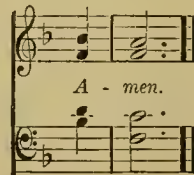
THE "AMEN."

The regular use of the "Amen" at the close of hymns is growing in favor. The editor recommends that the "Choral Amen" be uniformly used, and offers the following suggestion as to the selection of the *form* appropriate for each tune. (Of course, a general rule like this is not to be accepted as inflexible.)

After tunes in the key of G, or in higher keys, up to B flat, sing it thus (using the key in which the tune is written):



After tunes in the key of F, or in lower keys, down to C, sing it thus:



THE ARRANGEMENT

of the hymns and tunes is a departure from the usual one. The majority of those in the *first third* of the book are intended for the younger children, and for the primary classes. The remainder contains such as, both on account of the sentiment of the hymns and the difficulty of the tunes, are more appropriate for older pupils and classes; and it will be found on a careful examination of "Hosanna," that there are no less than *eighty hymns* which properly may find a place in the mid-week service or in the Christian Endeavor or Epworth League meeting.

A. T. S.

NEW YORK, August, 1898.



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HOSANNA

FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

I

All hail the power of Jesus' name.

EDWARD PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
3. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,
4. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, Join in the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all; Join in the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

2

Saviour, teach me, day by day.

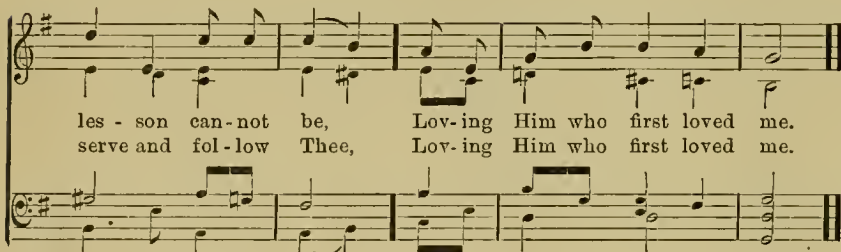
JANE E. LEESON.

J. H. CORNELL.

Unison.



1. Sav - iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey: Sweet - er
2. With a child - like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move; Prompt to



les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
serve and fol - low Thee, Lov - ing Him who first loved me.

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3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

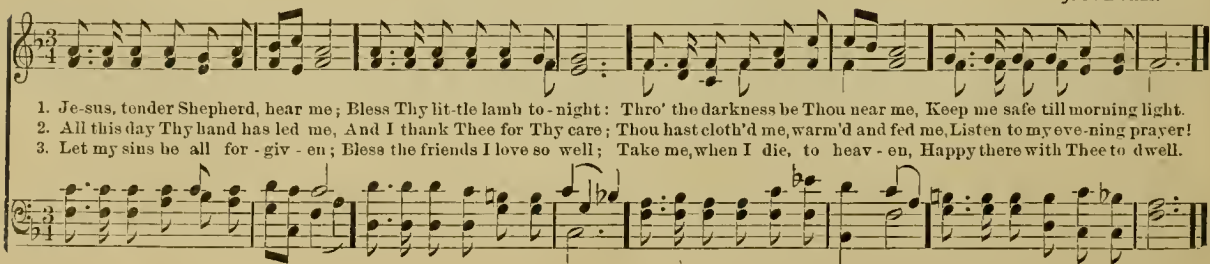
4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

3

Jesus, tender Shepherd.

MARY DUNCAN.

J. B. DYKES.

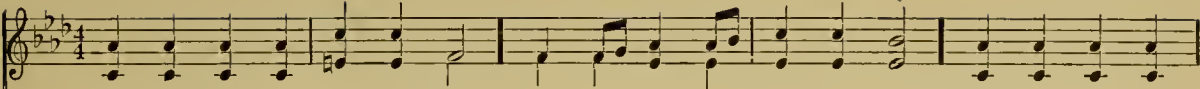


1. Je - sus, tender Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night: Thro' the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light.
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care; Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd and fed me, Listen to my eve - ning prayer!
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well; Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Saviour, listen to our prayer.


E. W. K.

E. W. KELLOGG.




1. Sav - iour, list - en to our prayer, Poor and sin - ful though we are; Guilt con - fess - ing,
 2. Strength is Thine; we oft - en stray From Thy pure and ho - ly way; Wilt Thou guide us,
 3. Then may we, when life is o'er, Stand with Thee on yon - der shore: Freed from sin - ning,

CHORUS.



Give Thy blessing, Grant Thy lov - ing care. }
 Walk be - side us, Near - er ev - ery day? } O God our Fa - ther, Christ our King, Now to Thee our
 Heav - en win - ning. Prais - ing ev - er - more.




hearts we bring; Keep them ev - er, bless - ed Sav - iour, Till in heaven Thy love we sing.

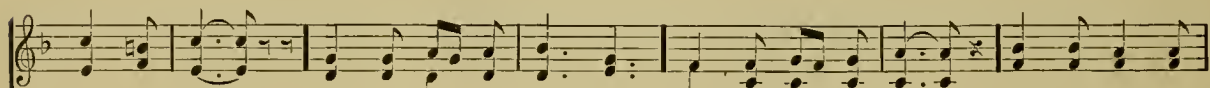
Jesus is our Shepherd.

HUGH STOWELL.

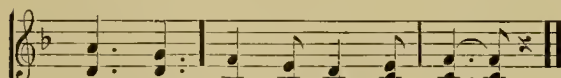
ALBERTO RANDEGGER.



1. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, Wip - ing ev - ery tear; Fold - ed in His bo - som, What have
 2. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, May we know His voice; How its gen - tlest whis - per Makes our
 3. Je - sus is our Shep - herd; For the sheep He bled; Ev - ery lamb is sprinkled With the



we to fear? On - ly let us fol - low Whith - er He doth lead, To the thirst - y
 heart re - joice! E - ven when He chid - eth, Ten - der is its tone: None but He shall
 blood He shed: Then on each He set - teth His own se - cret sign: "They that have My



des - ert Or the dew - y mead.
 guide us; We are His a - lone.
 Spir - it, These," saith He, "are Mine."

4.

Jesus is our Shepherd;
 Guarded by His arm,
 Though the wolves may ravin,
 None can do us harm;
 When we tread death's valley,
 Dark with fearful gloom,
 We will fear no evil,
 Victors o'er the tomb.

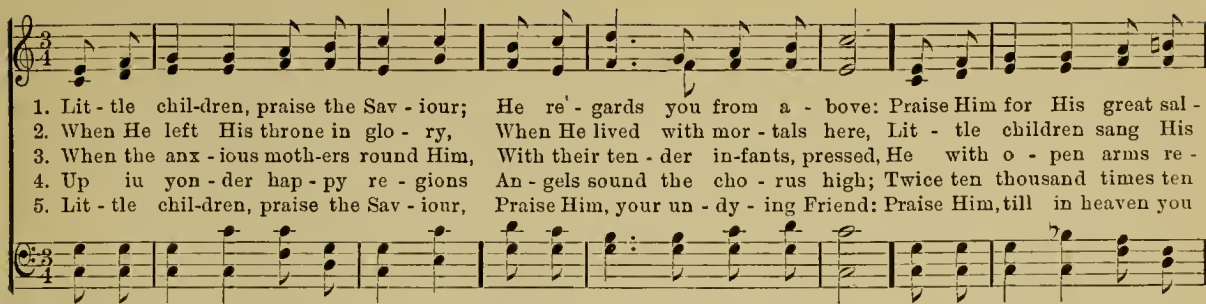
5.

Jesus is our Shepherd;
 With His goodness now
 And His tender mercy
 He doth us endow;
 Let us sing His praises
 With a gladsome heart,
 Till in heaven we meet Him,
 Never more to part.

Little children, praise the Saviour.

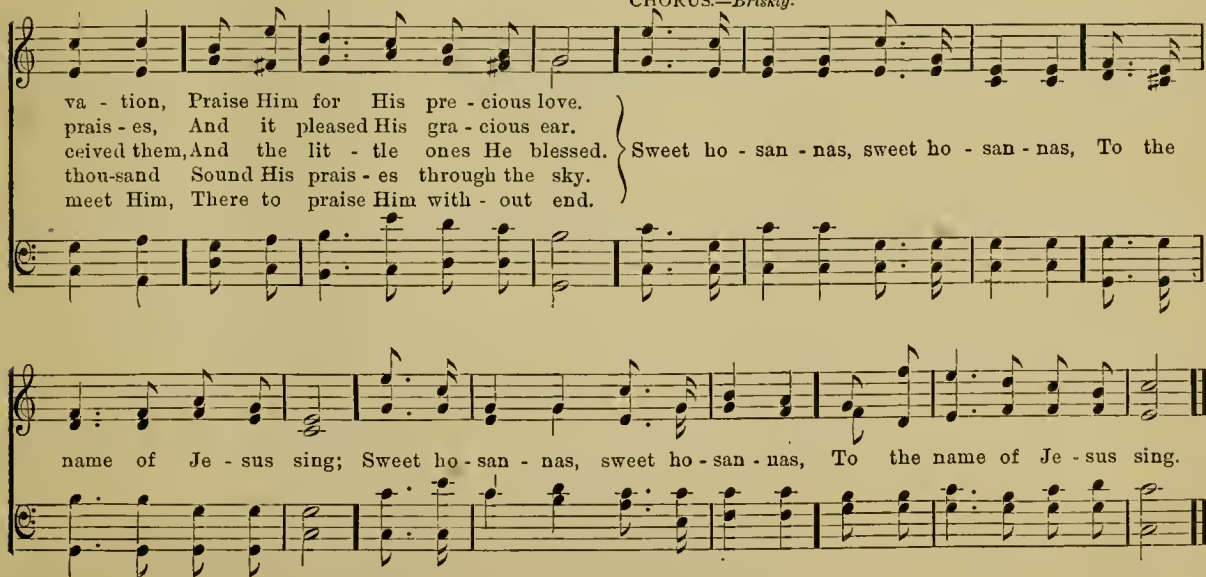
Anon.

WILLIAM BEST.



1. Lit - tle chil-dren, praise the Sav - iour; He re' - gards you from a - bove: Praise Him for His great sal -
 2. When He left His throne in glo - ry, When He lived with mor - tals here, Lit - tle children sang His
 3. When the anx - ious moth - ers round Him, With their ten - der in - fants, pressed, He with o - pen arms re -
 4. Up iu yon - der hap - py re - gions An - gels sound the cho - rus high; Twice ten thousand times ten
 5. Lit - tle chil-dren, praise the Sav - iour, Praise Him, your un - dy - ing Friend: Praise Him, till in heaven you

CHORUS.—Briskly.



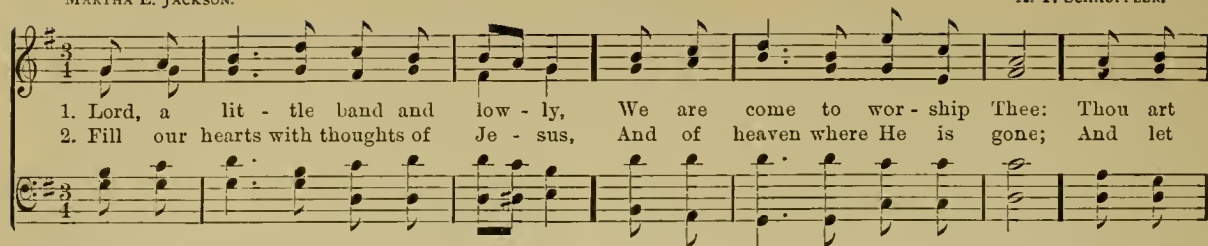
va - tion, Praise Him for His pre - cious love.
 prais - es, And it pleased His gra - cious ear.
 ceived them, And the lit - tle ones He blessed. } Sweet ho - san - nas, sweet ho - san - nas, To the
 thou - sand Sound His prais - es through the sky.
 meet Him, There to praise Him with - out end.

name of Je - sus sing; Sweet ho - san - nas, sweet ho - san - nas, To the name of Je - sus sing.

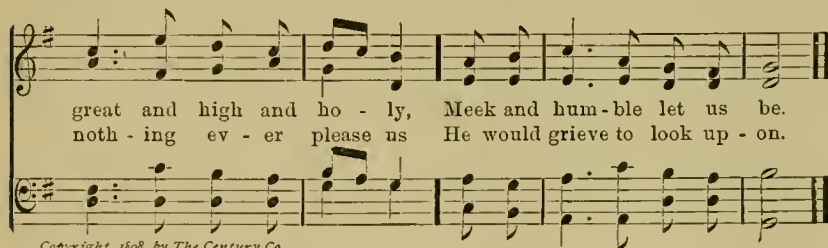
Lord, a little band and lowly.

MARTHA E. JACKSON.

A. T. SCHAUFFLER.



1. Lord, a lit - tle band and low - ly, We are come to wor - ship Thee: Thou art
 2. Fill our hearts with thoughts of Je - sus, And of heaven where He is gone; And let



great and high and ho - ly, Meek and hum - ble let us be.
 noth - ing ev - er please us He would grieve to look up - on.

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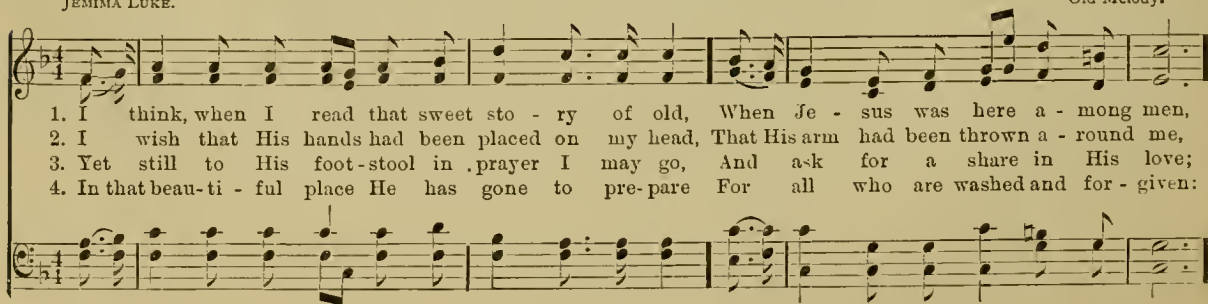
3 For we know the Lord of glory
 Always sees what children do,
 And is writing now the story
 Of our thoughts and actions too.

4 Let our sins be all forgiven;
 Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
 Lead us on our way to heaven,
 There to sing a nobler song.

I think, when I read that sweet story of old.

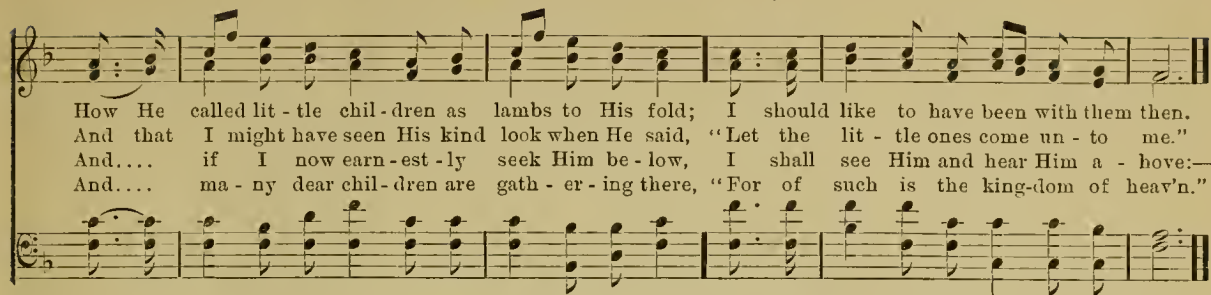
JEMIMA LUKE.

Old Melody.



1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a - round me,
 3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love;
 4. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare For all who are washed and for - given:

I think, when I read that sweet story of old.—Concluded.

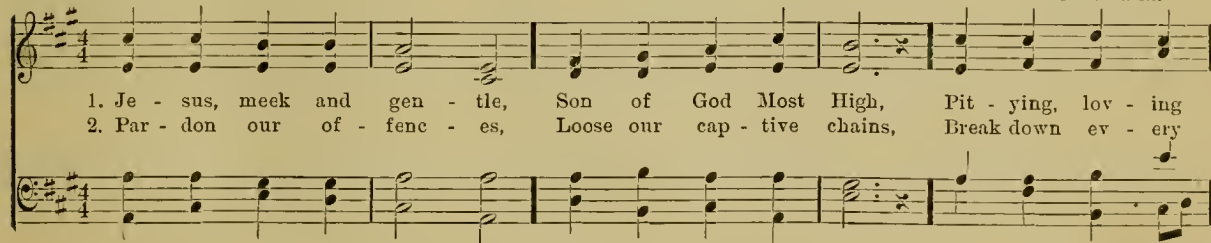


How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold; I should like to have been with them then.
 And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
 And.... if I now earn - est - ly seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove:—
 And.... ma - ny dear chil - dren are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

9 Jesus, meek and gentle.

G. R. PRYNNE.

C. H. RINCK.



1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High, Pit - ying, lov - ing
 2. Par - don our of - fence - es, Loose our cap - tive chains, Break down ev - ery



Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry.
 i - dol Which our soul de - tains.

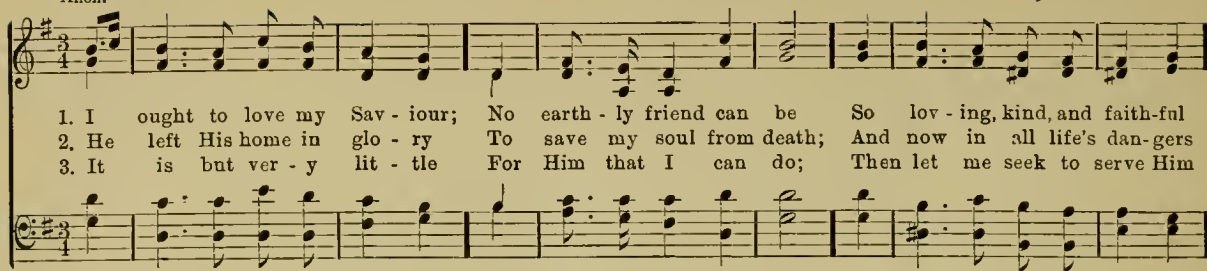
3 Give us holy freedom,
 Fill our hearts with love;
 Draw us, Holy Jesus,
 To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
 Be Thyself the Way
 Through terrestrial darkness
 To celestial day.

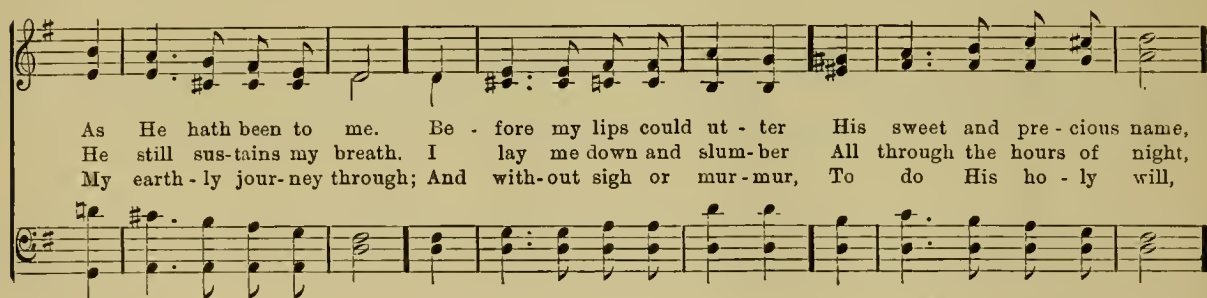
I ought to love my Saviour.

Anon.

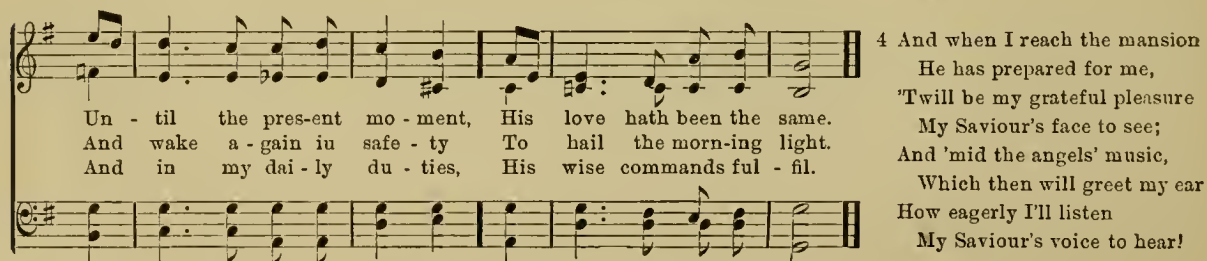
J. R. FAIRLAME.



1. I ought to love my Sav- iour; No earth- ly friend can be So lov- ing, kind, and faith-ful
 2. He left His home in glo- ry To save my soul from death; And now in all life's dan- gers
 3. It is but ver- y lit- tle For Him that I can do; Then let me seek to serve Him



As He hath been to me. Be- fore my lips could ut- ter His sweet and pre- cious name,
 He still sus- tains my breath. I lay me down and slum- ber All through the hours of night,
 My earth- ly jour- ney through; And with- out sigh or mur- mur, To do His ho- ly will,



Un- til the pres- ent mo- ment, His love hath been the same.
 And wake a- gain in safe- ty To hail the morn- ing light.
 And in my dai- ly du- ties, His wise commands ful- fil.

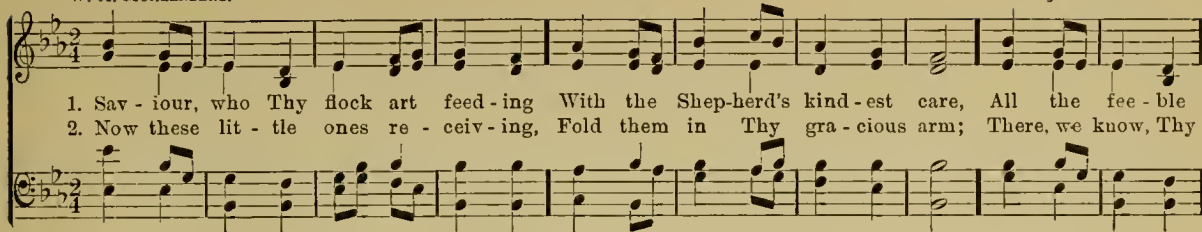
4 And when I reach the mansion
 He has prepared for me,
 'Twill be my grateful pleasure
 My Saviour's face to see;
 And 'mid the angels' music,
 Which then will greet my ear
 How eagerly I'll listen
 My Saviour's voice to hear!

II

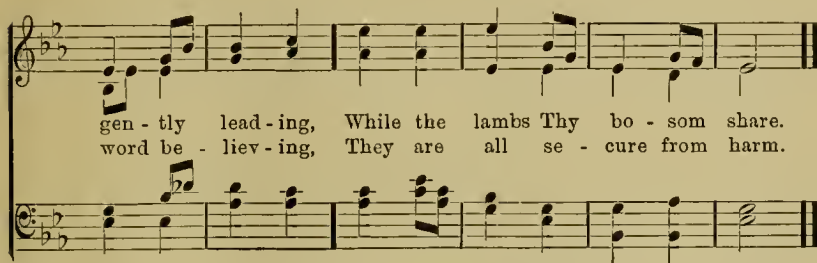
Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



1. Sav - iour, who Thy flock art feed - ing With the Shep - herd's kind - est care, All the fee - ble
2. Now these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold them in Thy gra - cious arm; There, we know, Thy



gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bo - som share.
word be - liev - ing, They are all se - cure from harm.

3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them thro' life's dangerous
way.

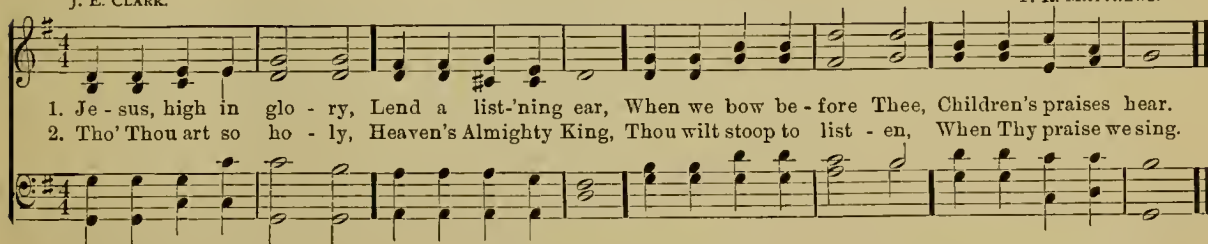
4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

I2

Jesus, high in glory.

J. E. CLARK.

T. R. MATTHEWS.



1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list - ning ear, When we bow be - fore Thee, Children's praises hear.
2. Tho' Thou art so ho - ly, Heaven's Almighty King, Thou wilt stoop to list - en, When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak, and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away:

5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly Home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

13

The morning bright.

THOS. O. SUMMERS.

A. H. BROWN.

1. The morn - ing bright With ro - sy light, Has waked me from my sleep: Fa - ther, I own
2. All through the day, I hum - bly pray, Be Thou my guard and guide: My sins for - give,

Thy love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.
And let me live, Blest Je - sus, near Thy side.

3.

O make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

14

Little drops of water.

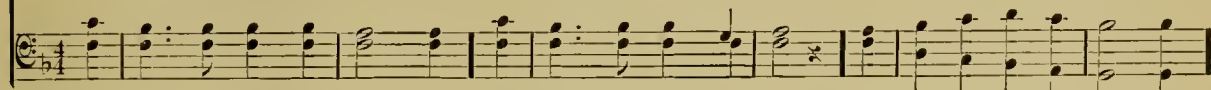
JULIA A. CARNEY.

Anon.

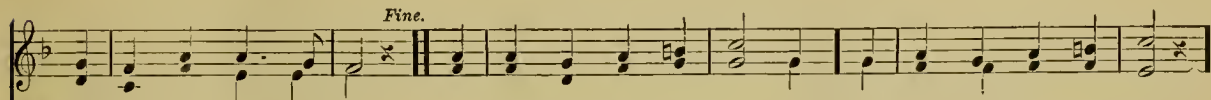
1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the mighty o - cean And the beauteous land.
2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Humble though they be, Make the mighty a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.
3. And our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way From the paths of vir - tue, Far in sin to stray.
4. Lit - tle deeds of mer - cy Sown by youthful hands Grow to bless the na - tions, Far in heathen lands.
5. Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love, Make our earth an E - den, Like the heaven a - bove.



1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voic - es tell, How once the King of Glo - ry
 2. I know my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and ho - ly



CHO. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voic - es tell, How once the King of Glo - ry



☉ Came down on earth to dwell. I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
 His lit - tle ones might be; And if I try to fol - low His foot - steps here be - low,



Came down on earth to dwell.

D. C. for Chorus.



The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
 He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loves me so.



3 To sing His love and mercy,
 My sweetest songs I'll raise;
 And though I cannot see Him,
 I know He hears my praise;
 For He has kindly promised
 That even I may go
 To sing among His angels,
 Because He loves me so.—*Cho.*

16

The fields are all white.

Anon.

JAMES ADCOCK.

1. The fields are all white, And the reapers are few, We children are willing, But what can we do
 2. Our hands are so small, And our words are so weak, We cannot teach others; How then shall we seek

To work for our Lord in His har - - vest?
 To work for our Lord in His har - - vest?

- 3 We'll work by our prayers,
 By the pennies we bring,
 By small self denials,—
 The least little thing
 May work for our Lord in His harvest.
 4 Until, by and by,
 As the years pass at length,
 We too may be reapers,
 And go forth in strength
 To work for our Lord in His harvest.

17

In the wintry heaven.

Anon.

GEORGE B. LISSANT.

1. In the win-try heav-en Shines a wondrous star; In the East the wise men Watched it from a - far;
 2. O'er the dust-y high-way, O'er the des-erts drear, From the East the wise men Watch it shin-ing clear;
 3. In a low-ly man-ger Lies an In-fant weak; Is it He whom wise men Come so far to seek?
 4. In our hearts we chil-dren See this star once more: Not as wise men saw it, In the days of yore;

In the wintry heaven.—Concluded.



Ask-ing, 'What this lus - tre, So un-earth-ly bright?' Answering, 'Christ in glo - ry, Comes to earth to - night!'
 Ask-ing, 'Shall we fol - low In this star-lit way?' Answering, 'Yes; 'twill lead us To the per-fect day.'
 Ask-ing, 'Where the Monarch? Where Ju-dæ-a's King?' Say-ing, 'Gifts and wor - ship To His throne we bring?'
 Ask-ing, May we bring Him Childhood's love to-day?' Answering, 'Come, dear children, Je - sus says we may.'

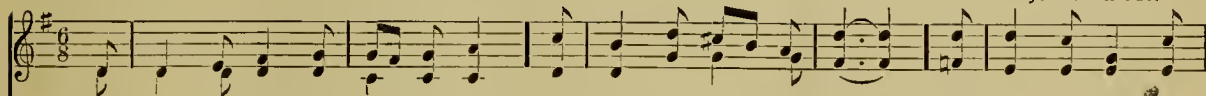


18

How shall the young secure their hearts.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy Word the choic - est
 2. When once it en - ters to the mind, It spreads such light a - broad, The mean - est souls in -



rules im - parts To keep the con - science clean.
 struc - tion find, And raise their thoughts to God.



3.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And, through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

4.

Thy word is everlasting truth:
 How pure is every page!
 The holy Book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

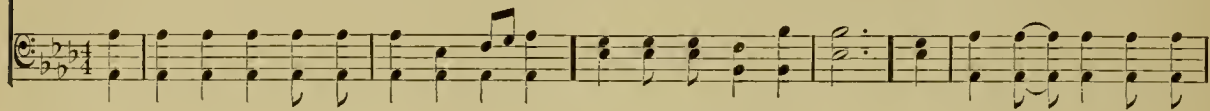
There is no love like the love of Jesus.

W. E. LITTLEWOOD.

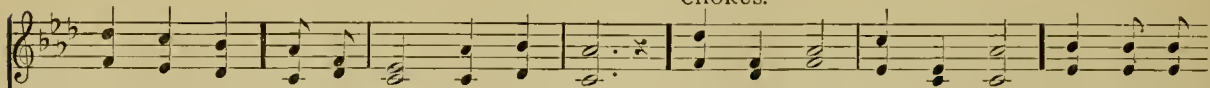
THEO. E. PERKINS.



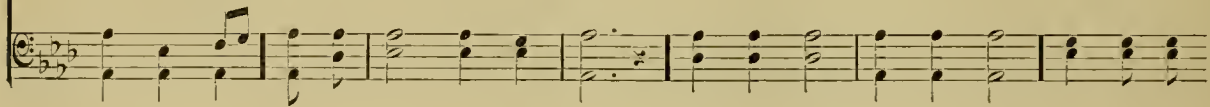
1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fade or fall, Till in - to the fold of the
 2. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Filled with a ten - der love; No throb nor throe that our
 3. Oh, let us hark to the voice of Je - sus, Oh, may we nev - er roam, Till safe we rest on His



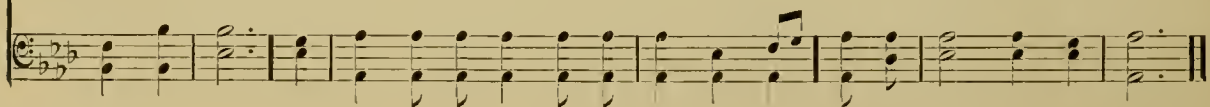
CHORUS.



peace of God, He has gath - ered us all. }
 hearts can know, But He feels it a - bove. } Je - sus' love, pre - cious love, Boundless and
 lov - ing breast, In the dear heavenly home. }



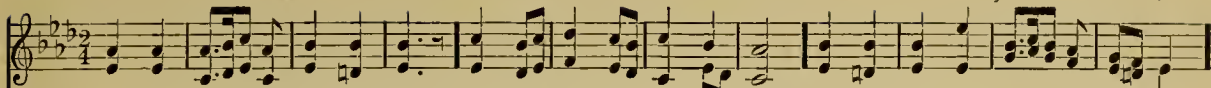
pure and free; Oh, turn to that love, wea - ry wand'r-ing soul, Je - sus plead - eth for thee.



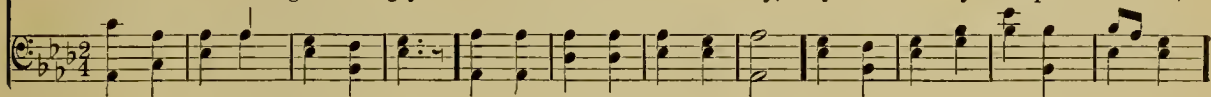
I am Jesus' little lamb.

Tr. fr. HENRIETTE L. VON HAVN.

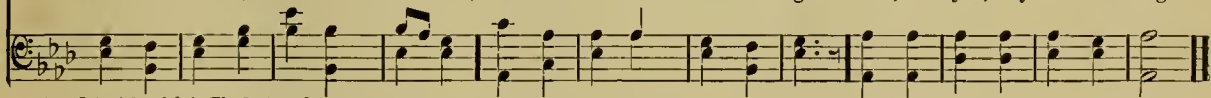
Arr. by A. T. SCHAUFLER.



1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb; Therefore glad and gay I am: Je - sus loves me, Je - sus knows me,
 2. Out and in I safe - ly go, Want and hun - ger nev - er know; Soft green pastures He dis - clos - es,
 3. Should not I be glad and gay In this bless - ed fold all day, By this Ho - ly Shep - herd tend - ed,



All that's good and fair He shows me, Tends me ev - ery day the same, E - ven calls me by my name.
 Where His hap - py flock re - pos - es; If I faint or thirst - y be, To the brook He lead - eth me.
 Whose kind arms, when life is end - ed, Bear me to the world of light? Yes, oh yes, my lot is bright.

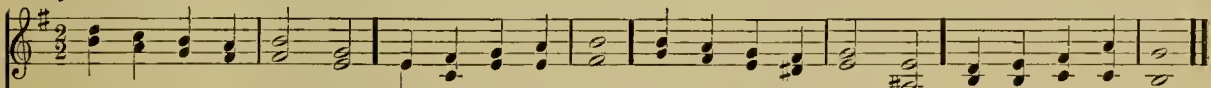


Arr. Copyright, 1898, by The Century Co.

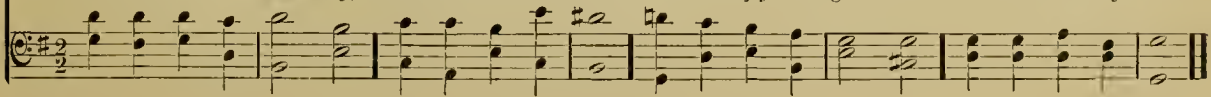
21 We are little pilgrims.

JOHN CURWEN.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.



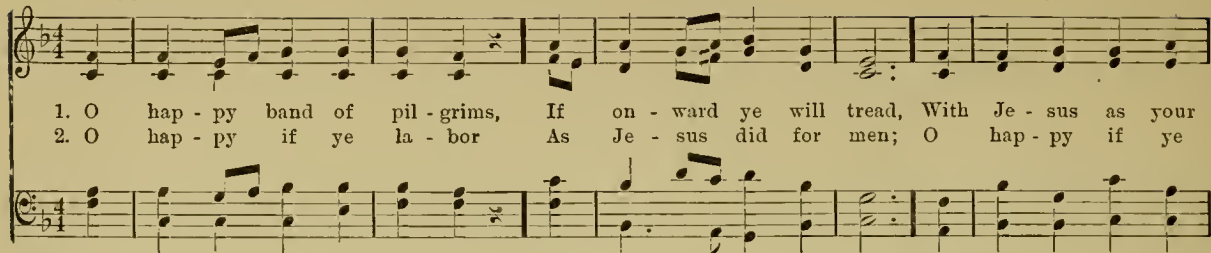
1. We are lit - tle pil - grims, We are stran - gers here; Though this world is pleas - ant Sin is ev - er near.
 2. We've a bet - ter coun - try, Where there is no sin; Where the sound of sor - row Nev - er com - eth in.
 3. There are joy and sing - ing, There, white raiment clean; There the bless - ed Sav - iour Ev - er may be seen.
 4. There the Lord will wel - come, With ex - tend - ed hand, All His lit - tle pil - grims To that hap - py land.
 5. So shall we be read - y, When this life is o'er, To an - joy the glo - ries Of the heav - enly shore.



O happy band of pilgrims.

Tr. by JOHN M. NEALE.

J. H. KNECHT.



1. O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread, With Je - sus as your
2. O hap - py if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men; O hap - py if ye



Fel - low To Je - sus as your Head.
hun - ger As Je - sus hun - gered then.

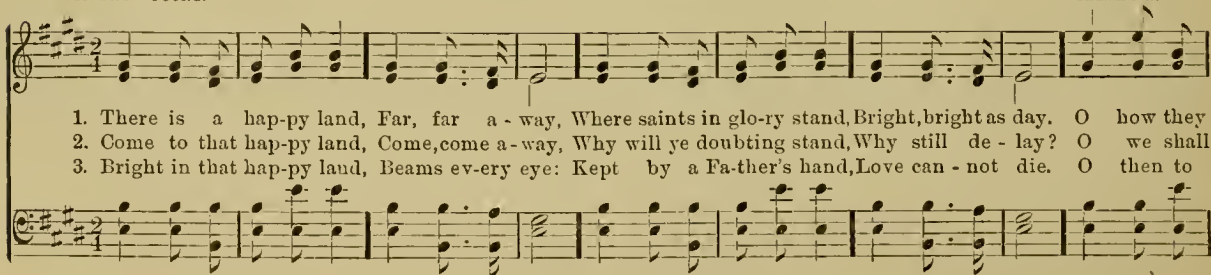
3 The Cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The Crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

There is a happy land.

ANDREW YOUNG.

Indian Air.



1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day. O how they
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye doubting stand, Why still de - lay? O we shall
3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev - ery eye: Kept by a Fa - ther's hand, Love can - not die. O then to

There is a happy land.—Concluded.

sweet - ly sing, "Wor - thy is our Sav - iour King," Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 hap - py be, When, from sin and sor - row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 glo - ry run; Be a crown and king - dom won, And bright, a - bove the sun, We'll reign for aye.

There is a happy land.

ANDREW YOUNG.

[Second Tune.]

SAMUEL S. WESLEY.

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.

Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour King," Loud let his prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!

We won't give up the Bible.

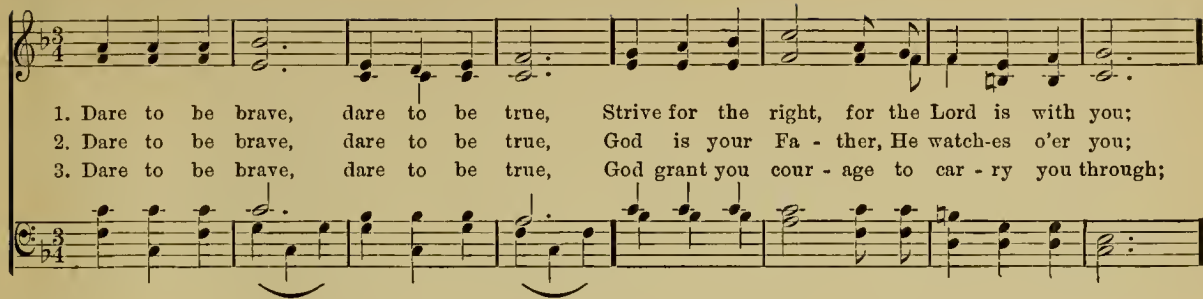
WM. M. WHITTEMORE.

J. A. ANTRES.

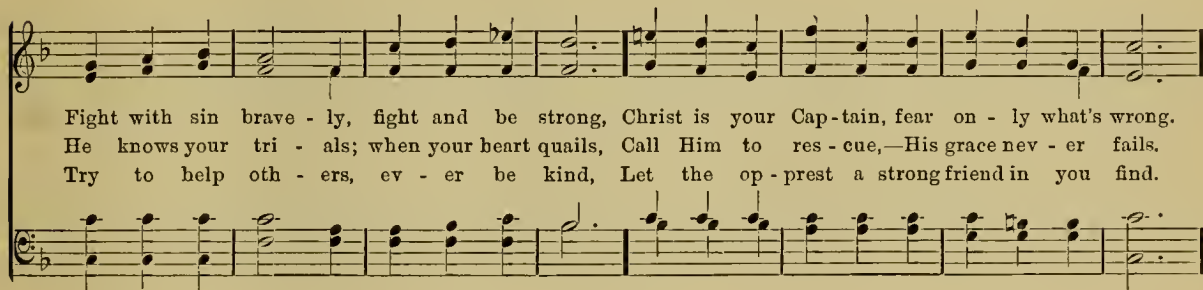
1. We won't give up the Bi - ble— God's ho - ly book of truth; The bless - ed staff of
 2. We won't give up the Bi - ble, For pleas - ure or for pain; We'll buy the truth, and
 3. We won't give up the Bi - ble, But spread it far and wide, Un - til its sav - ing

hoar - y age, The guide of ear - ly youth; The lamp that sheds a glo - rious light
 sell it not For all that we might gain: Though man should try to take our prize,
 voice be heard Be - yond the roll - ing tide,— Till all shall feel its gra - cious power:

O'er ev - ery drear - y road; The voice that speaks a Sav - iour's love, And calls us back to God.
 By guile or cru - el might, We'll suf - fer all that men can do,— And God de - fend the right!
 While we, with voice and heart, Re - solve that from God's sa - cred Word We'll nev - er, nev - er part!

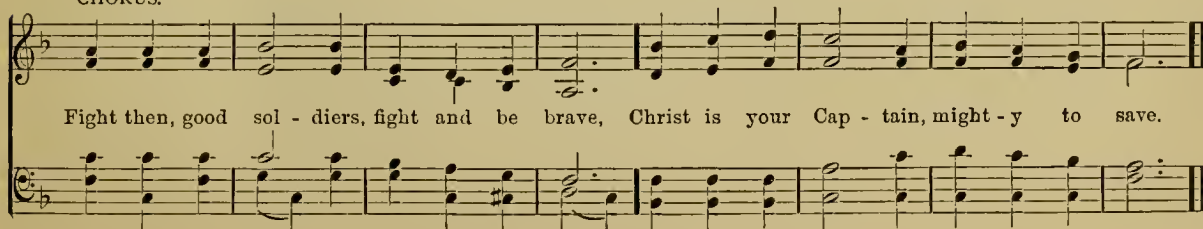


1. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, Strive for the right, for the Lord is with you;
 2. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God is your Fa - ther, He watch-es o'er you;
 3. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God grant you cour - age to car - ry you through;



Fight with sin brave - ly, fight and be strong, Christ is your Cap - tain, fear on - ly what's wrong.
 He knows your tri - als; when your heart quails, Call Him to res - cue,—His grace nev - er fails.
 Try to help oth - ers, ev - er be kind, Let the op - prest a strong friend in you find.

CHORUS.



Fight then, good sol - diers, fight and be brave, Christ is your Cap - tain, might - y to save.

Jesus, King of Glory.

W. H. DAVIDSON.

R. DEWITT MALLARY.

1. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky; Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry;
 2. On this day of glad - ness, Bend - ing low the knee In Thine earth - ly tem - ple, Lord, we wor - ship Thee,
 3. For the lit - tle chil - dren Who have come to Thee; For the glad, bright spir - its Who Thy glo - ry see;
 4. For Thy faith - ful ser - vants Who have en - tered in; For Thy fear - less sol - diers Who have conquered sin;
 5. When the shad - ows lengthen, Show us, Lord, Thy way; Thro' the dark - ness lead us To the heavenly day.


Far - don our trans - ges - sions, Cleanse us from our sin; By Thy spir - it help us Heavenly life to win.
 Cel - e - brate Thy good - ness, Mer - cy, grace and truth, All Thy lov - ing guid - ance Of our heed - less youth.
 For the loved ones rest - ing In Thy dear em - brace; For the pure and ho - ly Who be - hold Thy face;
 For the count - less le - gions Who have fol - lowed Thee, Heed - less of the dan - ger, On to vic - to - ry;
 When our course is finished, End - ed all the strife, Grant us with the faith - ful, Palms and crowns of life.

REFRAIN.



Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky; Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry.

LILLIE MACLEOD.

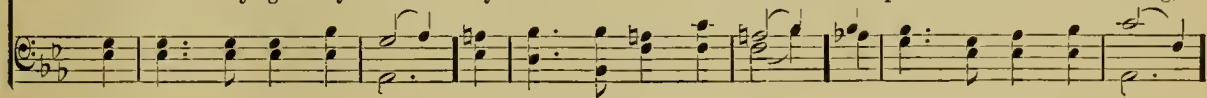

HUBERT P. MAIN.



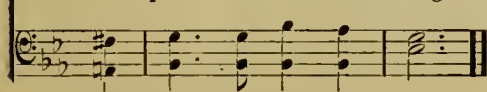
1. With glad - some hearts we come With - in our ho - ly home, Our Sav - iour's name to sing;
 2. The an - gels sing on high Thy glo - ry through the sky, And then to earth they wing,
 3. O may we, while we live, Such will - ing serv - ice give, A ho - ly of - fer - ing!

Right well His house we love! O joy, all joys a - bove, To praise the chil - dren's King,
 To guard us while we sleep, And, as their watch they keep, To praise the chil - dren's King,
 And still Thy glo - ry show By deeds of love be - low To praise the chil - dren's King,

To praise the chil - dren's King.
 To praise the chil - dren's King.
 To praise the chil - dren's King.



4.

And may our hearts aspire
 To join the heavenly choir,
 Whose strains forever ring;
 And learn on earth their hymn,
 The song of seraphim,
 To praise the children's King,
 To praise the children's King.

5.

O Light of light, to Thee
 Let earth and sky and sea
 Eternal homage bring;
 And grant us through Thy love,
 Before Thy throne above,
 To praise the children's King,
 To praise the children's King.

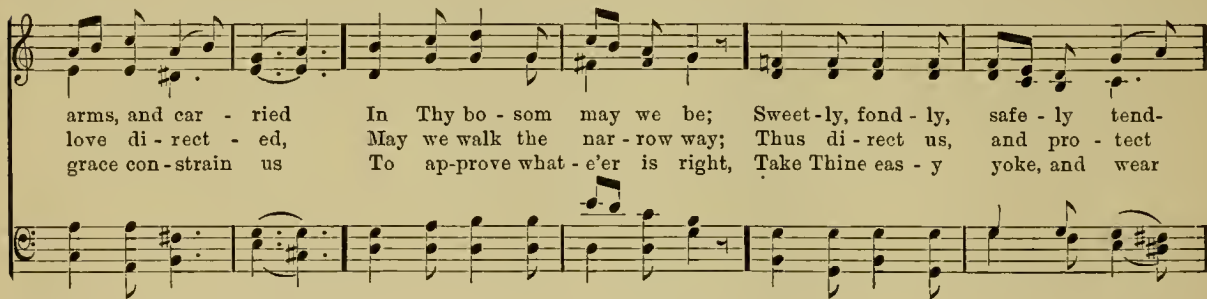
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd.

JANE E. LEESON.


J. R. FAIRLAMB.



1. Gra-cious Sav-iour, gen-tle Shep-herd, Lit-tle ones are dear to Thee; Gathered with Thine
 2. Ten-der Shep-herd, nev-er leave us From Thy fold to go a-stray; By Thy look of
 3. Let Thy ho-ly Word in-struct us; Guide us dai-ly by its light; Let Thy love and



arms, and car-ried In Thy bo-som may we be; Sweet-ly, fond-ly, safe-ly tend-
 love di-rect-ed, May we walk the nar-row way; Thus di-rect us, and pro-TECT
 grace con-strain us To ap-prove what-e'er is right, Take Thine eas-y yoke, and wear



ed, From all want and dan-ger free.
 us, Lest we fall an eas-y prey.
 it, Strengthened with Thy heaven-ly might.

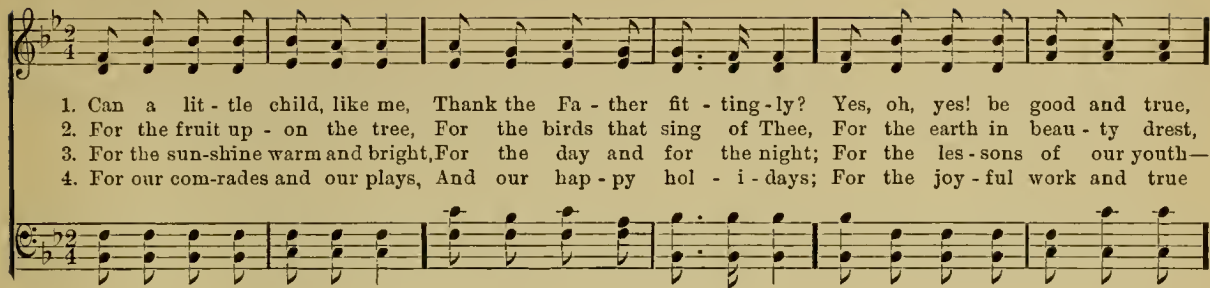
4.

Taught to lisp the holy praises
 Which on earth Thy children sing,
 Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
 May we our thank-offerings bring;
 Then with all the saints in glory
 Join to praise our Lord and King.

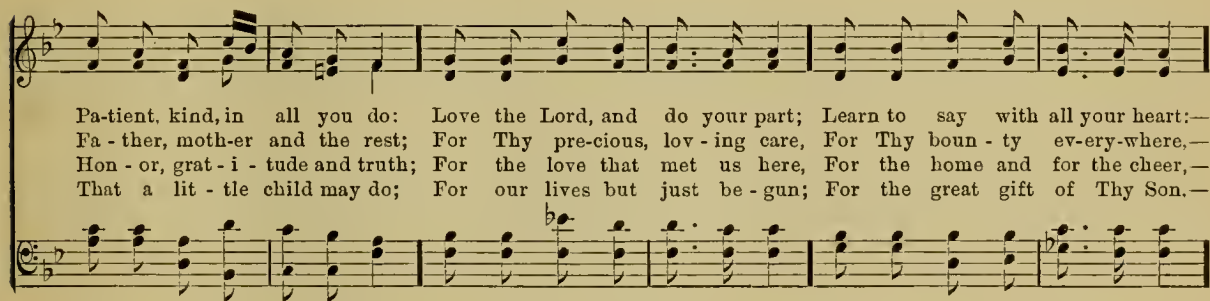
Can a little child, like me.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

WM. K. BASSFORD.

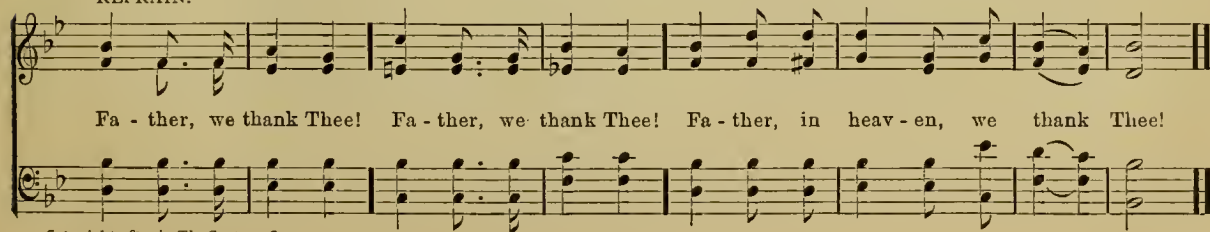


1. Can a lit - tle child, like me, Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly? Yes, oh, yes! be good and true,
 2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of Thee, For the earth in beau - ty drest,
 3. For the sun - shine warm and bright, For the day and for the night; For the les - sons of our youth—
 4. For our com - rades and our plays, And our hap - py hol - i - days; For the joy - ful work and true



Pa - tient, kind, in all you do: Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:—
 Fa - ther, moth - er and the rest; For Thy pre - cious, lov - ing care, For Thy boun - ty ev - ery - where,—
 Hon - or, grat - i - tude and truth; For the love that met us here, For the home and for the cheer,—
 That a lit - tle child may do; For our lives but just be - gun; For the great gift of Thy Son.—

REFRAIN.



Fa - ther, we thank Thee! Fa - ther, we thank Thee! Fa - ther, in heav - en, we thank Thee!

If I come to Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. If I come to Je - sus, He will make me glad: He will give me pleas-ure When my heart is sad.
 2. If I come to Je - sus, He will hear my prayer, He will love me dear-ly, He my sins did bear.
 3. If I come to Je - sus, He will take my hand, He will kind-ly lead me To a bet-ter land.
 4. There with happy chil-dren, Robed in snow-y white, I shall see my Sav-iour In that world so bright.

CHORUS.

If I come to Je - sus, Hap-py I shall be; He is gen-tly call-ing Lit-tle ones like me.

Glory be to God the Father!

H. BONAR.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Glo-ry be to God the Fa-ther! Glo - ry be to God the Son! Glo-ry be to God the Spir - it! Great Je - ho-vah,
 2. Glo-ry be to Him that lov'd us, Wash'd us from each spot and stain! Glo-ry be to Him who bought us, Made us kings with

Glory be to God the Father!—Concluded.

Three in One! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! While e - ter - nal a - ges run! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! While e - ter - nal a - ges run!
Him to reign! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! To the Lamb that once was slain! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! To the Lamb that once was slain!

32 There is a name.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

WM. GARDINER.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth;.. It sounds like mu - sic
2. It tells me of a Sav-iour's love, Who died to set me free!... It tells me of His
3. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my deep - est woe;... Who in my sor - row

in my ear, The sweet - est name on earth....
pre - cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.....
bears a part That none can bear be - low.....

4 It bids my trembling heart rejoice,
It dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a 'still, small voice'
To trust and never fear.

5 Jesus, the name I love so well,
The name I love to hear!
No saint on earth its worth can tell
No heart conceive how dear!

33

JOHN CENNICK.

Children of the heavenly King.

J. R. AHLE.



1. Chil - dren of the heavenly King, As we jour - ney, sweet - ly sing; Sing the Sav - iour's
 2. We are traveling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod; They are hap - py
 3. Fear - less, joy - ful, we will stand On the bor - ders of our land; Je - sus Christ, the



wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
 now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
 Fa - ther's Son, Bids us un - dis - may'd go on.



4 Lord, obediently we go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only Thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

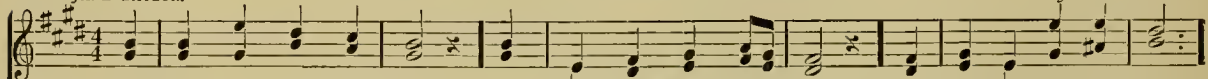
5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
 Father, unto Thee we raise;
 Praise to Thee, O Christ, our King,
 And the Holy Ghost, we sing.

34

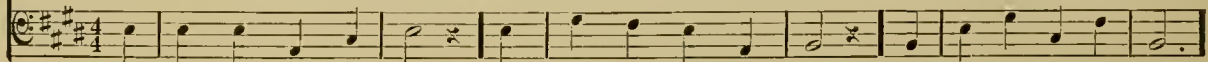
JANE TAYLOR.

When little Samuel woke.

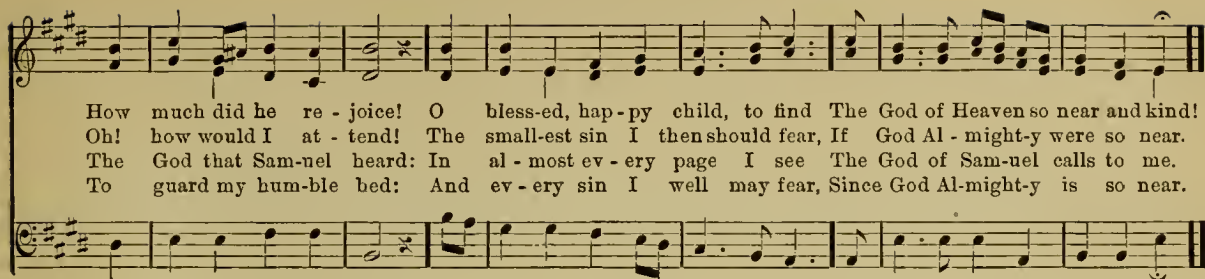
J. TILLEARD.



1. When lit - tle Sam - uel woke, And heard his Mak - er's voice, At ev - ery word He spoke
 2. If God would speak to me, And say He was my Friend, How hap - py I should be!
 3. And does He nev - er speak? O yes; for, in His word, He bids me come and seek
 4. And I be - neath His care May safe - ly rest my head; I know that God is there



When little Samuel woke.—Concluded.



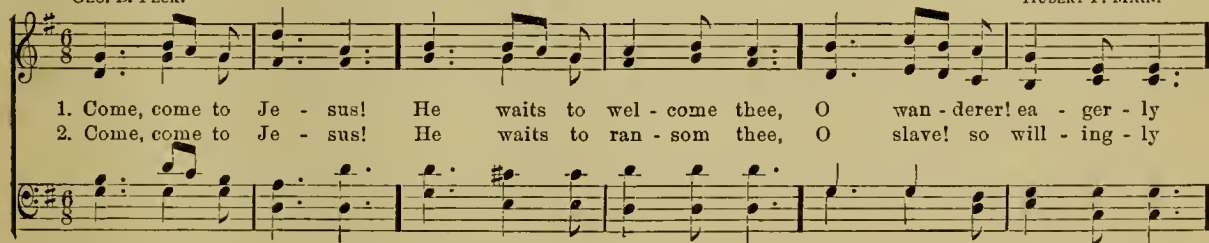
How much did he re-joice! O bless-ed, hap-py child, to find The God of Heaven so near and kind!
 Oh! how would I at-tend! The small-est sin I then should fear, If God Al-might-y were so near.
 The God that Sam-nel heard: In al-most ev-ery page I see The God of Sam-nel calls to me.
 To guard my hum-ble bed: And ev-ery sin I well may fear, Since God Al-might-y is so near.

35


Come, come to Jesus!

GEO. B. PECK.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee, O wan - derer! ea - ger - ly
 2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee, O slave! so will - ing - ly



Come, come to Je - sus!
 Come, come to Je - sus!

3 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to lighten thee,
 O burdened! trustingly
 Come, come to Jesus!

4 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to give to thee,
 O blind! a vision free;
 Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to shelter thee,
 O wearied! blessedly
 Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
 He waits to carry thee,
 O lamb! so lovingly,
 Come, come to Jesus!

Around the throne of God.

ANNE H. SHEPHERD.

H. E. MATHEWS.

1. A - round the throne of God in heaven Thousands of chil-dren stand, Chil-dren whose sins are all for-given,
 2. What brought them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair, Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
 3. Be - cause the Sav-iour shed His blood To wash a - way their sin; Bathed in that pure and pre-cious flood,

A ho - ly, hap - py band, Sing-ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high."
 How came those chil-dren there, Sing-ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high"?
 Be - hold them white and clean, Sing-ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high."

Happy are we.

Mrs. K. H. JOHNSON.

B. C. BLODGETT.

Animato.

1. Hap - py are we, . . . God's own lit - tle flock, Shel-tered so close in the cleft of the Rock,
 2. What shall we do for the Mas - ter so dear? Oh, there are ma - ny in need of our cheer,
 3. Ma - ny He has who are not of this fold, Out in the storm and the pit - i - less cold;

Happy are we.—Concluded.

Far a - bove tem - pest, or dan - ger, or shock, Hap - py are we in Je - sus.
Souls that know noth - ing but dark - ness and fear, Souls in the dark with - out Je - sus.
These we will win by our pray'rs and our gold, Win them to love our Je - sus.

38

Father, Holy Father.

Anon.
Unison.

M. A. S.

1. Fa - ther, Ho - ly Fa - ther, Now the sun has come, Bring - ing light and glo - ry
2. We Thy lit - tle chil - dren To Thy throne a - bove We would hymn Thy prais - es,
3. Hear us, Ho - ly Fa - ther, As to Thee we pray, Ask - ing Thee to keep us

From Thy Heaven - ly Home.
We would sing Thy love.
Safe from harm to - day.

4 As the Saviour Jesus,
When a little child,
Gentle was, and holy.
Pure, and meek, and mild,

5 He shall be our copy;
We will try to be
Patient and obedient,
Loving, kind as He.

6 Father, God, our Father,
Guide us every hour;
Keep us safe, and shield us
From temptation's power.

7 So, when night returneth,
Holier may we be,
Kept from sin and sorrow,
All the nearer Thee.

I am a little soldier.

MARGARET E. LEIGH.

A. T. SCHAUFFLER

1. I am a lit - tle sol - dier, And, though not ver - y old, I mean to fight for
 2. I love my pre - cious Sav - iour, Be - cause He died for me; And if I did not
 3. I now can do but lit - tle; Yet, when I am a man, I'll try to do for

Je - sus, And win a crown of gold. I know He makes me hap - py
 serve Him, How sin - ful I should be! He gives me ev - ery com - fort,
 Je - sus, The great - est good I can. God help, and make me faith - ful,

And loves me all the day; I'll be His lit - tle sol - dier; The Bi - ble says I may.
 And hears me when I pray; I want to live for Je - sus. The Bi - ble says I may.
 In all I do and say; I want to be a Chris - tian; The Bi - ble says I may.

Above the clear, blue sky.

J. CHANDLER.

W. H. HARPER.

1. A - bove the clear, blue sky, In heav - en's bright a - bode, The an - gel host on
 2. But God from in - fant tongues On earth re - ceiv - eth praise; We then our cheer - ful
 3. O bless - ed Lord, Thy truth To us in love im - part, And teach us in our
 4. O may Thy ho - ly word Spread all the world a - round, And all with one ac -

high Sing prais - es to their God: Al - le - lu - ia, They love to sing,
 songs In sweet ac - cord will raise: Al - le - lu - ia, We too will sing,
 youth To know Thee as Thou art. Al - le - lu - ia, Then shall we sing,
 cord Up - lift the joy - ful sound: Al - le - lu - ia, All then shall sing,

Al - le - lu - ia, They love to sing To God their King, Al - le - lu - ia.
 Al - le - lu - ia, We too will sing To God our King, Al - le - lu - ia.
 Al - le - lu - ia, Then shall we sing To God our King, Al - le - lu - ia.
 Al - le - lu - ia, All then shall sing To God their King, Al - le - lu - ia.

41 Angel voices, ever singing.

F. K. POTT.

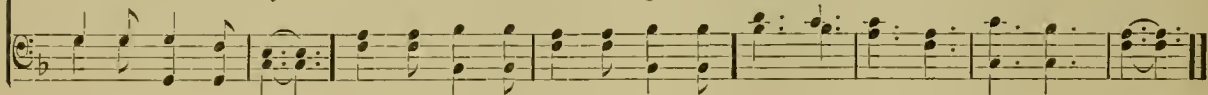
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



1. An - gel voice-es, ev - er sing-ing Round Thy throne of light— An - gel harps, for ev - er ring-ing,
 2. Here, great God, to-day we of-fer Of Thine own to Thee; And for Thine ac-cept-ance prof-fer,
 3. Hon-or, glo-ry, might, and mer-it, Thine shall ev-er be, Fa-ther, Son and Ho-ly Spir-it,



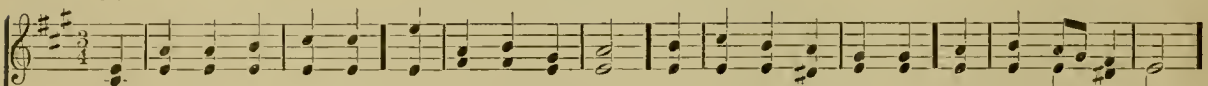
- Rest not day nor night; Thousands on-ly live to bless Thee, And con-fess Thee, Lord of might!
 All un-wor-thi-ly, Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choic-est mel-o-dy.
 Bless-ed Trin-i-ty! Of the best that Thou hast giv-en, Earth and heav-en ren-der Thee!



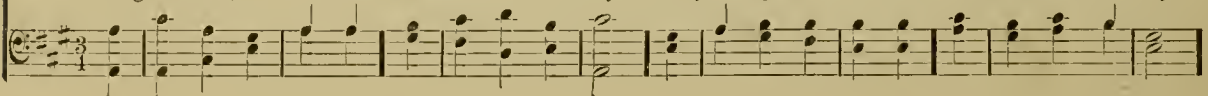
42 How loving is Jesus.

Anon.

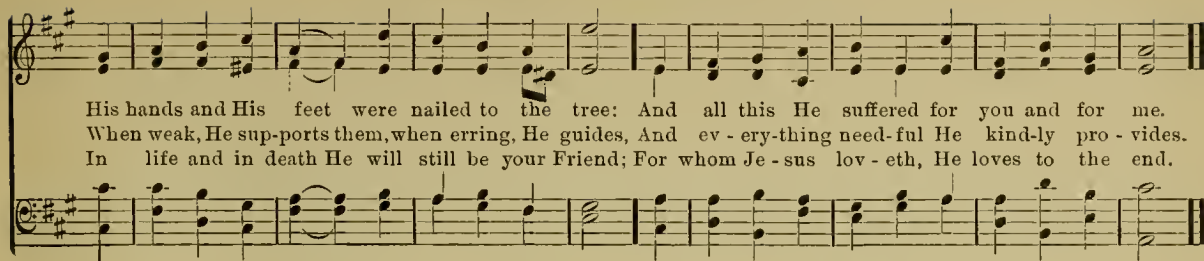
W. CROFT.



1. How lov-ing is Je-sus, Who came from the sky, In ten-der-est pit-y, For sin-ners to die!
 2. How pre-cious is Je-sus To all who be-lieve! And out of His ful-ness What grace they re-ceive!
 3. O give, then, to Je-sus Your ear-li-est days! They on-ly are bless-ed Who walk in His ways:



How loving is Jesus.—Concluded.



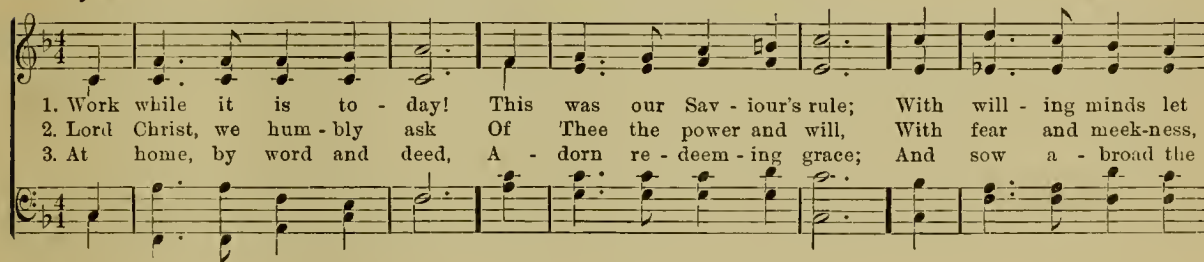
His hands and His feet were nailed to the tree: And all this He suffered for you and for me.
When weak, He sup-ports them, when erring, He guides, And ev-ery-thing need-ful He kind-ly pro-vides.
In life and in death He will still be your Friend; For whom Je-sus lov-eth, He loves to the end.

43

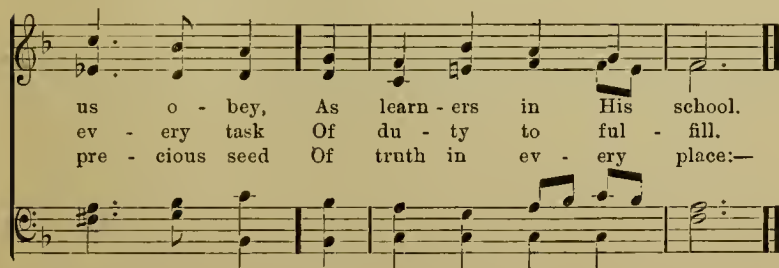
Work while it is to-day!

J. MONTGOMERY.

S. M. BIXBY.



1. Work while it is to-day! This was our Sav-iour's rule; With will-ing minds let
2. Lord Christ, we hum-bly ask Of Thee the power and will, With fear and meek-ness,
3. At home, by word and deed, A-dorn re-deem-ing grace; And sow a-broad the



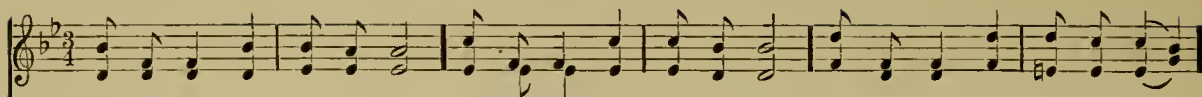
us o-bey, As learn-ers in His school.
ev-ery task Of du-ty to ful-fill.
pre-cious seed Of truth in ev-ery place:—

- 4 That thus the wilderness
May blossom like the rose,
And trees spring up of righteousness,
Where'er life's river flows.
- 5 For Thee our all to spend,
Still may we watch and pray,
And, persevering to the end,
Work while it is to-day.

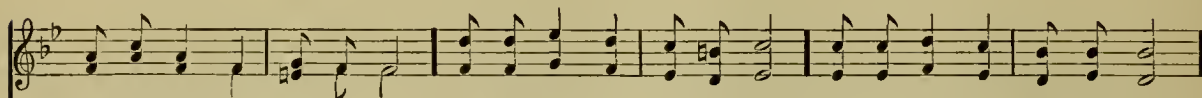
Galilee, bright Galilee.

W. F. SHERWIN.

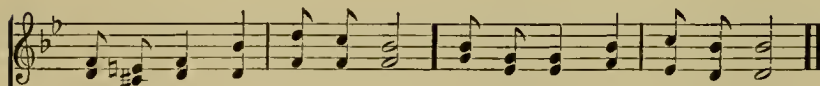
WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.



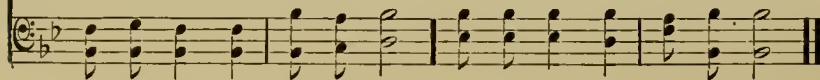
1. Gal - i - lee, bright Gal - i - lee, Hallowed thoughts we turn to thee! Wo - ven through thy his - to - ry,
 2. Once a - long that rug - ged shore, He, who all our sor - rows bore, Journeyed oft with wea - ry feet,
 3. Wild the night on Gal - i - lee; Loud - ly roared the an - gry sea, When up - on the toss - ing wave



Gleams the charming mys - ter - y Of the life of One who came, Bear - ing grief, re - proach, and shame,
 Through the storm or burn - ing heat; Heal - ing all who came in faith, Call - ing back the life from death:
 Je - sus walked, His own to save— Calmed the tum - ult by His will, Say - ing on - ly, "Peace, be still!"



Sav - iour of the world to be; "God with us" by Gal - i - lee!
 King of kings from heaven was He, Though so poor by Gal - i - lee!
 Rul - er of the storm was He, On the rag - ing Gal - i - lee!



4.

Still in loving tenderness
 Doth the Master wait to bless;
 Still His touch upon the soul
 Bringeth balm and maketh whole;
 Still He comforts mourning hearts,
 Life, and joy, and peace imparts;
 Still the sinner's Friend is He,
 As of old by Galilee!

Come, let us all unite.

C. R. HURDITCH.

S. P. WARREN.

With spirit.

1. Come, let us all unite and sing, "God is love." Let heav'n and earth their praises bring:
 2. O tell to earth's remotest bound "God is love!" In Christ is full redemption found:
 3. What though our heart and flesh should fail: God is love, Through Christ we shall o'er death prevail:

"God... is love;" Let every soul from sin awake, Each in his heart sweet music make,
 God... is love, His blood can cleanse our sins away; His Spirit turns our night to day,
 God... is love. In Jordan's swell we need not fear, For Jesus will be with us there

And sweetly sing for Jesus' sake, "God... is love."
 And leads our soul with joy to say, "God... is love."
 Our souls above the waves to bear: God... is love.

4

In heaven we all shall sing again,
 "God is love,"
 Yes, this shall be our noblest strain,
 "God is love."
 While endless ages roll along,
 In concert with the heavenly throng,
 This still shall be our sweetest song,
 "God is love."

Come to the manger.

ELIZABETH H. MITCHELL.

SAMUEL SMITH.

1. Come to the manger in Beth - le - hem, A sweet Child lies there - in,
 2. But the heart of the world is far too small To take in that lit - tle Child:
 3. Come to the manger in Beth - le - hem, Nev - er mind the frost and snow,
 4. And the more the cold world turns Him out The more we will take Him in,

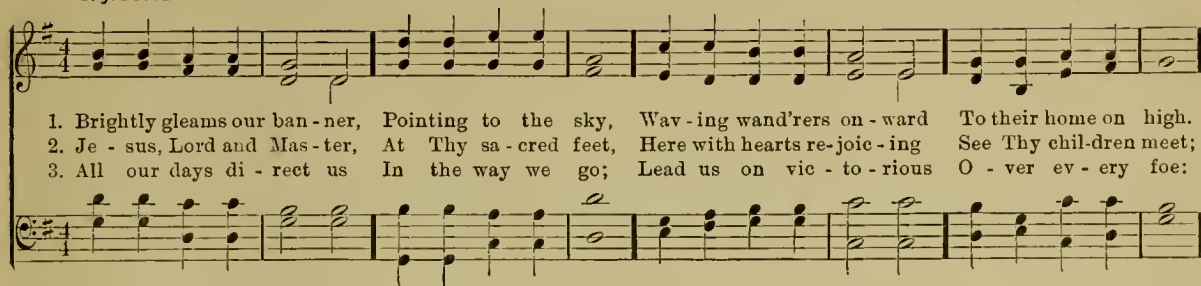
A Ho - ly Child come down to earth To save the world from sin:
 It sends Him a - way; there is no room For His face so sweet and mild;
 We will think of the Child, and the thought of Him Shall warm us as we go;
 When our hearts are full of the Ho - ly Child They will have no room for sin;

A lit - tle Child with a heart so large, It takes the whole world in!
 They would turn Him out if they on - ly could, To the storm so rude and wild
 We will kiss His Ho - ly hands and feet, And tell Him we love Him so!
 So come to the man - ger of Beth - le - hem, For a sweet Child lies there - in!

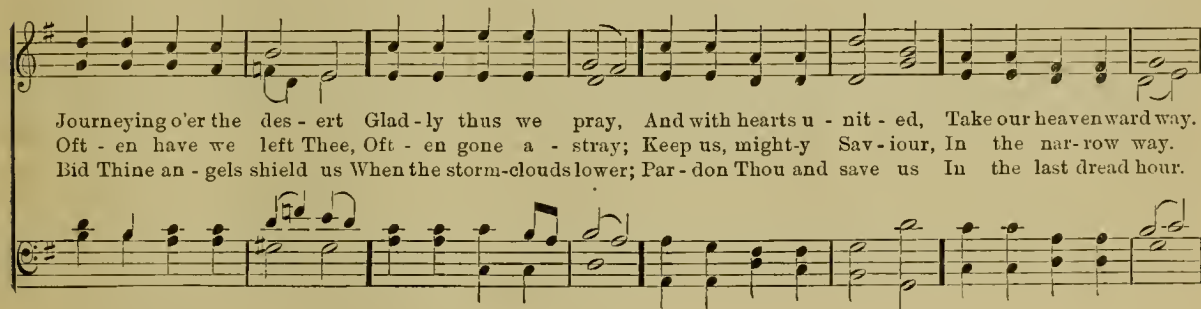
Brightly gleams our banner.

T. J. POTTER.

Arr. fr. F. J. HAYDN.

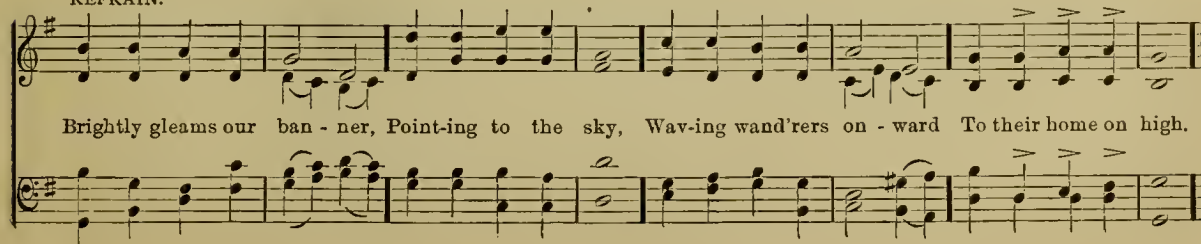


1. Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on-ward To their home on high.
 2. Je-sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing See Thy chil-dren meet;
 3. All our days di-rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic-to-rious O-ver ev-ery foe:



Journeying o'er the des-ert Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts u-nit-ed, Take our heavenward way.
 Oft-en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a-stray; Keep us, might-y Sav-iour, In the nar-row way.
 Bid Thine an-gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower; Par-don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.

REFRAIN.



Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on-ward To their home on high.

Christ, who once amongst us.

W. ST. HILL BOURNE.

JOHN STAINER.

1. Christ, who once amongst us As a Child did dwell, In the children's Saviour, And He loves us well.
 2. Though we may not see Him For a little while, We shall know He holds us, Oft feel His smile;
 3. Jesus, our Good Shepherd, Laying down Thy life Lest Thy sheep should perish In the cruel strife,

If we trust His promise, He will let us rest In His arms forever, Leaning on His breast.
 Death will be to slumber In that sweet embrace, And we shall awaken To behold His face.
 Help us to remember All Thy love and care; Trust in Thee, and love Thee Always, everywhere.

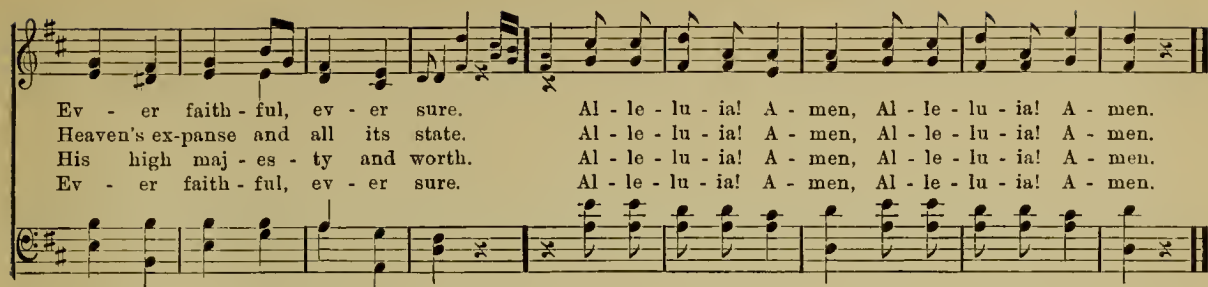
Let us with a glad some mind.

JOHN MILTON.

FR. W. A. MOZART.

1. Let us with a glad some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind; For His mercies shall endure,
 2. Let us sound His name abroad, For of gods He is the God, Who by wisdom did create,
 3. All His creatures God doth feed, His full hand supplies their need; Let us therefore warble forth
 4. He His mansions hath on high, Past the reach of mortal eye; And His mercies shall endure

Let us with a gladsome mind.—Concluded.



Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.
 Heaven's ex - pance and all its state. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.
 His high maj - es - ty and worth. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.
 Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

50

We give immortal praise.

ISAAC WATTS.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN



1. We give im - mor - tal praise For God the Fa - ther's love, For all our com - forts here, And
 2. To God the Son be - longs, Im - mor - tal glo - ry too, Who bought us with His blood From
 3. To God the Spir - it's name, Im - mor - tal wor - ship give, Whose new - cre - at - ing power, Makes

bet - ter hopes a - bove: He sent His own e - ter - nal Son To die for sins that we had done.
 ev - er - last - ing woe; And now He lives, and now He reigns, And sees the fruit of all His pains.
 the dead sin - ner live: His work completes the great de - sign, And fills the soul with joy di - vine.

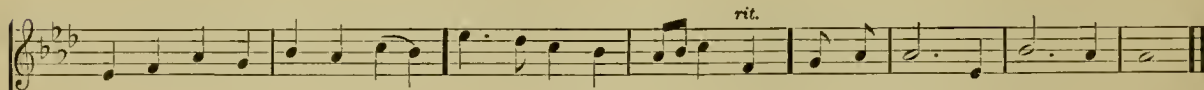
Thou that once, by mother's knee.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

W. W. GILCHRIST.

Allegretto.—UNISON.

1. Thou that once, by moth-er's knee, Wast a lit - tle one, like me, When I wake or go to bed,
2. Be be - side me in the light, Close by me through all the night; Make me gen - tle, kind and true,
3. Thou art near mé when I pray, Thou art nev - er far a - way; Thou my lit - tle hymn wilt hear,



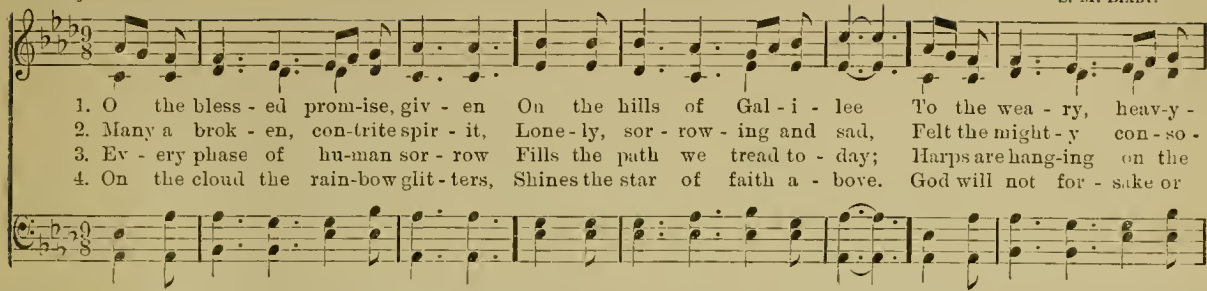
Lay Thy hands a - bout my head; Let me feel Thee ver - y near, Je - sus Christ, my Sav - iour dear.
 Do as I am bid to do; Help and cheer me when I fret, And for - give when I for - get.
 Je - sus Christ, my Sav - iour dear,—Thou that once, by moth-er's knee, Wast a lit - tle one, like me.



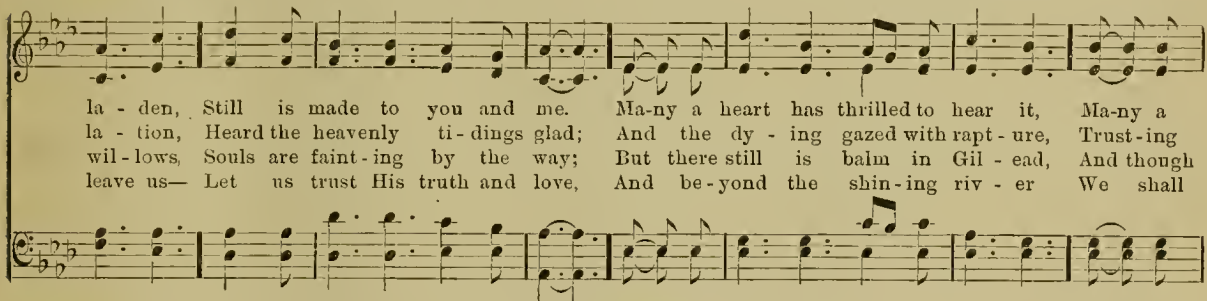
Oh, the blessed promise.

J. C. STARR.

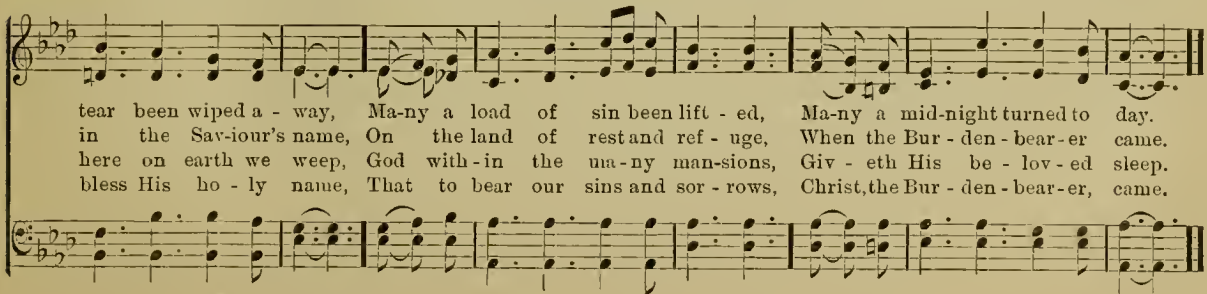
S. M. BIXBY.



1. O the bless - ed prom - ise, giv - en On the hills of Gal - i - lee To the wea - ry, heav - y -
 2. Many a brok - en, con - trite spir - it, Lone - ly, sor - row - ing and sad, Felt the might - y con - so -
 3. Ev - ery phase of hu - man sor - row Fills the path we tread to - day; Harps are hang - ing on the
 4. On the cloud the rain - bow glit - ters, Shines the star of faith a - bove. God will not for - sake or



la - den, Still is made to you and me. Ma - ny a heart has thrilled to hear it, Ma - ny a
 la - tion, Heard the heavenly ti - dings glad; And the dy - ing gazed with rapt - ure, Trust - ing
 wil - lows, Souls are faint - ing by the way; But there still is balm in Gil - ead, And though
 leave us— Let us trust His truth and love, And be - yond the shin - ing riv - er We shall



tear been wip - ed a - way, Ma - ny a load of sin been lift - ed, Ma - ny a mid - night turned to day.
 in the Sav - iour's name, On the land of rest and ref - uge, When the Bur - den - bear - er came.
 here on earth we weep, God with - in the un - num - bered man - sions, Giv - eth His be - lov - ed sleep.
 bless His ho - ly name, That to bear our sins and sor - rows, Christ, the Bur - den - bear - er, came.

Waken, Christian children.

S. C. HAMERTON.

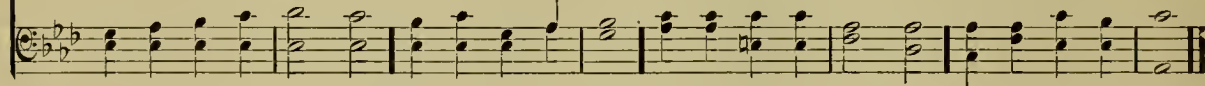
G. J. ELVEY.



1. Wak - en, Chris-tian chil-dren, Up! and let us sing, With glad voice, the prais - es Of our new-born King.
 2. In a man-ger low - ly Sleeps the heavenly Child, O'er Him fond-ly bend-eth Ma - ry, moth-er mild.
 3. Bright-er than all jew - els Shines the mod-est eye; Best of gifts He lov - eth, Child-like pu - ri - ty.



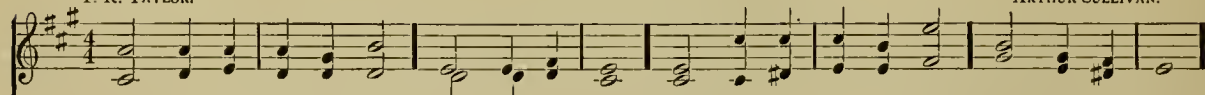
- Come, nor fear to seek Him, Chil-dren though we be; Once He said to chil-dren, "Let them come to Me."
 Far a - bove that sta - ble, Up in heaven so high, One bright Star out shin-eth, Watch-ing si - lent - ly.
 Haste we then to wel - come, With a joy - ous lay, Christ, the King of glo - ry, Man - i - fest to - day.



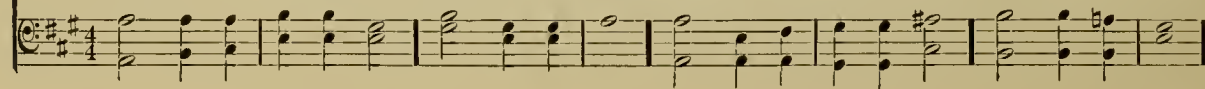
We are but strangers here.

T. R. TAYLOR.

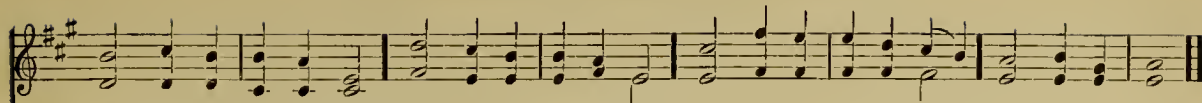
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



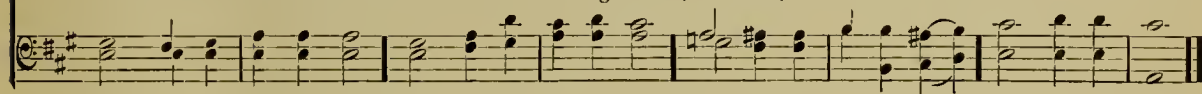
1. We are but stran-gers here, Heaven is our home; Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is our home.
 2. What though the tempests rage? Heaven is our home; Short is our pil - grim - age, Heaven is our home.
 3. There at our Sav-iour's side, Heaven is our home, May we be glo - ri - fied; Heaven is our home.
 4. Grant us to mur-mur not, Heaven is our home. What-e'er our earth - ly lot, Heaven is our home.



We are but strangers here.—Concluded.



Dau - ger and sor - row stand Round us on ev - ery hand, Heaven is our fa - ther - land, Heaven is our home.
And Time's wild win - try blast Soon shall be o - ver - past; We shall reach home at last: Heaven is our home.
There are the good and blest, Those we love most and best, Grant us with them to rest: Heaven is our home.
Grant us at last to stand There at Thine own right hand, Je - sus, in fa - ther - land: Heaven is our home.



55

Lord, we come before Thee.

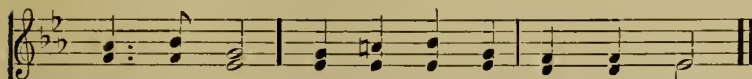
W. HAMMOND.

Expressively.

G. A. BURDETT.



1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow; O do not our
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend; In com - pas - sion, now de - scend, Fill our hearts with



suit dis - dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.



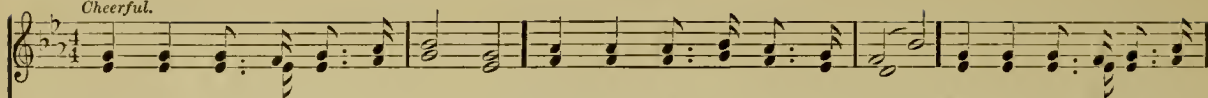
3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Shall we gather at the river.

R. LOWRY,
Cheerful.

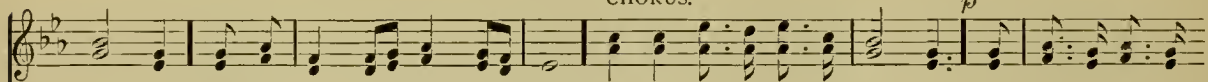
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel-feet have trod; With its crys - tal tide for
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray; We will walk and wor-ship
3. On the bo - som of the riv - er, Where the Sav - iour-king we own, We shall meet, and sor-row
4. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - ery bur - den down; Grace our spir-its will de-

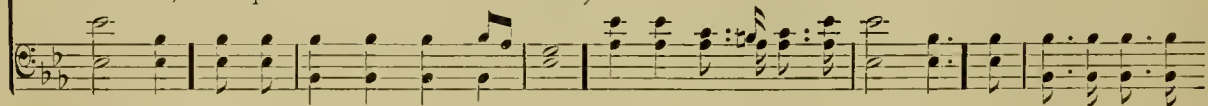


CHORUS.



ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
 ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
 nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
 liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.

Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the



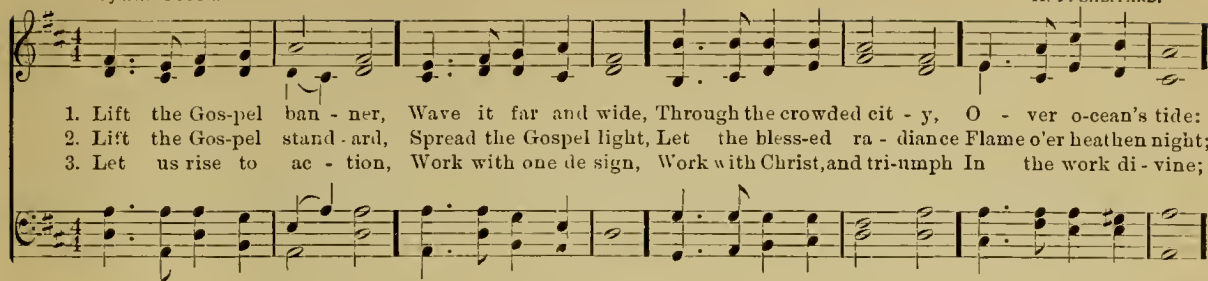
beau - ti - ful riv - er— Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.



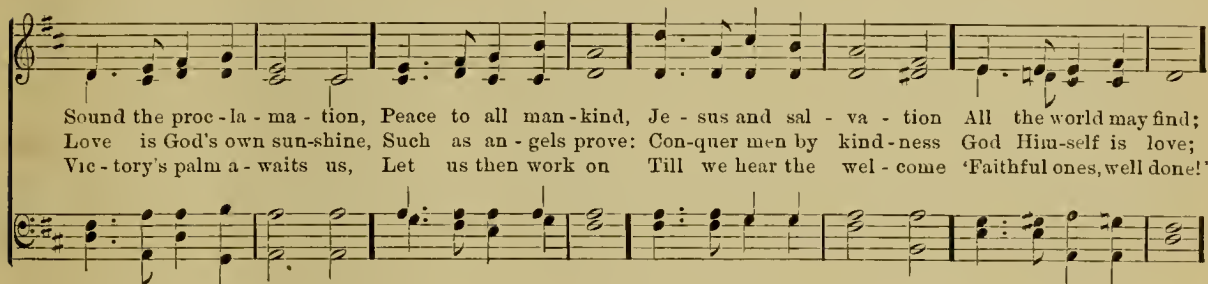
Lift the Gospel banner.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

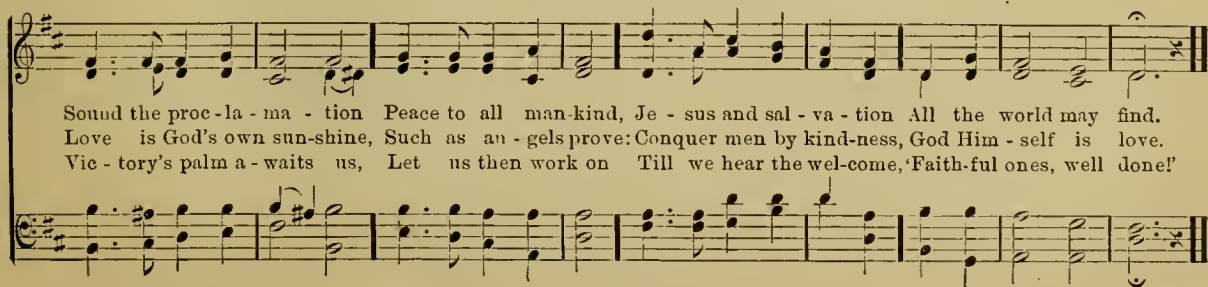
H. F. SHEPPARD.



1. Lift the Gos-pel ban - ner, Wave it far and wide, Through the crowd-ed cit - y, O - ver o-cean's tide;
 2. Lift the Gos-pel stand - ard, Spread the Gospel light, Let the bless-ed ra - diance Flame o'er heathen night;
 3. Let us rise to ac - tion, Work with one de sign, Work with Christ, and tri-umph In the work di - vine;



Sound the proc-la-ma-tion, Peace to all man-kind, Je-sus and sal-va-tion All the world may find;
 Love is God's own sun-shine, Such as an-gels prove: Con-quer men by kind-ness God Him-self is love;
 Vic-tory's palm a-waits us, Let us then work on Till we hear the wel-come 'Faithful ones, well done!'

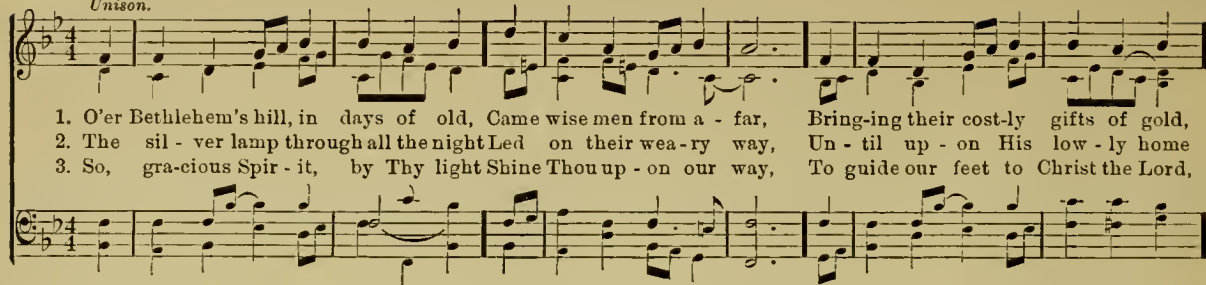


Sound the proc-la-ma-tion Peace to all man-kind, Je-sus and sal-va-tion All the world may find.
 Love is God's own sun-shine, Such as an-gels prove: Con-quer men by kind-ness, God Him-self is love.
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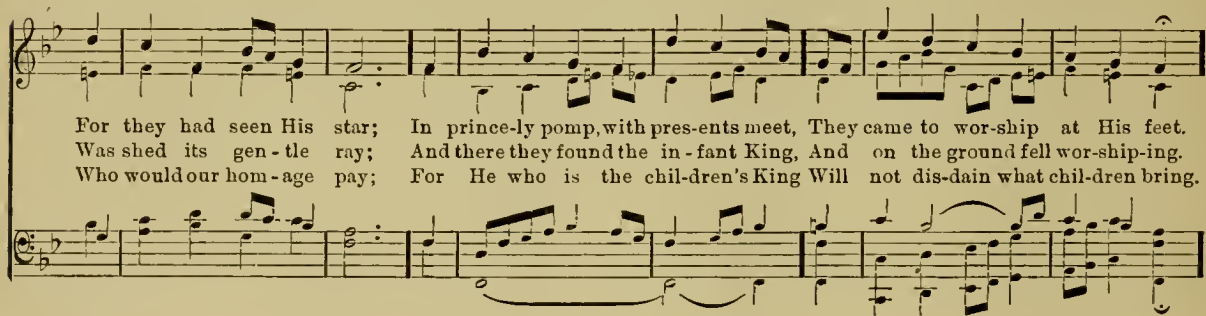
O'er Bethlehem's hill, in days of old.

M. G. PEARSE.

W. W. GILCHRIST.

Unison.


1. O'er Bethlehem's hill, in days of old, Came wise men from a - far, Bring-ing their cost-ly gifts of gold,
 2. The sil-ver lamp through all the night Led on their wea-ry way, Un-til up-on His low-ly home
 3. So, gra-cious Spir-it, by Thy light Shine Thou up-on our way, To guide our feet to Christ the Lord,



For they had seen His star; In prince-ly pomp, with pres-ents meet, They came to wor-ship at His feet.
 Was shed its gen-tle ray; And there they found the in-fant King, And on the ground fell wor-ship-ing.
 Who would our hom-age pay; For He who is the chil-dren's King Will not dis-dain what chil-dren bring.

REFRAIN.




All glo-ry, praise, and hon-or Be un-to Thee our Sav-iour!

To the Lord, who loved us well.

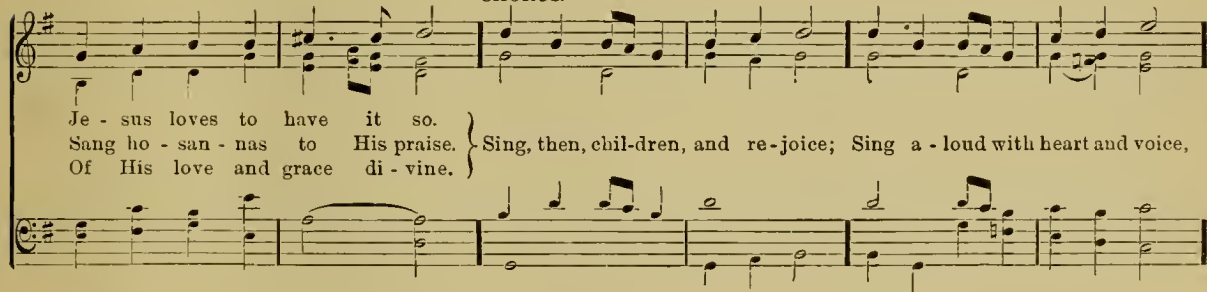
W. H. DRAPER.

FREDERICK PEEL.

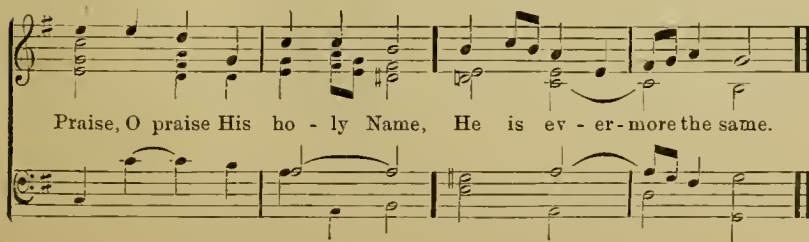


1. To the Lord, who loved us well, We our love will glad - ly tell, And will praise Him, for we know
 2. Babes, who scarce had drawn a breath, Glo - ri - fied Him by their death; 'Lit - tle chil - dren in the ways
 3. Moth - ers in Je - ru - sa - lem Saw Him lay His hands on them; We, too, have re - ceived the sign

CHORUS.



Je - sus loves to have it so.
 Sang ho - san - nas to His praise.
 Of His love and grace di - vine. } Sing, then, chil - dren, and re - joice; Sing a - loud with heart and voice,



Praise, O praise His ho - ly Name, He is ev - er - more the same.

4 For the lowly and the poor
 He has opened wide the door;
 To and fro His angels come,
 Helping us to journey home.

5 As we go upon our way,
 We will praise Him day by day;
 Perfect praise to learn at length,
 When He gives us perfect strength.

Rejoice and be glad.

H. BONAR.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. Re - joice and be glad! the Re - deem - er has come! Go look on His era - dle, His
 2. Re - joice and be glad! it is sun - shine at last, The clouds have de - part - ed, the
 3. Re - joice and be glad! for the blood hath been shed; Re - demp - tion is fin - ished, the
 4. Re - joice and be glad! now the par - don is free! The Just for the un - just has

REFRAIN.

cross, and His tomb!
 shad - ows are past.
 price hath been paid.
 died on the tree. } Sound His prais - es, tell the sto - ry of Him who was slain: Sound His

prais - es, tell with glad - ness He liv - eth a - gain.

5 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain
 O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.—*Ref.*

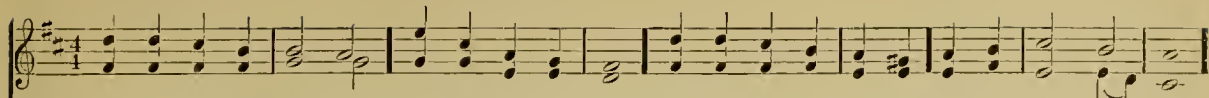
6 Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high,
 He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.—*Ref.*

7 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again!
 He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.—*Ref.*

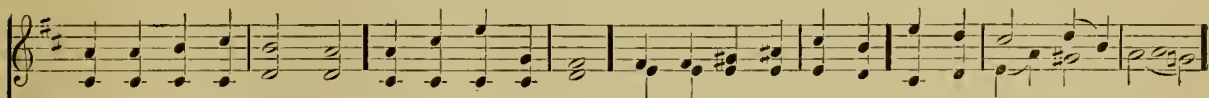
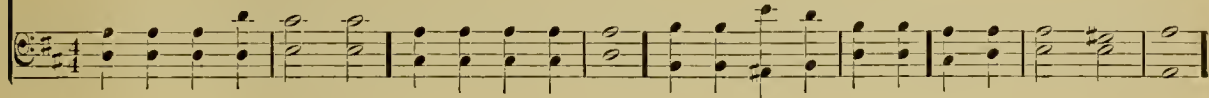
Saviour, blessed Saviour.

GEOFFREY THRING.

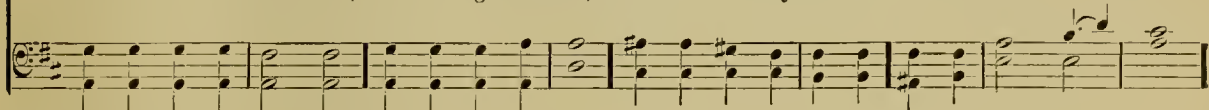
CARYL FLORIO.



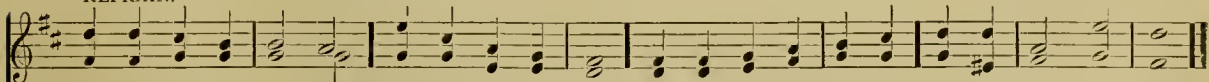
1. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, List-en while we sing, Hearts and voic-es rais-ing Prais-es to our King.
2. Great and ev-er great-er Are Thy mer-cies here, True and ev-er-last-ing Are the glo-ries there,
3. Dark and ev-er dark-er Was the win-try past; Now a ray of glad-ness O'er our path is cast.
4. Clear-er still and clear-er Dawns the light from heaven, In our sad-ness bringing News of sin for-given.



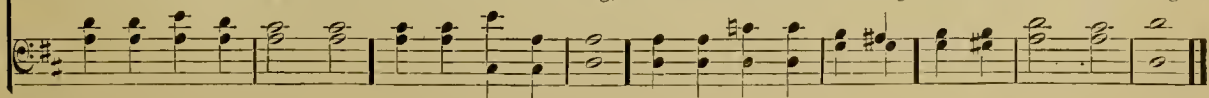
All we have to of-fer, All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to Thee.
 Where no pain or sor-row, Toil, or care, is known, Where the an-gel-legions Cir-cle round Thy throne.
 Ev-ery day that pass-eth, Ev-ery hour that flies, Tells of love un-feign-ed, Love that nev-er dies.
 Life has lost its shad-ows, Pure the light with-in; Thou hast shed Thy radiance On a world of sin.



REFRAIN.



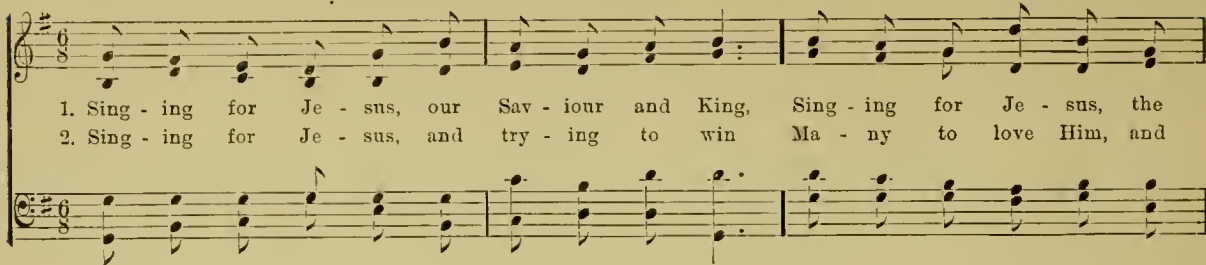
Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, List-en while we sing, Hearts and voic-es rais-ing Prais-es to our King.



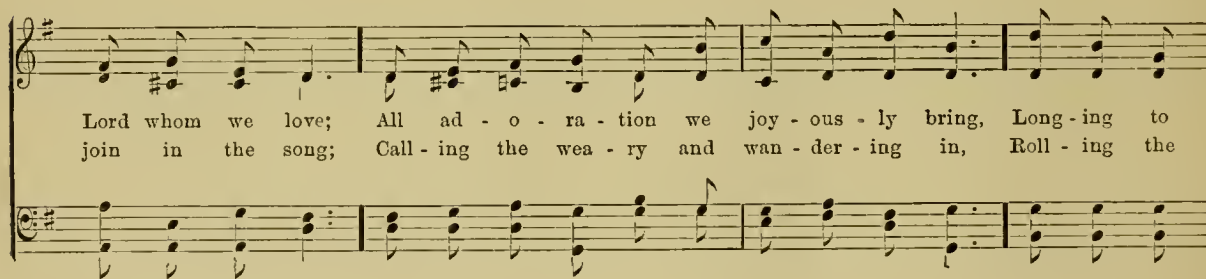
Singing for Jesus, our Saviour and King.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

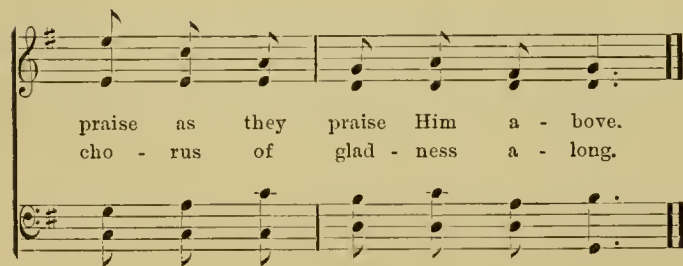
T. R. MATTHEWS.



1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King, Sing - ing for Je - sus, the
2. Sing - ing for Je - sus, and try - ing to win Ma - ny to love Him, and



Lord whom we love; All ad - o - ra - tion we joy - ous - ly bring, Long - ing to
join in the song; Call - ing the wea - ry and wan - der - ing in, Roll - ing the



praise as they praise Him a - bove.
cho - rus of glad - ness a - long.

3 Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.

4 Singing for Jesus, yes, singing for joy;
Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus, for ever above.

Anon.

Norse Melody.

1. Though we are chil - dren small and weak, We might - y things may do; We may the Sav - iour's
 2. Young Da - vid, armed by God, was strong, And fierce Go - li - ath slew; And we, though young, may
 3. The Sav - iour wants us ev - ery one, To fight the gi - ant Sin; And though we oft may
 4. For there are foes both great and small, Which youthful hands may fight; Though hard the strife, we
 5. The bat - tle is the Lord's, and He Our youth - ful hands shall guide; Though young, we con - quer -

CHORUS.

glo - ry seek, And fight to win it too.
 con - quer wrong, And learn the right to do.
 stand a - lone, He'll give us strength to win.
 ne'er can fall, Armed with Je - ho - vah's might.
 ors shall be— The Lord is on our side.

And Da - vid's God our God shall be,

And His shall be the praise: 'Tis He that gives each vic - to - ry That crowns our youthful days.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

Fine.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me;
 2. Though like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps up to heaven; All that Thou send'st to me, In mer-cy given;
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be, etc.
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be, etc.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

(Second Tune.)

A. B. SPRATT.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me;

Ped.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.—Concluded.

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

65

Of Jesus we'll sing.

THOS. KELLY.

CARVL FLORIO.

1. Of Je - sus we'll sing—The Sav-iour and King Of all who on earth are re - deemed: No name is so great,
 2. How high was His seat, His glo - ry how great, When sit-ting on yon-der bright throne— The ob-ject a - bove
 3. But see! from His place, In in - fi - nite grace, He comes, and ap-pears here be - low: He leaves all His store,

No name is so sweet, How - ev - er by men dis - es - teemed.
 Of won - der and love, The ob - ject of wor - ship a - lone!
 And stoops to be poor, Sub - mit - ting to want and to woe.

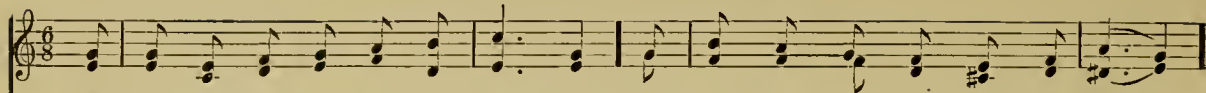
4 No love is like His:
 Unequaled it is
 By that of a mother or friend,
 What tongue cannot teach,
 What thought cannot reach,—
 'Tis love without measure or end.

5 To Jesus alone,
 Who sits on the throne,
 Be glory, dominion, and power:
 To Jesus be given
 All honor in heaven,
 By angels and saints evermore.

My voice shalt Thou hear.

F. J. CROSEY.

B. C. UNSELD.



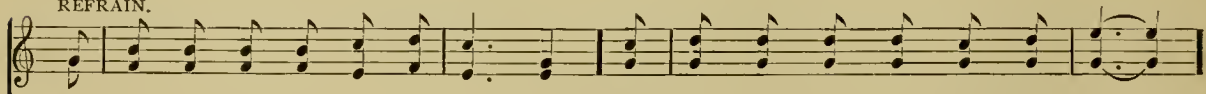
1. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn - ing, O Je - sus, my Sav - iour, my all;
 2. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn - ing, O Je - sus, my Shep - herd and King;
 3. My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn - ing, At noon - day, at eve, and at night;



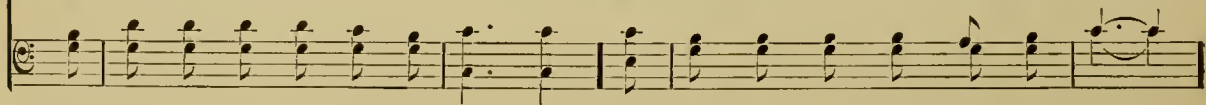
While na - ture its mu - sic is wak - ing, On Thee from my heart will I call.
 Re - freshed with the dews of Thy mer - cy, Thy won - der - ful love will I sing.
 I'll tell of Thy good - ness for ev - er, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my light.



REFRAIN.



My voice shalt Thou hear in the morn - ing, My praise to the hills shall as - cend;



My voice shalt Thou hear.—Concluded.

I'll join with the glo - ri - fied mil - lions, A cho - rus that nev - er shall end.

67

More love to Thee, O Christ.

ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS.

S. M. BIXBY.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the prayer I make, On bend-ed knee;
2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest: Now Thee a - lone I seek, Give what is best:
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy mes - sengers, Sweet their re - frain,
4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise, This be the part - ing cry My heart shall raise;

REFRAIN.

This is my earn - est plea,
This all my prayer shall be,
When they can sing with me,—
This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Once, in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed, Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by
 2. He came down to earth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all, And His shel - ter was a sta - ble

In a man - ger for His bed: Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.
 And His cra - dle was a stall; With the low - ly, poor, and mean, Lived on earth our Sav - iour then.

- 3 And thro' all His wondrous childhood, 4 And our eyes at last shall see Him, 5 Not in that poor lowly stable,
 He would honor and obey, Through His own redeeming love; With the oxen standing by,
 Love, and watch the lowly maiden For that Child, so dear and gentle, We shall see Him, but in heaven,
 In whose gentle arms He lay: Is our Lord in heaven above; Set at God's right hand on high;
 Christian children all must be And He leads His children on When, like stars, His children crowned
 Mild, obedient, good as He. To the place where He is gone. All in white shall wait around.

JOHN NEWTON.

- 1 One there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end:
 They, who once His kindness prove
 Find it everlasting love. .
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed!
 Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above:
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love Thee as we ought.

I hear a voice, 'tis soft and sweet.

ROBERT F. SAMPLE.

BEARDSLEY VAN DE WATER.

1. I hear a voice, 'tis soft and sweet, It bids my sin - sick soul re - joice; The same was heard in
 2. When wea - ry with my load of guilt, I'll not for - get that "Christ is all." For me His pre - cious
 3. My soul is troubled like the sea, The surg - ing bil - lows roll a - round: But He who calmed far

CHORUS.

Sa - lem's street, And in the mountain's cool re - treat, My Sav - iour's voice.
 blood was spilt; He sweet - ly says, "Come, if thou wilt;" How glad the call! } Sweet - er than chim - ing bells.
 Gal - i - lee Doth kind - ly say, "Peace be to thee;" How blest the sound!

Soft - er than eve - ning rills, The voice that tells of par - don— Par - don, peace, and heaven.

Joy fills our inmost heart to-day.

WM. C. DIX.

HOMER N. BARTLETT.

UNISON.—Vivace.

1. Joy fills our in - most heart to - day: The roy - al Child is born: The an - gel-hosts in
 2. Low at the cra - dle-throne we bend, We won - der and a - dore; And feel no bliss can
 3. Thou Light of un - cre - at - ed Light, Shine on us, ho - ly Child; That we may keep Thy

CHORUS.


glad ar - ray His Ad - vent keep this morn.
 ours trans - cend, No joy was sweet be - fore. } Re - joice, re - joice! th'in - car - nate Word
 birth - day bright, With serv - ice un - de - filed. }

Has come on earth to dwell; No sweet-er sound than this is heard—Em - man - u - el. Em - man - u - el.

Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me.

F. J. CROSBY.

B. C. UNSELD.




1. Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, Whom have I to trust be - side; While a
 2. Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, Through the rug - ged path I tread; With the
 3. Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, With a Shep-herd's ten - der love; And, at

CHORUS.



pil - grim and a stran - ger, Be Thou still my faith-ful guide.
 Bread of Life Thou giv - est, Let my hun-gry soul be fed. } Lead me, lead me,
 last through grace re - ceive me, To Thy bless-ed fold a - bove. }



All my jour-ney here be - low; If Thy gracious hand up - hold me, Then how glad-ly will I go.

See, amid the winter's snow.

E. CASWALL.
Unison.

EDWIN FLOOD.

1. See, a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low; See the ten - der Lamb ap - pears,
 2. Lo! with - in the man - ger lies, He who built the star - ry skies: He who, throned in height sub - lime,
 3. Say, ye ho - ly shep - herds, say, What your joy - ful news to day; Where - fore have ye left your sheep
 4. "As we watch'd at dead of night, Lo! we saw a wondrous light; An - gels, sing - ing peace on earth,

CHORUS.

Prom - ised from e - ter - nal years.
 Sits a - mid the Cher - u - bin.
 On the lone - ly mount - ain steep?
 Told us of the Sav - iour's birth." } Hail, thou ev - er - bless - ed morn! Hail, re - demp - tion's hap - py dawn!

Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

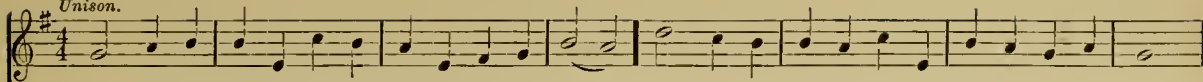
5 Sacred Infant, all Divine,
 What a tender love was Thine,
 Thus to come from highest bliss
 Down to such a world as this!

6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
 By Thy face so meek and mild,
 Teach us to resemble Thee,
 In Thy sweet humility.

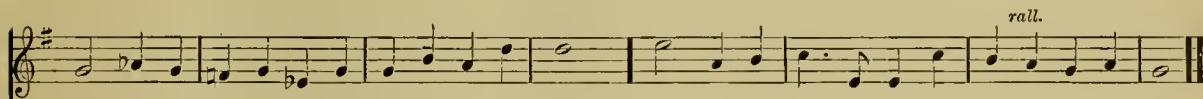
Jesus, we love to meet.

ELIZABETH R. PARSON.

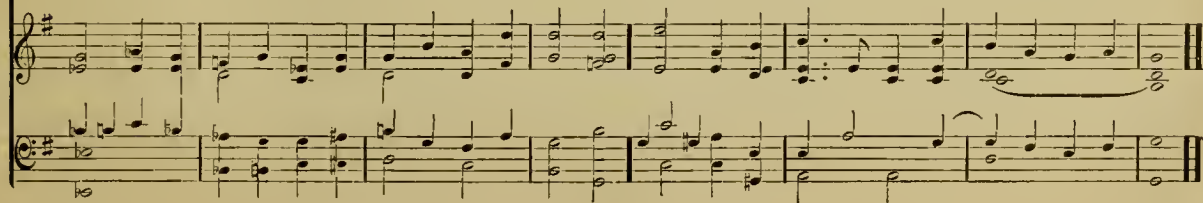
T. G. REED.

Unison.

1. Je - sus, we love to meet on this Thy ho - ly day; We wor-ship 'round Thy seat on this Thy ho - ly day.
 2. We dare not tri - fle now on this Thy ho - ly day; In si - lent awe we bow on this Thy ho - ly day.
 3. We list-en to Thy word on this Thy ho - ly day; Bless all that we have heard on this Thy ho - ly day.

*rall.*

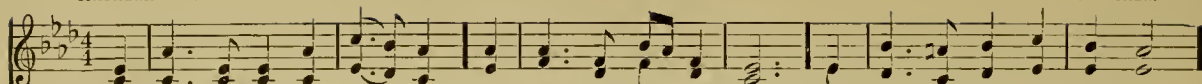
Thou ten-der, heav'n-ly Friend, to Thee our pray'rs as-cend, O'er our young spir-its bend, on this Thy ho - ly day.
 Check ev-ery wand'ring thought, and let us all be taught To serve Thee as we ought, on this Thy ho - ly day.
 Go with us when we part, and teach each youthful heart: Thy sav - ing grace im-part on this Thy ho - ly day.



I love to tell the story.

KATHERINE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISCHER.




1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry: More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing



Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
 Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
 More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
 To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else could do. }
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the sto - ry,
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word. }
 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry, That I have loved so long.

I love to tell the story.—Concluded.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

76

I hear the Saviour say.

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone Can change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 3. For noth-ing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim—I'll wash my garments white, In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.
 4. When from my dy-ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then, "Je - sus paid it all" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
 5. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all— All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain; He washed it white as snow.

On our festal day.

J. B. DYKES.

1. On our fes - tal day, In its bright ar - ray, O gra - cious Sav - iour, to Thy house we come:
 2. For all joys of earth, For our harm - less birth, Our glad thanks-giv - ings un - to Thee we bring;
 3. On all things we do, Right and pure and true, We know we may Thy heavenly bless - ing claim:

Chil - dren's joys shall be Smiled up - on by Thee Who, once a Child, didst share an earth - ly home.
 Hear us, while we raise Grate - ful songs of praise, And chil - dren's lips pro - claim the chil - dren's King.
 As on sa - cred days, So in week - day ways, O may we praise and glo - ri - fy Thy Name.

MARIA B. W. BARNES.

Jesus is our Pilot.

G. A. BURDETT.

Animato.

1. Je - sus is our pi - lot, — No one else can guide Our frail bark in safe - ty O'er life's storm - y tide.
 2. Je - sus is our pi - lot, — Thro' His mighty arm We are safe from dan - ger — Safe from fear and harm.
 3. Je - sus is our pi - lot, — Well He knows the way From this realm of shad - ows To the realm of day.

Jesus is our Pilot.—Concluded.

When the waves of trou - ble Baf - fle hu - man skill, He can al - ways calm them With His "Peace, be still."
 In His strong pro - tec - tion We may ev - er rest; Re - fuge from all sor - row Is His faith - ful breast.
 He can find the har - bor Oth - ers seek in vain, There the Lord of glo - ry Ev - er - more He'll reign.

79

Heavenly Father, God alone.

G. MOULTRIE.

Anon.

1. Heaven - ly Fa - ther, God a - lone, Lo! be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat We pre - sent Thee with Thine own,
 2. Thanks we give; and yet we pray In our har - vest fes - ti - val, Teach us all to live to - day,
 3. When the Mas - ter on that morn With His har - vest - ers shall come, And shall gath - er in His corn,

Lay - ing it be - fore Thy feet: Lord of mer - cy and of grace, Hear from heaven Thy dwelling place.
 For the day which comes to all: Lord of mer - cy and of grace, Hear from heaven Thy dwelling place.
 For the last great har - vest - home: Lord of mer - cy and of grace, Take us to Thy dwell - ing place.

Jesus shall reign.

I. WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from
 2. For Him shall end - less prayer be made, And prais - es throng to crown His head; His name, like sweet per -
 3. Peo - ple and realms, of ev - ery tongue, Dwell on His love with sweet - est song; And in - fant voic - es

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 fume, shall rise With ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Our Saviour has gone.

J. W. WALTON.

J. W. WALTON.

1. Our Sav - iour has gone to the man - sions of light, A dark cloud has hid - den His form from our sight;
 2. Then do not be troub - led, let not your heart fear, Though veiled from our vis - ion, His Spir - it is near;
 3. All glo - ry and praise to Je - ho - vah our King! Take the cup of sal - va - tion, and joy - ful - ly sing;

Our Saviour has gone.—Concluded.

But He is pre - par - ing a king - dom on high, And He will re - turn for His friends, bye and bye.
 Not com - fort - less or - phans, but chil - dren from home, We'll pa - tient - ly wait till the Sav - iour shall come.
 His word, ev - er faith - ful, is pledged to de - fend, Each sheep of His flock, e - ven un - to the end.

82

Praise, O praise the King of Heaven.

H. F. LYTE, alt.

S. WEBBE.

1. Praise, O praise the King of Heav - en, To His feet your trib - ute bring; Ransomed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,
 2. Fa - ther - like, He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows; In His hands He gen - tly bears us,
 3. An - gels in the height a - dore Him, Ye be - hold Him face to face; Saints tri - um - phant low be - fore Him,

Ev - er - more His prais - es sing; Al - le - lu - ia; Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King,
 Res - cues us from all our foes; Al - le - lu - ia; Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly as His mer - cy goes.
 Gathered in from ev - ery race. Al - le - lu - ia; Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace.

When I look up to yonder sky.

Anon.

CARYL FLORIO.

1. When I look up to yon - der sky, So pure, so bright, so ver - y high, I think of One I
 2. 'Tis He my dai - ly food pro - vides And all that I can want be - sides; And when I close my
 3. His name is God! He gave me birth: And ev - ery liv - ing thing on earth, And ev - ery tree and

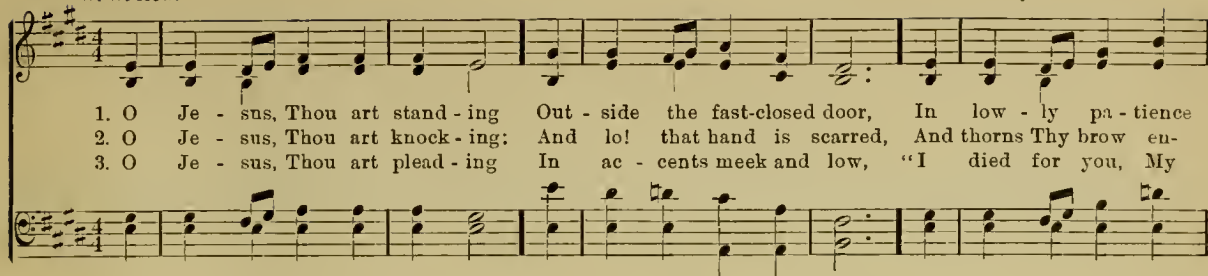
can - not see, But One who sees and cares for me.
 sleeping eye, I rest in peace, for He is nigh.
 plant that grows To God in heaven its be - ing owes. 4. Then shall I not for ev - er love This gracious

God who reigns a - bove; For ver - y good in - deed is He, To love a lit - tle child like me.

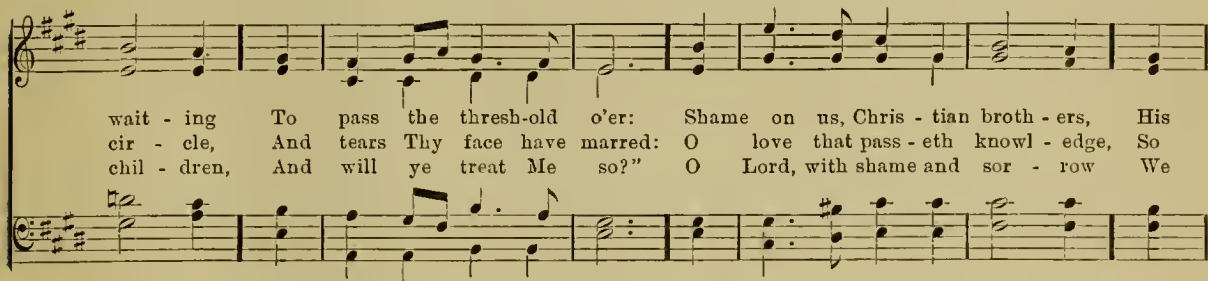
O Jesus, Thou art standing.

W. W. How.

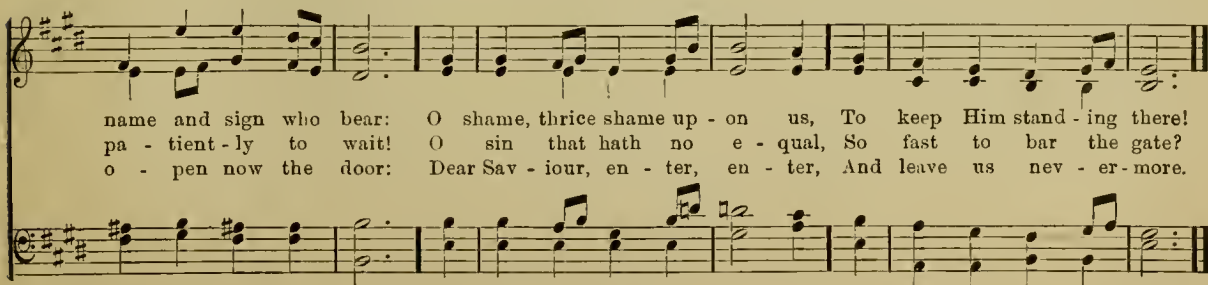
Arr. by W. H. WALTER.



1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa - tience
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing: And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy brow en -
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, My



wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er: Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His
 cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred: O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So
 chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We

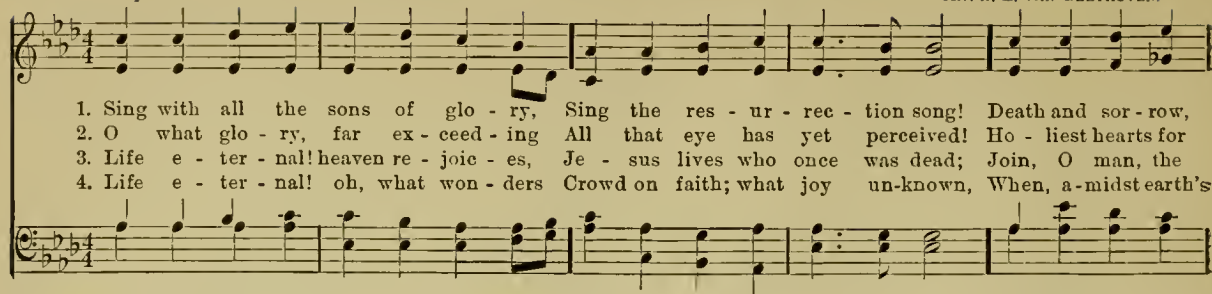


name and sign who bear: O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there!
 pa - tient - ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate?
 o - pen now the door: Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

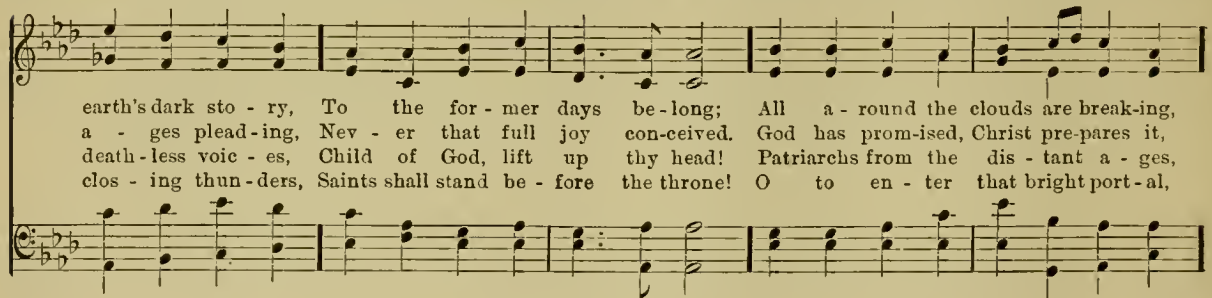
Sing with all the sons of glory.

WILLIAM J. IRONS.

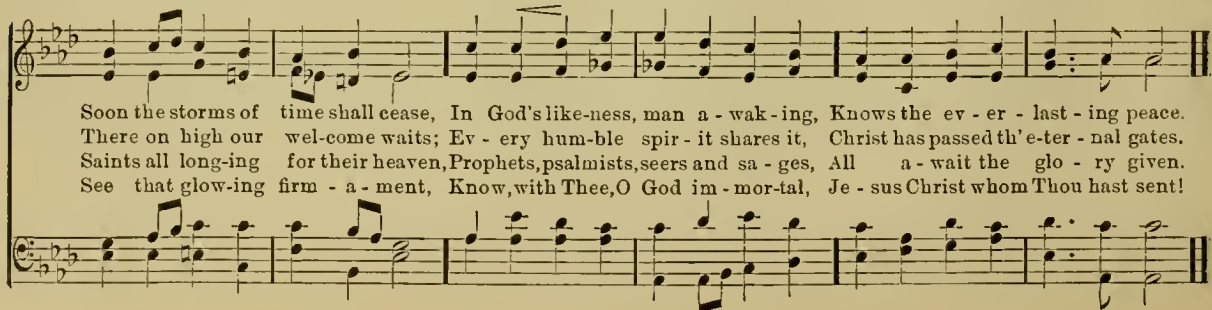
Arr. fr. L. VAN BEETHOVEN.



1. Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song! Death and sor - row,
 2. O what glo - ry, far ex - ceed - ing All that eye has yet perceived! Ho - liest hearts for
 3. Life e - ter - nal! heaven re - joic - es, Je - sus lives who once was dead; Join, O man, the
 4. Life e - ter - nal! oh, what won - ders Crowd on faith; what joy un-known, When, a-midst earth's



earth's dark sto - ry, To the for - mer days be-long; All a - round the clouds are break-ing,
 a - ges plead-ing, Nev - er that full joy con-ceived. God has prom-ised, Christ pre-pares it,
 death-less voic - es, Child of God, lift up thy head! Patriarchs from the dis - tant a - ges,
 clos - ing thun-ders, Saints shall stand be - fore the throne! O to en - ter that bright port-al,



Soon the storms of time shall cease, In God's like-ness, man a - wak-ing, Knows the ev - er - last - ing peace.
 There on high our wel-come waits; Ev - ery hum-ble spir - it shares it, Christ has passed th'e - ter - nal gates.
 Saints all long-ing for their heaven, Prophets, psalmists, seers and sa - ges, All a - wait the glo - ry given.
 See that glow-ing firm - a - ment, Know, with Thee, O God im - mor-tal, Je - sus Christ whom Thou hast sent!

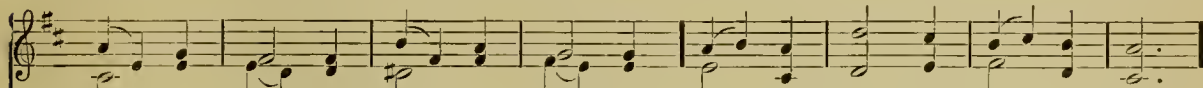
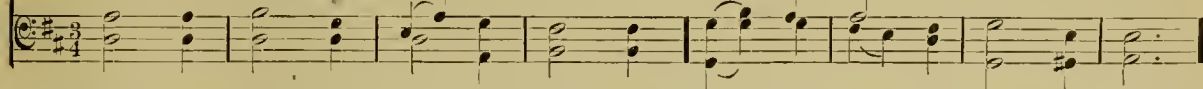
Saviour, round Thy footstool bending.

ELIZABETH R. PARSON.

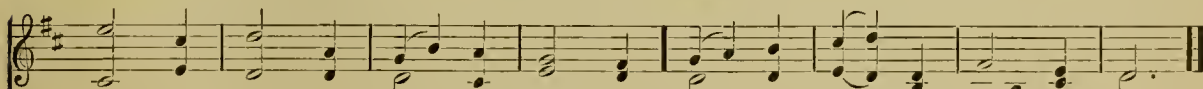
CARLY FLORIO.



1. Sav - iour, round Thy foot - stool bend - ing, See our youth - ful band ap - pear;
 2. Once on earth to share Thy bless - ing, Chil - dren sought to meet Thine eye;
 3. No harsh word of in - dig - na - tion Drove those ten - der lambs from Thee;
 4. Take us, then, Thou kind Pro - tect - or, Fold us 'neath Thy watch - ful care,



Let Thy Spir - it, now de - scend - ing, Our pe - ti - tions deign to hear:
 While the anx - ious par - ents press - ing, Brought their help - less in - fants nigh;
 Gen - tle was the in - vi - ta - tion "Suf - fer them to come to Me;
 Be our Shep - herd, Friend, Di - rect - or, In Thine arms of mer - cy bear;



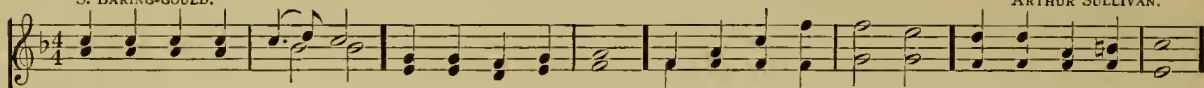
Thou art will - ing, Thou art will - ing, For Thy grace is al - ways near.
 For Thy fa - vor, for Thy fa - vor, All their wants could well sup - ply.
 Ho - ly chil - dren, ho - ly chil - dren Shall My heav - en - ly king - dom see."
 Guide to glo - ry, Guide to glo - ry, We shall dwell in safe - ty there.



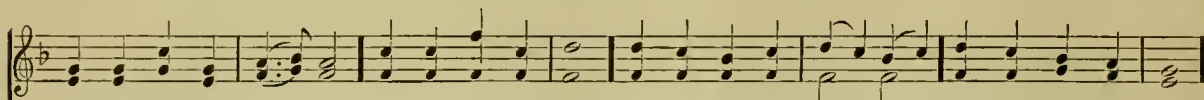
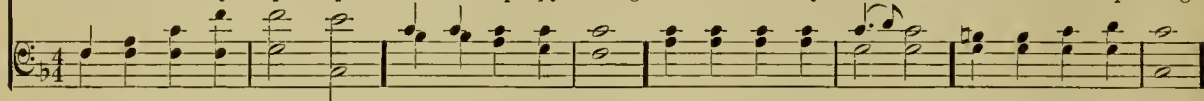
Onward, Christian soldiers.

S. BARING-GOULD.

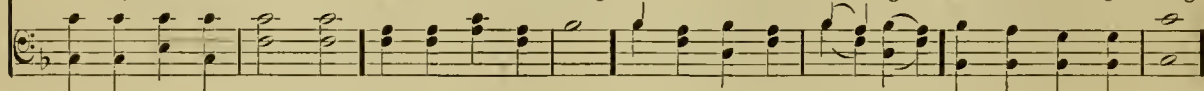
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



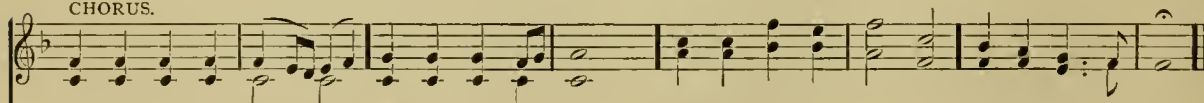
1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod;
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main;
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng! Blend with ours your voic-es In the triumph song!



Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
 Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.



CHORUS.



On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore!

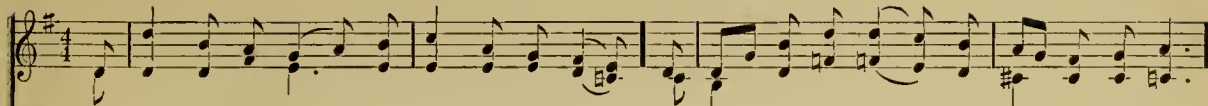


war, With the cross of Je - sus

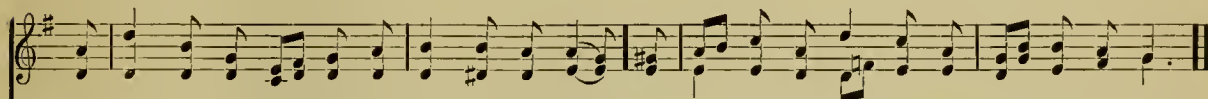
O heavenly King, look down.

C. WESLEV.

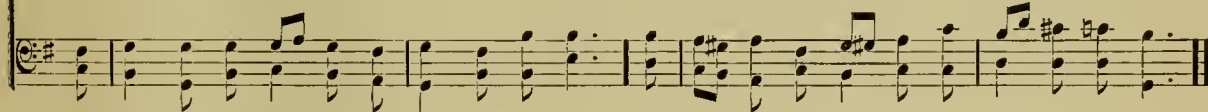
A. E. FISHER.



1. O heav - en - ly King, look down from a - bove! As - sist us to sing Thy mer - cy and love;
 2. O God of our life, we hal - low Thy name! Our busi - ness and strife is Thee to pro - claim;
 3. Our Fa - ther and Lord, Al - might - y art Thou; Pre - served by Thy word, we wor - ship Thee now;



So sweet - ly o'er - flow - ing, so plen - teous the store, Thou still art be - stow - ing, and giv - ing us more.
 Ac - cept our thanks - giv - ing for strength - en - ing grace; The liv - ing, the liv - ing shall show forth Thy praise.
 The bonn - ti - ful don - or of all we en - joy, Our tongues to Thine hon - or, and lives we em - ploy.



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- 4 But 'O above all, Thy kindness we praise,
 From sin and from thrall which saves the lost race;
 Thy Son Thou hast given the world to redeem,
 And bring us to heaven, whose trust is in Him.

- 5 Wherefore of Thy love we sing and rejoice,
 With angels above we lift up our voice:
 Thy love each believer shall gladly adore,
 For ever and ever, when time is no more.

God eternal, Lord of all!

Tr. by JAMES E. MILLARD.

Arr. fr. L. J. F. HEROLD.

1. God e - ter - nal, Lord of all! Low - ly at Thy feet we fall: All the world doth
 2. Glo - ri - fied a - pos - tles raise, Night and day, con - tin - ual praise; Hast Thou not a
 3. Mar - tyrs, in a no - ble host, Of Thy cross are heard to boast; Since so bright the

wor - ship Thee; We a - midst the throng would be. All the ho - ly an - gels cry, Hail, thrice
 mis - sion too For Thy chil - dren here to do? With the prophets' good - ly line We in
 crown they wear, We with them Thy cross would bear. All Thy church, in heaven and earth, Je - sus!

ho - ly, God most high! Lord of all the heavenly powers, Be the same loud an - them ours.
 mys - tic bond com - bine; For Thou hast to babes re - vealed Things that to the wise were sealed.
 bail Thy spot - less birth; Seat - ed on the judg - ment - throne, Num - ber ns a - mong Thine own!

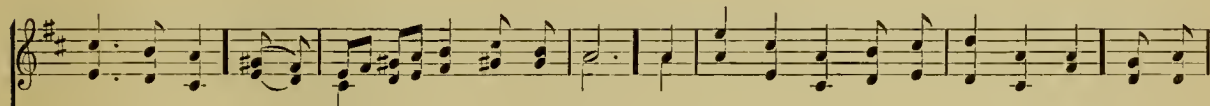
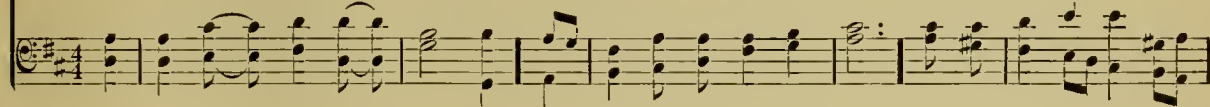
I know not the way I am going.

MRS. MALCOLM.

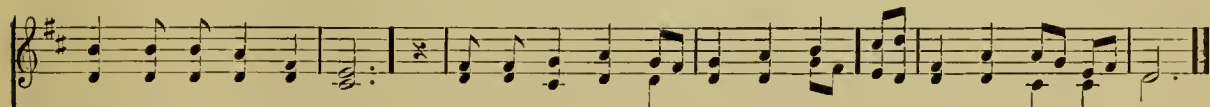
JOHN SEWELL.



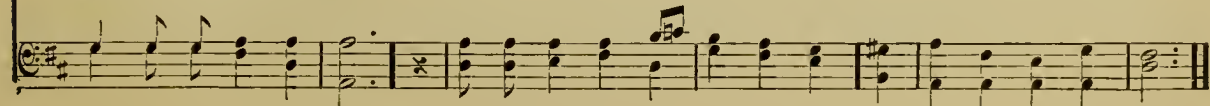
1. I know not the way I am go - ing, But well do I know my Guide; With a child-like trust, I
 2. As when some help - less wanderer, A - lone in an un-known land, Tells the guide his destined



give my hand To the might-y Friend by my side: The on - ly thing that I say to Him, As He
 place of rest, And leaves all else in his hand: 'Tis home, 'tis home that we wish to reach! He who



takes it, is—"Hold it fast! Suf - fer me not to lose my way, And bring me home at last."
 guides us may choose the way; Lit - tle we heed what path we take, If near - er home each day.



He is coming, He is coming.

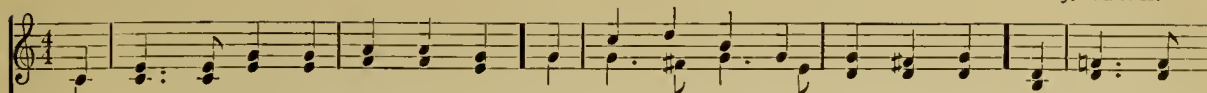
Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

CARYL FLORIO.


1. He is com - ing, He is com - ing, Not as once He came be - fore, Wail - ing In - fant, born in
 2. He is com - ing, He is com - ing, Not in pain, and shame, and woe, With the thorn - crown on His
 3. He is com - ing, He is com - ing, Not as once He wandered thro' All the hos - tile land of
 4. He is com - ing, He is com - ing, Let His low - ly first es - tate And His ten - der love so

weak - ness On a low - ly sta - ble floor: But up - on His cloud in glo - ry, In the
 fore - head, And the blood - drops trick - ling slow; But with di - a - dem up - on Him, And the
 Ju - dah, With His fol - lowers poor and few; But with all the ho - ly an - gels Wait - ing
 teach us That in faith and hope we wait, Till in glo - ry east - ward burn - ing, Our re -


crim - son - tint - ed sky, Where we see the gold - en sun - rise In the ro - sy dis - tance lie.
 scepter in His hand, And the dead all ranged be - fore Him, Raised from 'neath the sea and land.
 round His judg - ment seat, And the chos - en twelve a - pos - tles Sit - ting crown - ed at His feet.
 demp - tion draw - eth near, And we see the sign in heav - en Of our Judge and Sav - iour dear.



1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest - less wave, Who bid'st the
 2. O Sav - iour, whose al - might - y word The winds and waves sub - mis - sive heard, Who walk - edst
 3. O sa - cred Spir - it, who didst brood Up - on the cha - os dark and rude, Who bad'st its



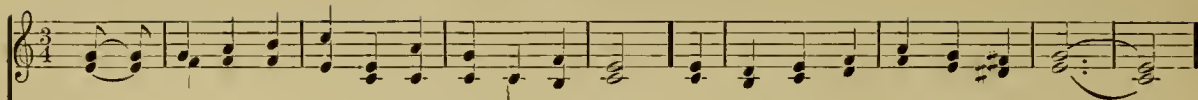
might - y o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep; O hear us when we
 on the foam - ing deep, And calm a - mid its rage didst sleep; O hear us when we
 an - gry tum - ult cease, And gav - est light, and life, and peace; O hear us when we



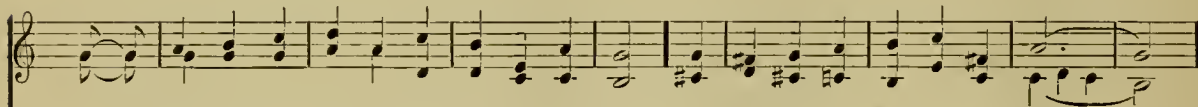
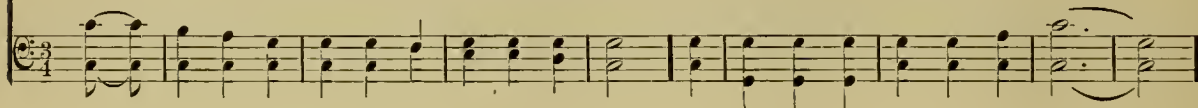
cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea!
 cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea!
 cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea!

4.

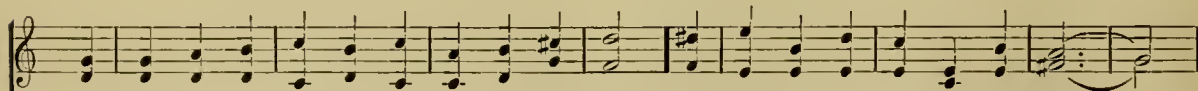
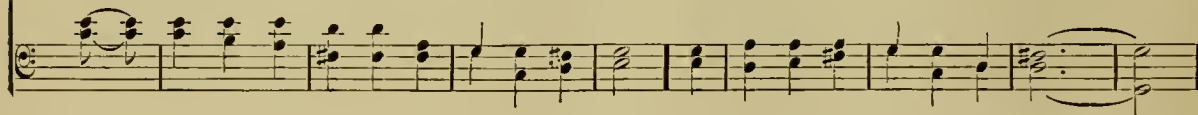
O Trinity of love and power!
 Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
 From rock and tempest, fire and foe
 Protect them wheresoe'er they go.
 Thus ever let there rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.



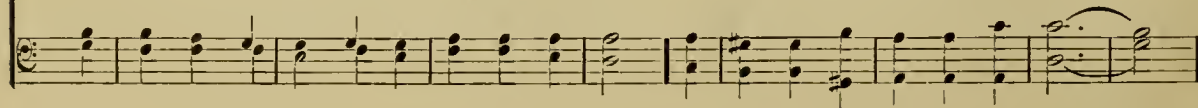
1. How ho - ly the Bi - ble! how pure is the light That streams from its pa - ges di - vine!
 2. 'Tis the voice of the Sav - iour—how sweet, in the storm, It speaks to the sin - ner dis - tressed,—



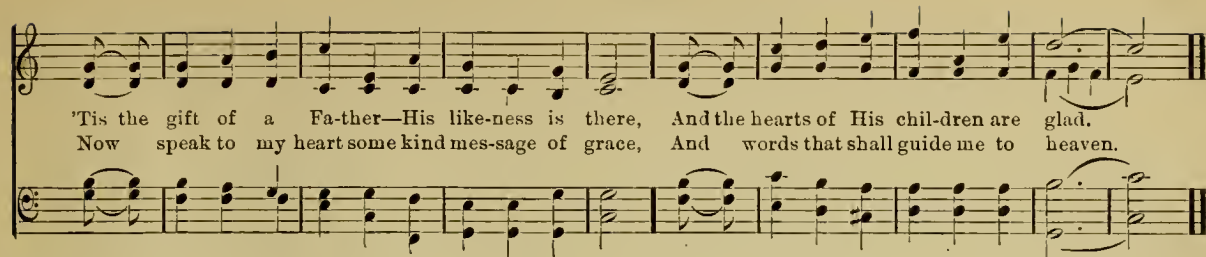
'Tis a star that shines soft through the gloom of the night,— Of jew - els a won - der - ful mine.
 The tem - pest is hushed; o'er the sea comes a calm— The troub - led and wea - ry find rest.



'Tis bread for the hun - gry, 'tis food for the poor, A balm for the wound - ed and sad,—
 'O teach me, blest Je - sus, to seek for Thy face, To me let Thy wel - come be given;



How holy the Bible.—Concluded.



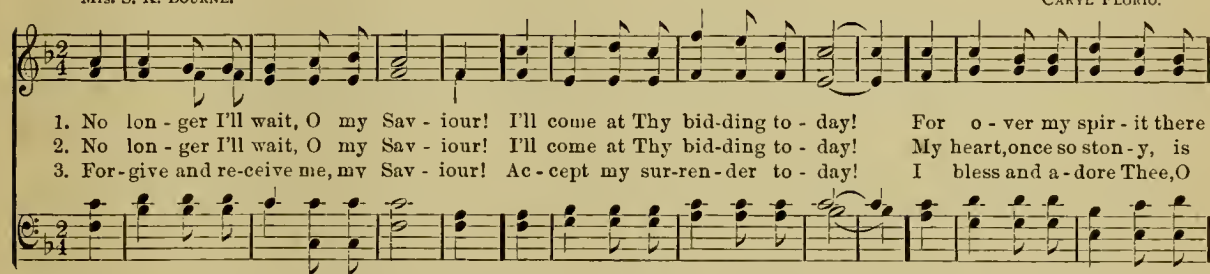
'Tis the gift of a Fa-ther—His like-ness is there, And the hearts of His chil-dren are glad.
Now speak to my heart some kind mes-sage of grace, And words that shall guide me to heaven.

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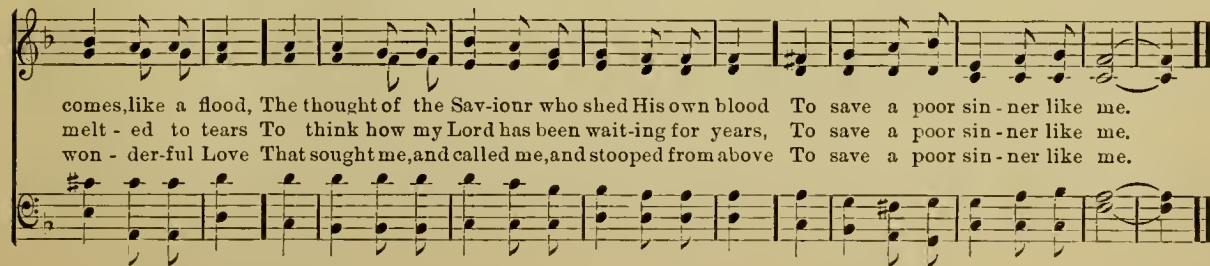
No longer I'll wait, O my Saviour.

Mrs. S. K. BOURNE.

CARYL FLORIO.



1. No lon-ger I'll wait, O my Sav-our! I'll come at Thy bid-ding to-day! For o-ver my spir-it there
2. No lon-ger I'll wait, O my Sav-our! I'll come at Thy bid-ding to-day! My heart, once so ston-y, is
3. For-give and re-ceive me, my Sav-our! Ac-cept my sur-ren-der to-day! I bless and a-dore Thee, O



comes, like a flood, The thought of the Sav-our who shed His own blood To save a poor sin-ner like me.
melt-ed to tears To think how my Lord has been wait-ing for years, To save a poor sin-ner like me.
won-der-ful Love That sought me, and called me, and stooped from above To save a poor sin-ner like me.

Jesus, lover of my soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me
 3. Wilt Thou not re - gard my call? Wilt Thou not ac - cept my prayer? Lo, I sink, I

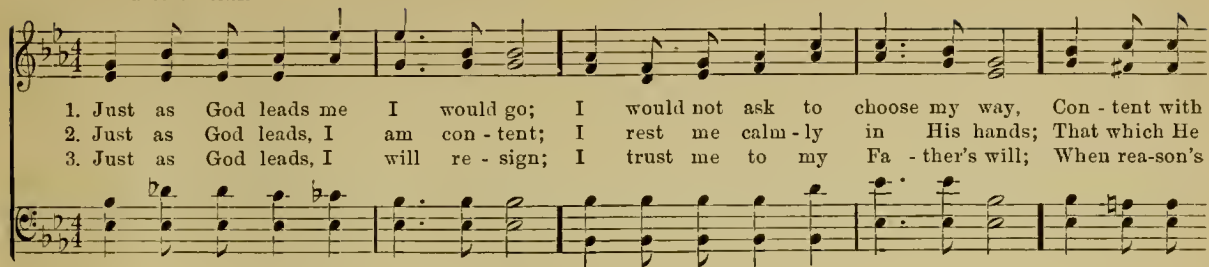
wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the
 not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
 faint, I fall! Lo, on Thee I cast my care; Reach me out Thy gra - cious hand. While I

storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
 help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
 of Thy strength re - ceive, Hop - ing a - gainst hope I stand, Dy - ing, and be - hold I live!

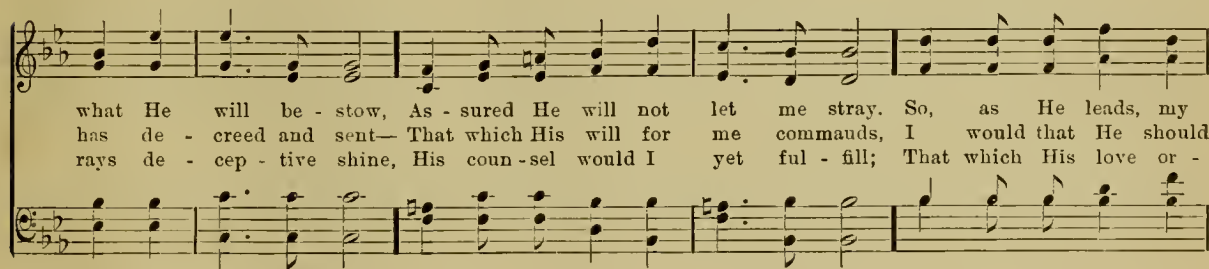
Just as God leads me I would go.

LAMPERTUS GEDICKE.

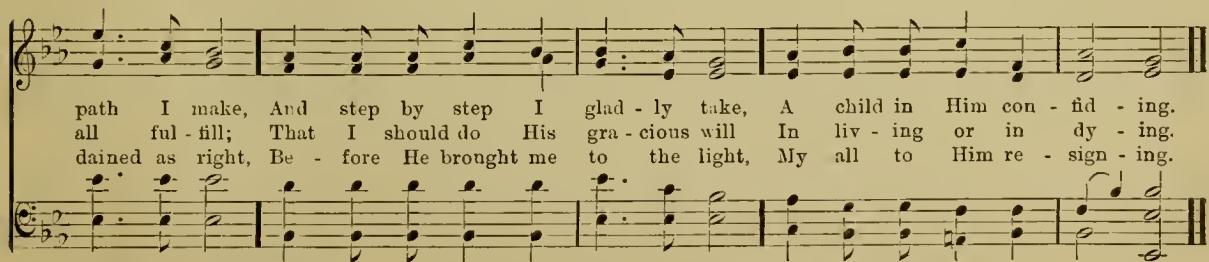
WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Just as God leads me I would go; I would not ask to choose my way, Con - tent with
 2. Just as God leads, I am con - tent; I rest me calm - ly in His hands; That which He
 3. Just as God leads, I will re - sign; I trust me to my Fa - ther's will; When rea - son's



what He will be - stow, As - sured He will not let me stray. So, as He leads, my
 has de - creed and sent— That which His will for me com - mands, I would that He should
 rays de - cep - tive shine, His coun - sel would I yet ful - fill; That which His love or -

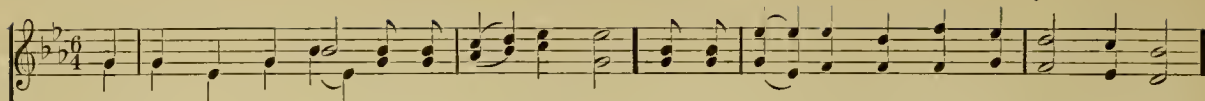


path I make, And step by step I glad - ly take, A child in Him con - fid - ing.
 all ful - fill; That I should do His gra - cious will In liv - ing or in dy - ing.
 dained as right, Be - fore He brought me to the light, My all to Him re - sign - ing.

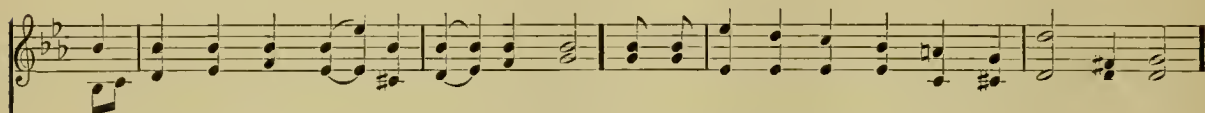
Hosanna we sing.

GEO. S. HODGES.

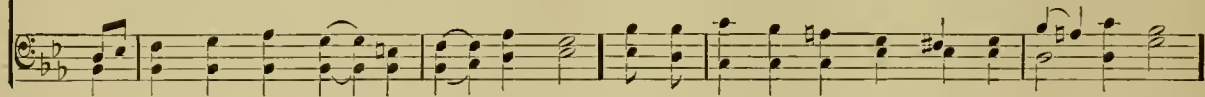
JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the old - en days when the Lord lived here;
 2. Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re - joice - s the hymns of His own to hear;



He blessed lit - tle chil - dren, and smiled on them, While they chanted His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem.
 We know that His heart will nev - er wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold.



Al - le - lu - ia we sing like the chil - dren bright, With their harps of gold, and their rai - ment white,
 Al - le - lu - ia we sing in the church we love; Al - le - lu - ia re - sounds in the Church a - bove;



Hosanna we sing.—Concluded.

As they fol-low their Shepherd, with lov - ing eyes, Thro' the beau-ti-ful val-leys of Par - a - dise.
To Thy lit - tle ones, Lord, may such grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of Heav'n.

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Holy! Lord God Almighty.

R. HEBER.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might-y! Ear-ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see,
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might-y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer-ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty.
Cher-u - bim and Ser-a - phim fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer-ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty.

Jerusalem, the golden.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

ALEX. EWING

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be - neath thy con - tem -
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased, The song of them that

pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest: I know not, oh, I know not, What
 an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them, The
 tri - umph, The shout of them that feast: And they who, with their Lead - er, Have

so - cial joys are there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
 day - light is se - rene; The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 con - quered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

Jerusalem, the golden.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

(Second Tune.)

G. F-C. LE JEUNE.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion

Sink heart and voice op - prest; I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there;

REFRAIN.

Je - ru -

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare! Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en,


sa - lem, the gold - en, Be - neath

With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

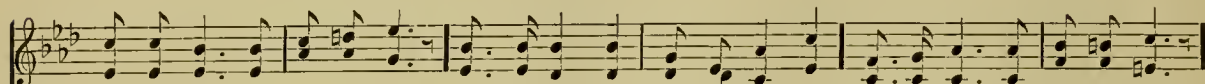
Tenderly the Saviour.

J. W. W.

J. W. WALTON.

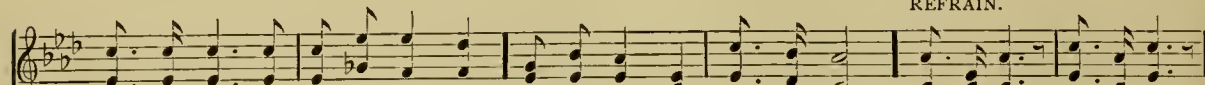


1. Ten-der-ly the Sav-iour list-ened To the voice of grief or pain; Oft His eyes with tear-drops glistened,
 2. Si-lent-ly en-dured the Sav-iour Cru-el taunts, the scourge, the cross, For His Heavenly Fa-ther's fa-vor
 3. Was it not e-nough, O Sav-iour, For us sin-ful men to die? Spite of all our ill be-hav-iour,



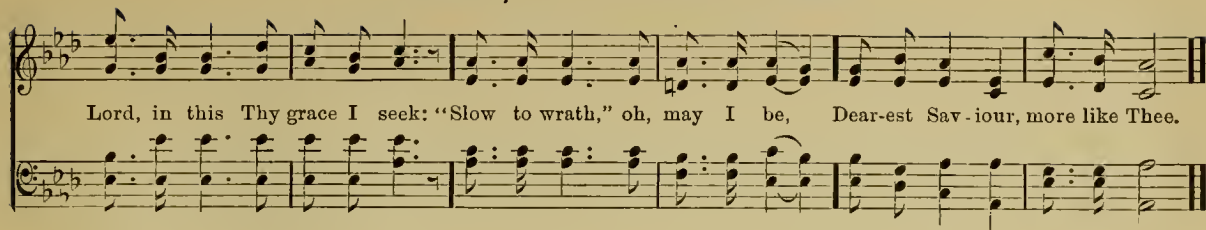
No one sought His help in vain. Now, a-mid the choirs of heav-en, Still He hears our faint-est prayer;
 Count-ing all things else but loss. Thus may I, through pain or sor-row, Calm-ly walk with-out a-larm;
 Thou dost plead for us on high! In the light of such com-pas-sion, Shall I not for-giv-ing be?

REFRAIN.



May this grace to me be giv-en, Thy de-vo-tion let me share.
 From Thy pa-tience let me bor-row, Lean-ing si-lent on Thine arm. } "Swift to hear, slow to speak,"
 Let Thy free and full sal-va-tion Mag-ni-fy it-self in me.

Tenderly the Saviour.—Concluded.



Lord, in this Thy grace I seek: "Slow to wrath," oh, may I be, Dear-est Sav-iour, more like Thee.

IOI

O come, all ye faithful.

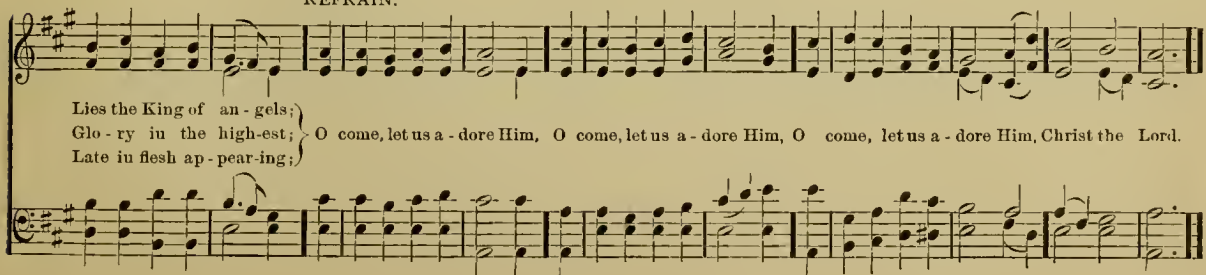
Tr. WILLIAM MERCER.

M. PORTOGALLO.



1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful-ly tri-umphant, To Beth-le-hem hast-en now with glad ac-cord; Lo! in a man-ger
2. Raise, raise, choirs of an-gels, Songs of loud-est tri-umph, Through heaven's high arches he your praises poured: Now to our God be
3. A-men! Lord, we bless Thee, Born for our sal-va-tion, O Je-sus! for ev-er be Thy name a-dored; Word of the Fa-ther,

REFRAIN.



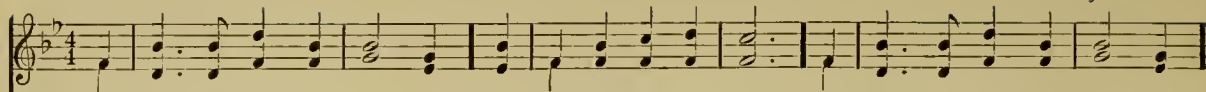
Lies the King of an-gels;
Glo-ry in the high-est;
Late in flesh ap-pear-ing;

O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.

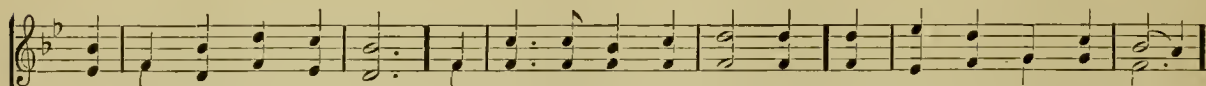
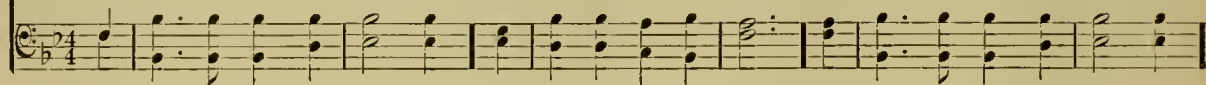
Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

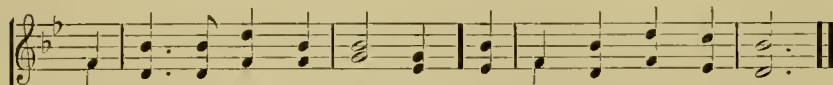
GEORGE J. WEBB.



1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
 2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The trump-et call o - bey; Forth to the might-y con - flict,
 3. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will fail you,



It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
 In this His glo - rious day. Ye that are men, now serve Him A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;



Till ev - ery foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.



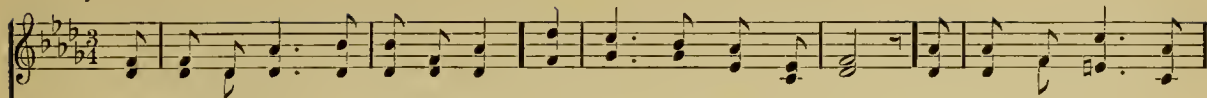
4.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next, the victor's song.
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally!

O morrow land, abiding land.

J. C. FRENCH.

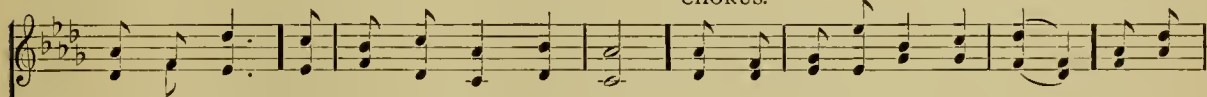
HENRY BURTON.



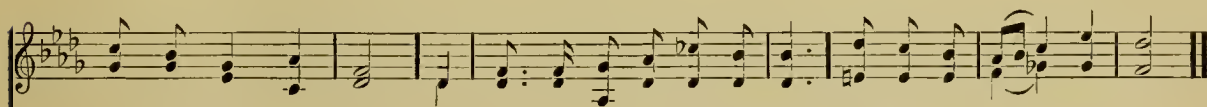
1. O mor-row land, a - bid-ing land, We're trav-'ling home to thee; Be-yond the shad - ow
 2. O mor-row land, a - bid-ing land, No tears of sor - row there; No ach-ing hearts, nor
 3. O mor-row land, a - bid-ing land, We soon shall reach thy shore, And clasp the hands of



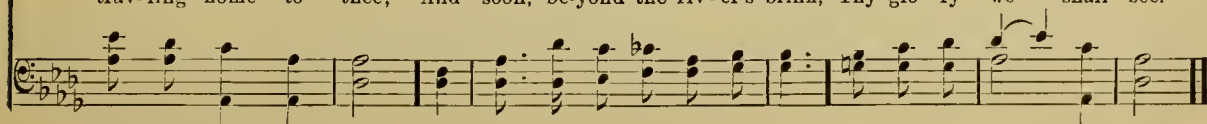
CHORUS.



and the shade, Thy ra-diant hills we see!
 wea-ry eyes; With-in thy dwell-ing fair. } We are trav'ling home to thee; We are
 those we love, To meet, and part no more.



trav-'ling home to thee; And soon, be-yond the riv-er's brink, Thy glo-ry we shall see.



J. GRIGG.

J. R. FAIRLAMB.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee? Ashamed of
 2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star; He sheds the
 3. A - shamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let mid - night be a - shamed of noon; 'Tis mid - night

Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine through end - less days?
 beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
 with my soul, till He, Bright morn - ing star, bid dark - ness flee.

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4
 Ashamed of Jesus—that dear Friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
 No, when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.

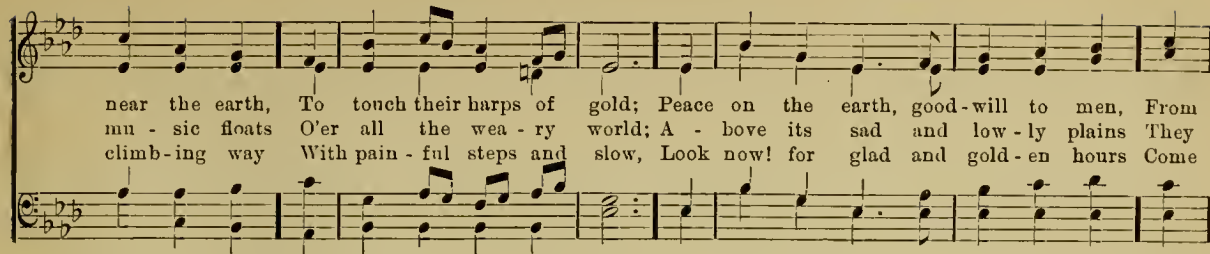
5
 Till then nor is my boasting vain,
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
 And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

E. H. SEARS.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old, From an - gels bend - ing
 2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come With peaceful wings un - furl'd, And still their heav'n - ly
 3. O ye, oe - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low, Who toil a - long the

It came upon the midnight clear.—Concluded.

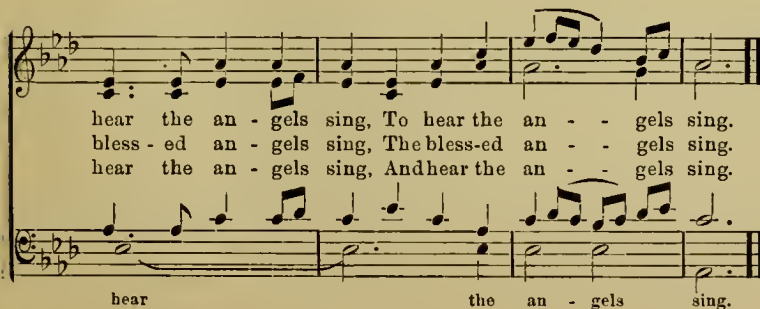


near the earth, To touch their harps of gold; Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From
mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They
climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow, Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come



heav'n's all - gra - cious King; The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To
bend on heav'n - ly wing; And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The
swift - ly on the wing; O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And

To



hear the an - gels sing, To hear the an - - gels sing.
bless - ed an - gels sing, The bless - ed an - - gels sing.
hear the an - gels sing, And hear the an - - gels sing.

hear the an - gels sing.

4

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

F. W. FABER.

J. BARNEY.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the
 2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow - ing old; Who would not be at
 3. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, O keep me in Thy love, And guide me to that

Where loy - al hearts and true

hap - py land Where they that loved are blest; Where loy - - al hearts and true
 rest and free Where love is nev - er cold; Where loy - - al hearts and true
 hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove, Where loy - - al hearts and true

Stand ev - er in the light, All rapt - ure, through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight?
 Stand ev - er in the light, All rapt - ure, through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight?
 Stand ev - er in the light, All rapt - ure, through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight?

C. WORDSWORTH.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad - ness,
 2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth; On thee for our sal - va - tion
 3. To - day on wea - ry na - tions The heavenly man-na falls; To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions

Most beau - ti - ful, most bright, On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
 Christ rose from depths of earth; On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from heaven;
 The sil - ver trum - pet calls, Where Gos - pel - light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams,

Unison.

Harmony.

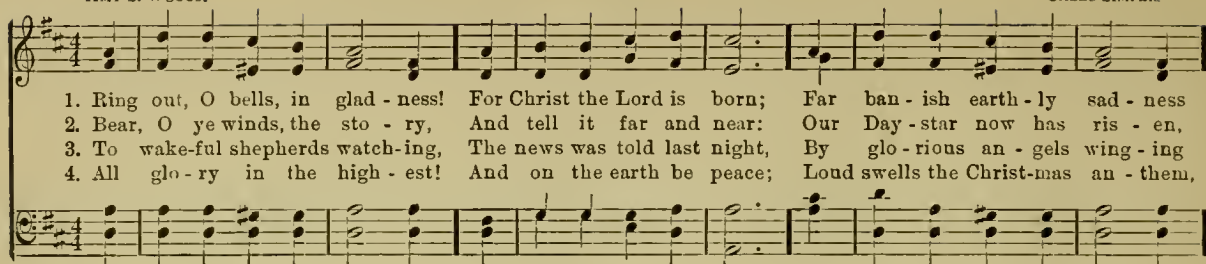
Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! To the great God Tri - une.
 And thus on thee most glo - rious A trip - le light was given.
 And liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh - ing streams.

4.

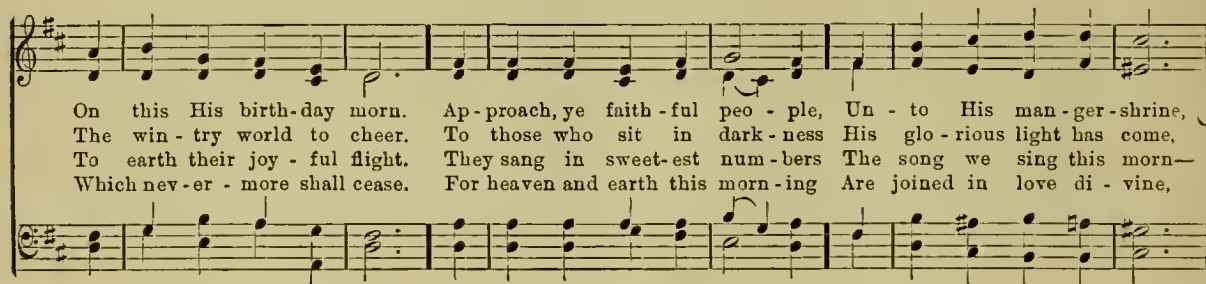
New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

AMY S. WOODS.

CALEB SIMPER.

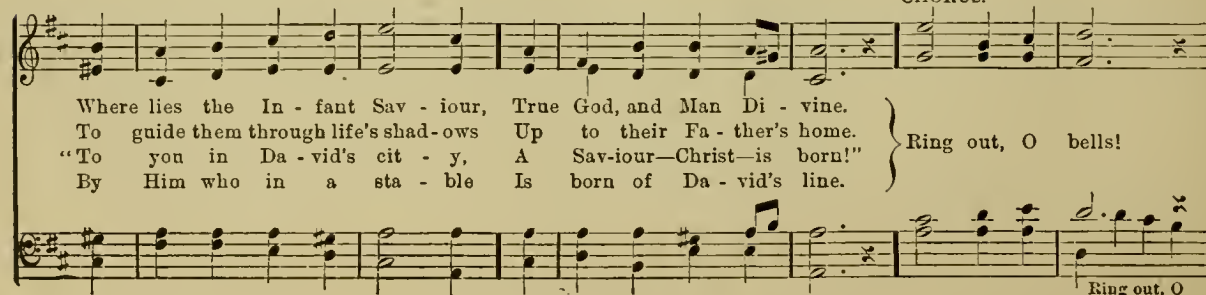


1. Ring out, O bells, in glad - ness! For Christ the Lord is born; Far ban - ish earth - ly sad - ness
 2. Bear, O ye winds, the sto - ry, And tell it far and near: Our Day - star now has ris - en,
 3. To wake - ful shepherds watch - ing, The news was told last night, By glo - rious an - gels wing - ing
 4. All glo - ry in the high - est! And on the earth be peace; Loud swells the Christ - mas an - them,



On this His birth - day morn. Ap - proach, ye faith - ful peo - ple, Un - to His man - ger - shrine,
 The win - try world to cheer. To those who sit in dark - ness His glo - rious light has come,
 To earth their joy - ful flight. They sang in sweet - est num - bers The song we sing this morn -
 Which nev - er - more shall cease. For heaven and earth this morn - ing Are joined in love di - vine,

CHORUS.



Where lies the In - fant Sav - iour, True God, and Man Di - vine.
 To guide them through life's shad - ows Up to their Fa - ther's home.
 "To you in Da - vid's cit - y, A Sav - iour - Christ - is born!" } Ring out, O bells!
 By Him who in a sta - ble Is born of Da - vid's line.

Ring out, O

Ring out, O bells.—Concluded.

Ring, tri-umph-ant ring! This is the birth-day of our King; O bells, tri-umph-ant ring!

bells, tri-umph-ant ring!

Ring out, O bells! [Organ....] O bells, tri-umph-ant ring! Ring out, O bells! Ring, tri-umph-ant ring!

Ring out, O bells, tri-umph-ant ring!

109

The King of love my Shepherd is.

H. W. BAKER.


JOHN B. DYKES.

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness falleth nev-er; I nothing lack if I am His, And He is mine for ev-er.
 2. Where streams of living wa-ter flow My ransomed soul He lead-eth, And, where the verdant pastures grow, With food ce-lestial feed-eth.
 3. Perverse and fool-ish, oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And on His shoulder gently laid, And home, re-joic-ing, brought me.
 4. And so, thro' all the length of days, Thy goodness fail-eth nev-er: Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise Within Thy house for ev-er.

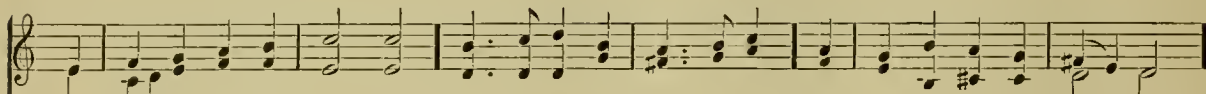
Ring the bells, the Christmas bells.

MRS. MARY C. SEWARD.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.

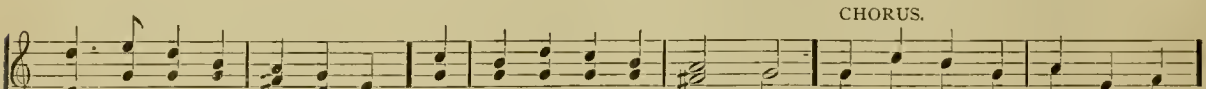


1. Ring the bells, the Christ-mas bells; Chime out the wondrous sto - ry; First in song on an-gel tongues
 2. Wise men hastened from the East To bring their rich-est treas - ure— Gold, and myrrh, and frank-in-cense,
 3. Earth-ly crowns were not for Him; He came God's love re - veal - ing; On the cross He died for us,



It came from realms of glo - ry; Peace on earth, good will to men, An - gel - ic voic-es ring - ing—
 And jew - els with-out meas-ure. Him they sought, al-though a King, They found in birth-place low - ly,
 His blood for-give-ness seal - ing. 'Tis the Sav - iour promised long, Ring out your loud-est prais - es;

CHORUS.



Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glorious mes-sage bring - ing,
 There with-in a man-ger lay The Babe so pure and ho - ly. } Ring the mer - ry Christmas bells;
 Ev - ery heart this hap - py day Its grate-ful an-them rais - es.

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells.—Concluded.

Chime out the wondrous sto - ry; Glo - ry be to God on high, For ev - er - more be glo - ry.

III

Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise.

JOHN ELLERTON.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part-ing hymn of praise;
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day;
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn Thou for us its dark-ness in - to light;
 4. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;

We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil-dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

Praise the Lord, His glories show.

H. F. LYTE.

B. C. BLODGETT.

1. Praise the Lord, His glo - ries show, Saints with - in His courts be - low, An - gels round His
2. Praise the Lord, His mer - cies trace; Praise His prov - i - dence and grace, All that He for

throne a - bove, All that see and share His love. Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, Tell His
man hath done, All He sends us through His Son: Strings and voic - es, hands and hearts, In the

Tell
In His
the

won - ders, sing His worth; Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him, ev - er - more!
con - cert bear your parts; All that breathe, your Lord a - dore, Praise Him, praise Him, ev - er - more!

II3

Lord, this day Thy children meet.

W. W. How.

Old Litany.

1. Lord, this day Thy chil-dren meet In Thy courts with will-ing feet; Un-to Thee this
2. Help us un-to Thee to pray, Hal-low-ing our hap-py day; From Thy pres-ence

day they raise Grate-ful hearts in hymns of praise.
thus to win Hearts all pure, and free from sin.

3 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
But if earth has joys like this,
What shall be our heavenly bliss!

4 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine:
Then through all eternity
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

II4

How condescending and how kind.

ISAAC WATTS.

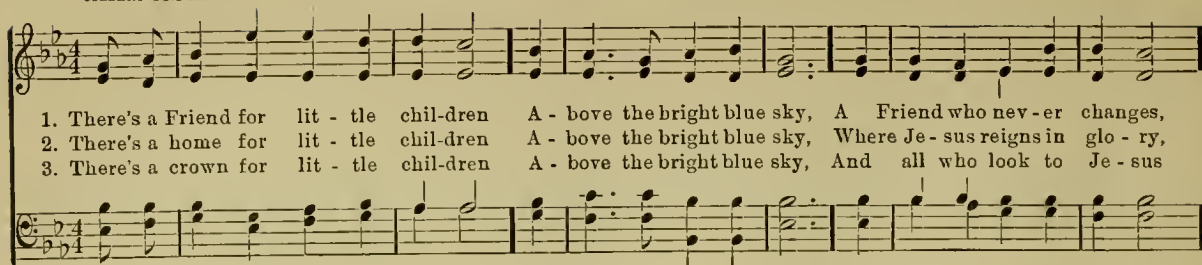
J. BARNEY.

1. How con-de-sending and how kind Was God's e-ter-nal Son! Our misery reached His heavenly mind, And pity brought Him down.
2. He sunk beneath our heav-y woes, To raise us to His throne; There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows, But cost His heart a groan.
3. This was com-pas-sion, like a God, That when the Saviour knew The price of par-don was His blood, His pit-y ne'er withdrew.
4. Now, tho' He reigns ex-alt-ed high, His love is still as great; Well He re-mem-bers Cal-va-ry,—Nor let His saints for-get.

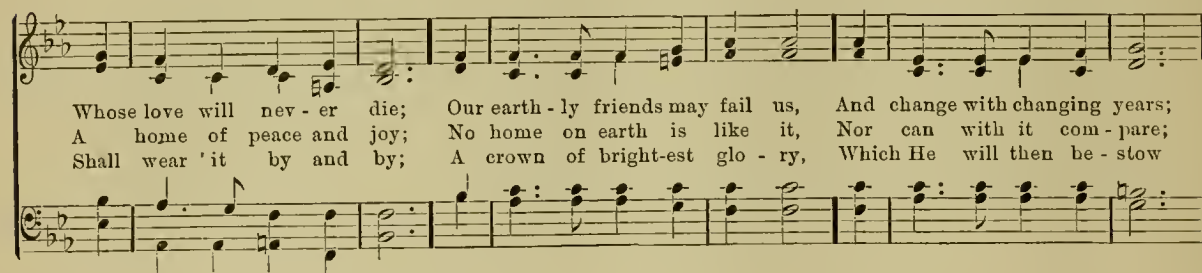
There's a Friend for little children.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

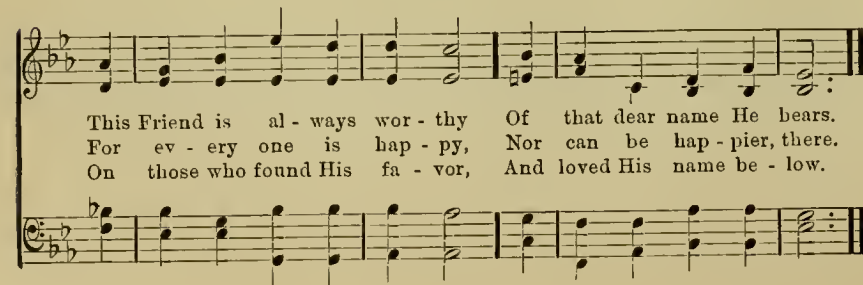
SAMUEL SMITH.



1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil-dren A - bove the bright blue sky, A Friend who nev - er changes,
 2. There's a home for lit - tle chil-dren A - bove the bright blue sky, Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry,
 3. There's a crown for lit - tle chil-dren A - bove the bright blue sky, And all who look to Je - sus



Whose love will nev - er die; Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with changing years;
 A home of peace and joy; No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare;
 Shall wear 'it by and by; A crown of bright - est glo - ry, Which He will then be - stow



This Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear name He bears.
 For ev - ery one is hap - py, Nor can be hap - pier, there.
 On those who found His fa - vor, And loved His name be - low.

4.

There's a song for little children
 Above the bright blue sky,
 A song that will not weary,
 Though sung continually;
 A song which even angels
 Can never, never sing;
 They know not Christ as Saviour.
 But worship Him as King.

1. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea, Hap - py light is flow - ing
 2. God's free mer - cy stream - eth O - ver all the world, And His ban - ner gleam - eth
 3. Lord, up - on our blind - ness Thy pure ra - diance pour; For Thy lov - ing - kind - ness

Boun - ti - ful and free. Ev - ery - thing re - joic - es In the mel - low rays,
 Ev - ery - where un - furled. Broad and deep and glo - rious As the heaven a - bove,
 Make us love Thee more. And when clouds are drift - ing Dark a - cross our sky,

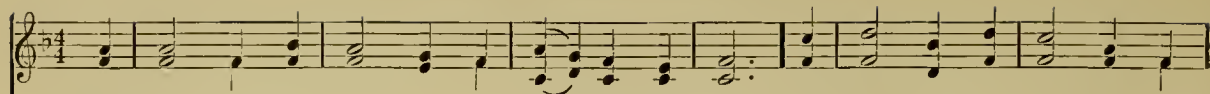
All earth's thousand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise.
 Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal Love.
 Then, the veil up - lift - ing, Fa - ther, be Thou nigh.

4.

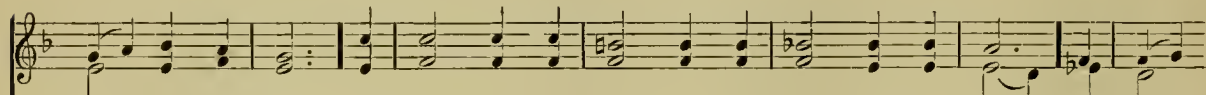
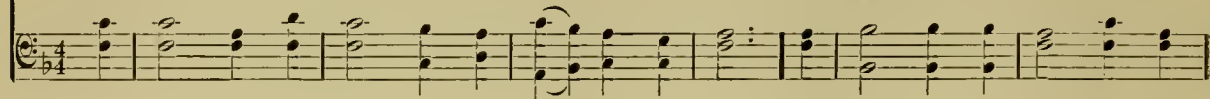
We will never doubt Thee,
 Though Thou veil Thy light;
 Life is dark without Thee;
 Death with Thee is bright.
 Light of Light! shine o'er us
 On our pilgrim way,
 Go Thou still before us
 To the endless day.

Come, Jesus, Redeemer.

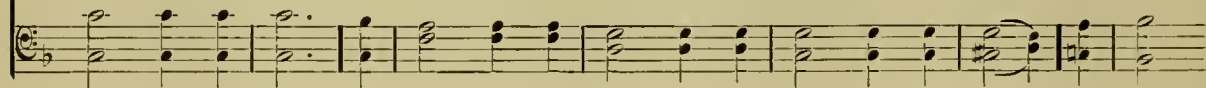
S. M. BIXBY.



1. Come, Je - sus, Re - deem - er, a - bide Thou with me; Come, glad - den my spir - it that
 2. With - out Thee but weak - ness, with Thee I am strong; By day Thou shalt lead me, by



wait - eth for Thee; Thy smile ev - ery shad - ow shall chase from my heart, And soothe
 night be my song; Though dan - gers sur - round me, I still ev - ery fear, Since Thou,



ev - ery sor - row though keen be the smart.
 the Most Might - y, my Help - er, art near.



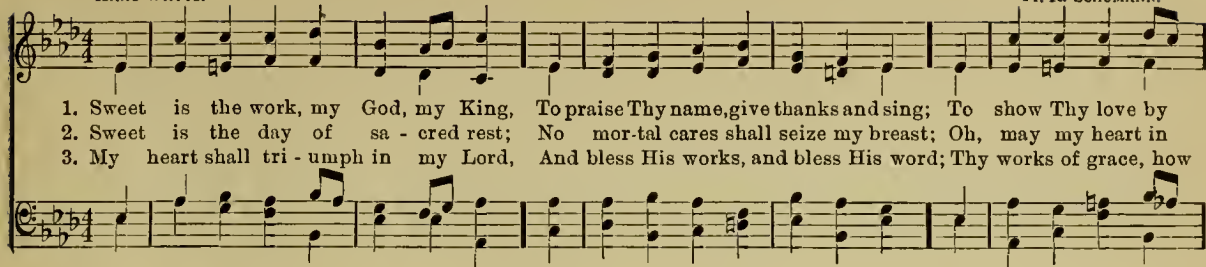
- 3 Thy love, O how faithful! so tender, so pure!
 Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
 That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm;
 That promise make steady my soul in the storm.
- 4 O then, blessed Jesus, who once for me died,
 Made clean in the fountain that gushed from Thy side,
 I'll see Thy full glory, Thy face shall behold,
 And praise Thee with raptures forever untold.

II8

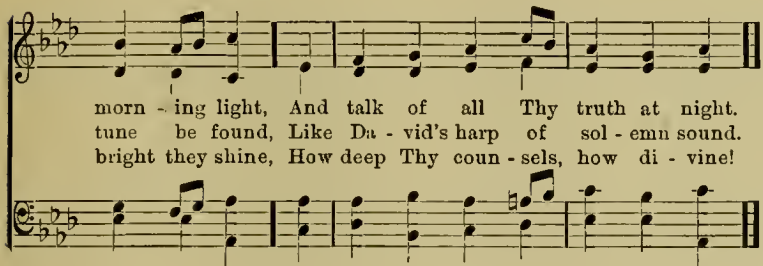
Sweet is the work, my God, my King!

ISAAC WATTS.

FR. R. SCHUMANN.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing; To show Thy love by
 2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor-tal cares shall seize my breast; Oh, may my heart in
 3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word; Thy works of grace, how



morn - ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
 tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound.
 bright they shine, How deep Thy coun - sels, how di - vine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

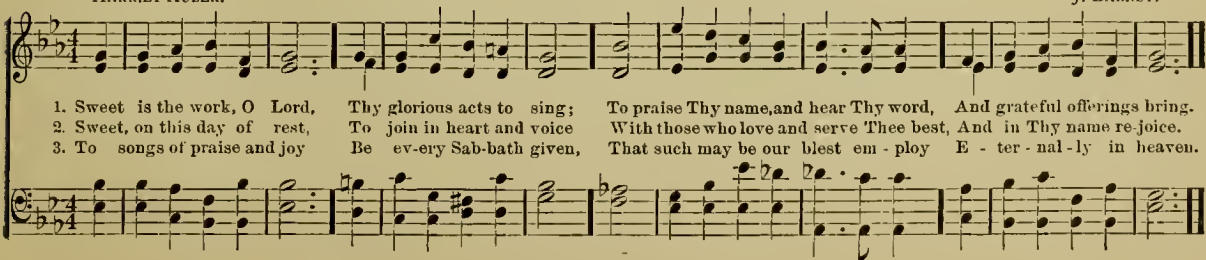
5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desired or wished below;
 And every power find sweet employ,
 In that eternal world of joy.

II9

Sweet is the work, O Lord.

HARRIET AUBER.

J. BARNEY.



1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious acts to sing; To praise Thy name, and hear Thy word, And grateful offerings bring.
 2. Sweet, on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice With those who love and serve Thee best, And in Thy name re-joice.
 3. To songs of praise and joy Be ev-ery Sab-bath given, That such may be our blest em - ploy E - ter - nal - ly in heaven.

C. ELLIOTT.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bid'st me
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
 3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt, Fight - ings and fears, with -

come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4.
 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

5.
 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

B. M. EDWARDS.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. God make my life a lit - tle light, With - in the world to glow; A lit - tle flame that burneth bright, Wher - ev - er I may go!
 2. God make my life a lit - tle staff, Where - on the weak may rest; That so what breath and strength I have, May serve my neighbor best!

God make my life a little light.—Concluded.

God make my life a lit-tle flower, That giv-eth joy to all; Con-tent to bloom in na-tive bower, Al-though its place be small!
 God make my life a lit-tle hymn Of ten-der-ness and praise! Of faith that nev-er wax-eth dim In all His wondrous ways!

122

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.

JOHN KERLE.

PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ry eye-lids gen-tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes.
 thought, how sweet to rest For ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast.

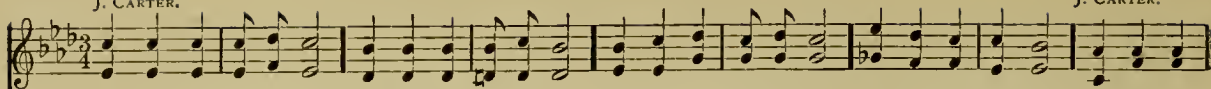
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

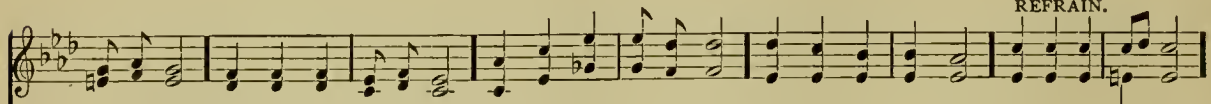
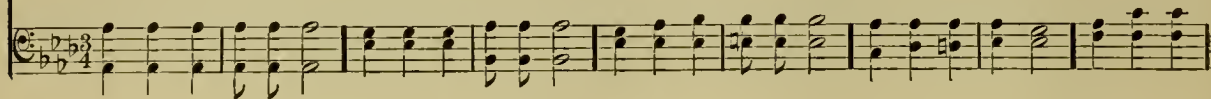
Down from their home on high.

J. CARTER.

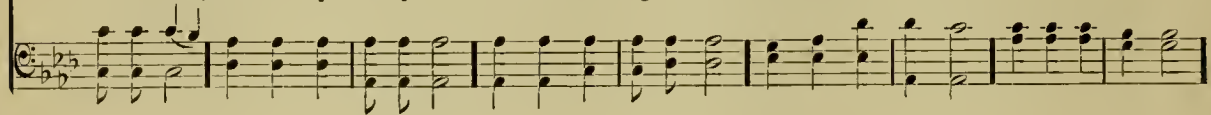
J. CARTER.



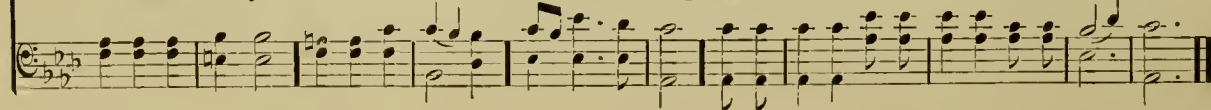
1. Down from their home on high, Down thro' the starry sky, An-gels descending fly, While the earth shaketh; Roll they the
 2. He from the grave is gone, Treading the way a-lone; Death now is overthrown By His en-deav-or! Where is thy
 3. Sing we Thy praise for aye, Who washed our sins away; Un-to Thy name al-way We shall be sing-ing: Far down the



stone a-way From where the Saviour lay— Out in - to glorious day His way He tak - eth.
 vic - to - ry, O Grave? and where shall be, O Death, our fear of thee? Vanished for - ev - er! } Loud hal-le-lu - jahs!
 tracts of time, Shall ev-ery earth-ly clime Join in the song sub-lime, With prais-es ring-ing!



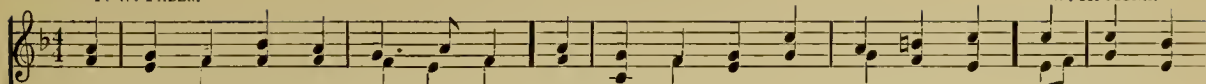
Loud hal-le - lu - jahs! Our ris-en Sav-iour, To Thee we sing: Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal-le-lu - jah!




Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.

F. W. FABER.

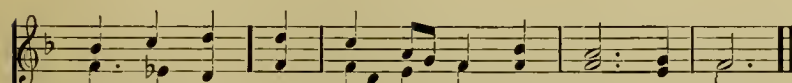
W. H. MONK.



1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil; And make our
 2. The day is gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast tak - en count of all, The scan - ty
 3. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion and re - lease, And bless us,



luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will. Thro' life's long day and
 tri - umphs grace hath won, The brok - en vow, the fre - quent fall. Thro' life's long day and
 more than in past days, With pu - ri - ty and in - ward peace. Thro' life's long day and



death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.
 death's dark night, O gen - tle Ja - sus, be our light.
 death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.

- 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And simple hearts without alloy
 That only long to be like Thee.
 Through life's long day, etc.
- 5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad:
 Thou art our Saviour and our all.
 Through life's long day, etc.

Take my life, and let it be.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee. Take my mo - ments
 2. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King. Take my lips, and
 3. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger mine. Take my heart, it

and my days; Let them flow in cease-less praise. Take my hands, and let them move
 let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from Thee. Take my sil - ver and my gold;
 is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy - al throne. Take my love; my Lord, I pour

At the im - pulse of Thy love. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
 Not a mite would I with - hold. Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - ery power as Thou shalt choose.
 At Thy feet its treas - ure - store. Take my - self, and I will be, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

Work, for the night is coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work through the morning hours; Work while the dew is
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing; Work through the sun - ny noon; Fill bright - est hours with

spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flowers; Work when the day grows bright - er; Work in the glow - ing sun;
 la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

3.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

JOHN BURTON.

R. R. CHOPE.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine; Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine; Mine, to tell me
 2. Mine, to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Sav - iour's love; Mine art thou to

whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am;
 guide my feet; Mine, to judge, con - demn, ac - quit;

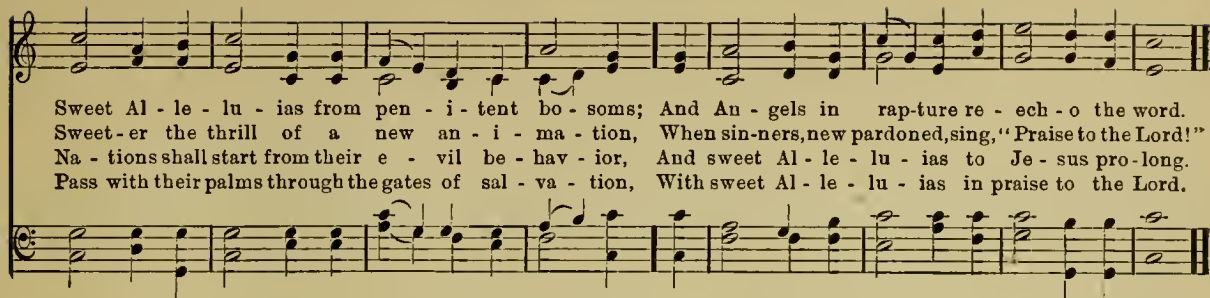
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless;
 Mine, to show by living faith
 Man can triumph over death;
- 4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom;
 Holy Bible, book divine,
 Precious treasure, thou art mine.

E. P. HOOD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. Sweet Al - le - lu - ias! the birds and the blos - soms Chant forth in har - mo - ny, "Praise to the Lord."
 2. Sweet Al - le - lu - ias! the works of cre - a - tion Praise Him Who on - ly may ever be a - dored;
 3. Sweet Al - le - lu - ias to Je - sus their Sav - iour:—All the bright Ser - a - phim join in the song;
 4. Sweet Al - le - lu - ias! the great con - gre - ga - tion Round the white Throne shall re - ech - o the word,

Sweet Alleluias!—Concluded.



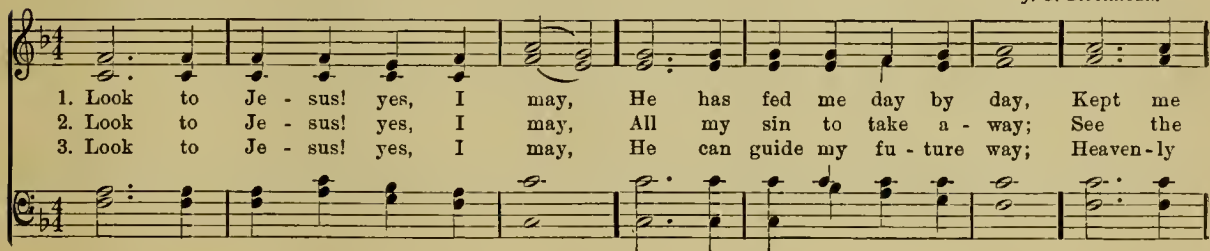
Sweet Al - le - lu - ias from pen - i - tent bo - soms; And An - gels in rap - ture re - ech - o the word.
 Sweet - er the thrill of a new an - i - ma - tion, When sin - ners, new pardoned, sing, "Praise to the Lord!"
 Na - tions shall start from their e - vil be - hav - ior, And sweet Al - le - lu - ias to Je - sus pro - long.
 Pass with their palms through the gates of sal - va - tion, With sweet Al - le - lu - ias in praise to the Lord.

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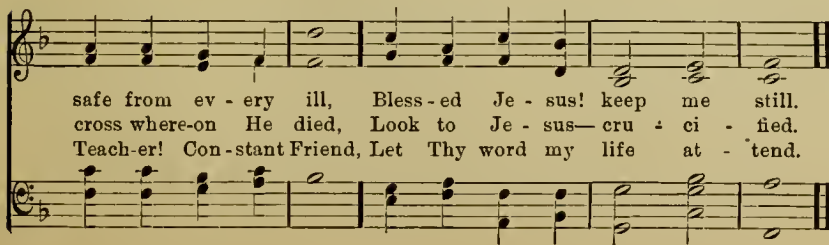
Look to Jesus! yes, I may.

G. T. CONGREVE.

J. G. BITTHAUER.



1. Look to Je - sus! yes, I may, He has fed me day by day, Kept me
 2. Look to Je - sus! yes, I may, All my sin to take a - way; See the
 3. Look to Je - sus! yes, I may, He can guide my fu - ture way; Heaven - ly



safe from ev - ery ill, Bless - ed Je - sus! keep me still.
 cross where - on He died, Look to Je - sus—cru - ci - fied.
 Teach - er! Con - stant Friend, Let Thy word my life at - tend.

- 4 Look to Jésus! yes, I may,
 For His Holy Spirit pray,
 He can cleanse my soul with blood,
 Draw my wandering heart to God.
- 5 Look to Jesus! yes, I may,
 Now to heaven He points the way,
 Let me there, when life is o'er,
 Look, and love Him evermore.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

FRANK N. SHEPPERD.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe-
 2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray, Since Thou art my guardian, no

fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re-
 e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No

A little slower.

stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-press'd.
 harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er near.

- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
 O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
 Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

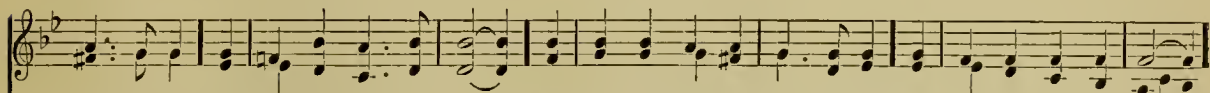
The Son of God goes forth to war.

R. HEBER.

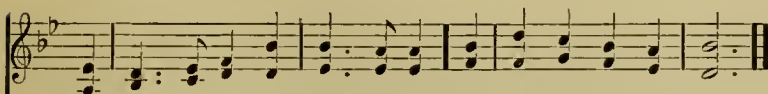
HENRY S. CUTLER.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban - ner
 2. That mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave; Who saw his Mas - ter
 3. A no - ble band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came, Twelve val - iant saints, their



streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain,
 in the sky, And called on Him to save; Like Him, with pardon on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 hope they knew And mocked the cross and flame; They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane,

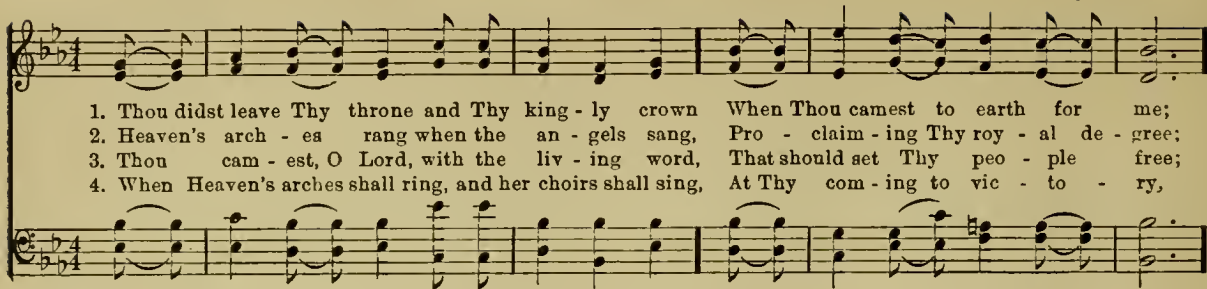


Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train.
 They bowed their necks the stroke to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?

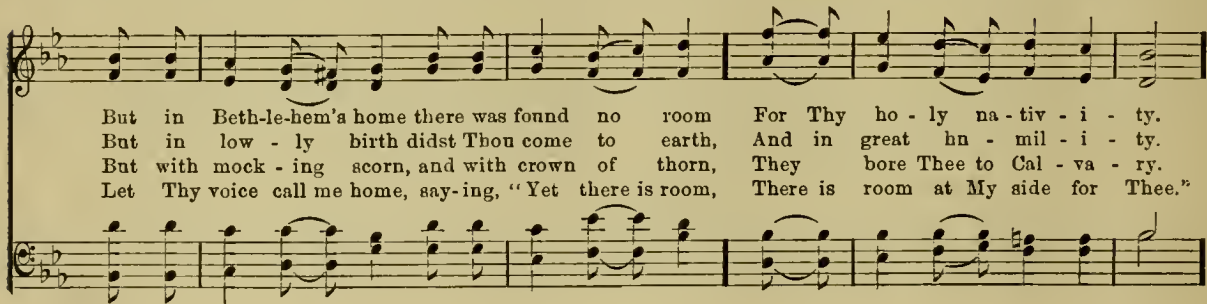


4.

A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the throne of God rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain;
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

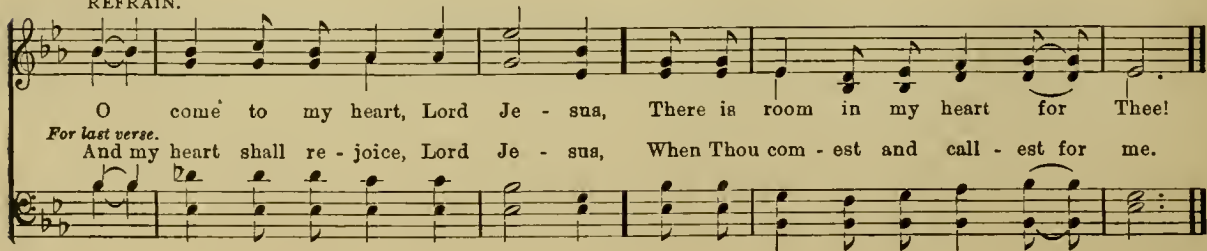


1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown When Thou camest to earth for me;
 2. Heaven's arch - ea rang when the an - gels sang, Pro - claim - ing Thy roy - al de - gree;
 3. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word, That should set Thy peo - ple free;
 4. When Heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing, At Thy com - ing to vic - to - ry,



But in Beth-le-hem's home there was found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.
 But in low - ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in great hn - mil - i - ty.
 But with mock - ing scorn, and with crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry.
 Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing, "Yet there is room, There is room at My side for Thee."

REFRAIN.



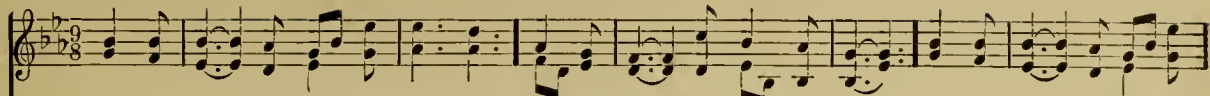
O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee!
For last verse.
 And my heart shall re - joice, Lord Je - sus, When Thou com - est and call - est for me.

Yes, for me, for me He careth.

H. BONAR.

(TRIO FOR SOPRANO, ALTO AND TENOR.)

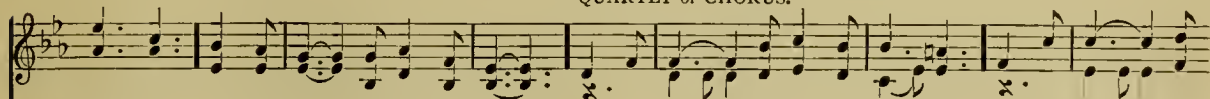
GEORGE F. HENRY.



1. Yes, for me, for me He car-eth, With a broth-er's ten-der care; Yes, with me, with me He
 2. Yes, for me He stand-eth plead-ing, At the mer-cy-seat a-bove; Ev-er for me in-ter-
 3. Yes, in me a-broad He shed-deth Joys un-earth-ly, love, and light; And to cov-er me He
 4. Yes, in me, in me He dwell-eth— I in Him, and He in me; And my emp-ty soul He

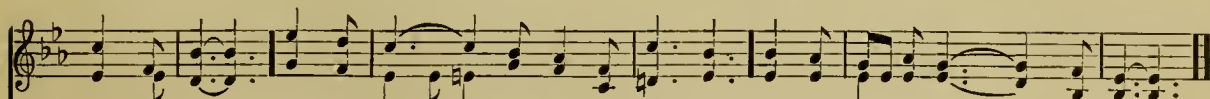
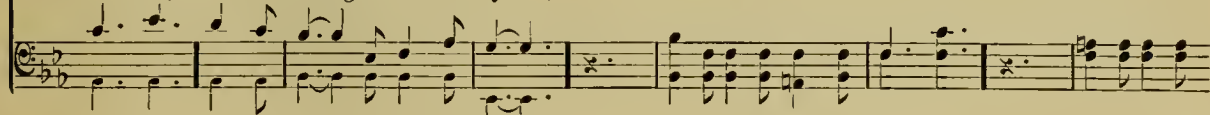


QUARTET or CHORUS.

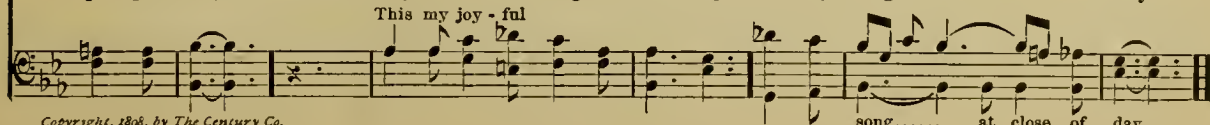


shar-eth Ev-ery bur-den, ev-ery fear.
 ced-ing, Con-stant in un-tir-ing love.
 spreadeth His pa-ter-nal wing of might.
 fill-eth, Here and through e-ter-ni-ty.

} Thus I wait... for His re-turn-ing, Sing-ing on... my
 Thus I wait Sing-ing on



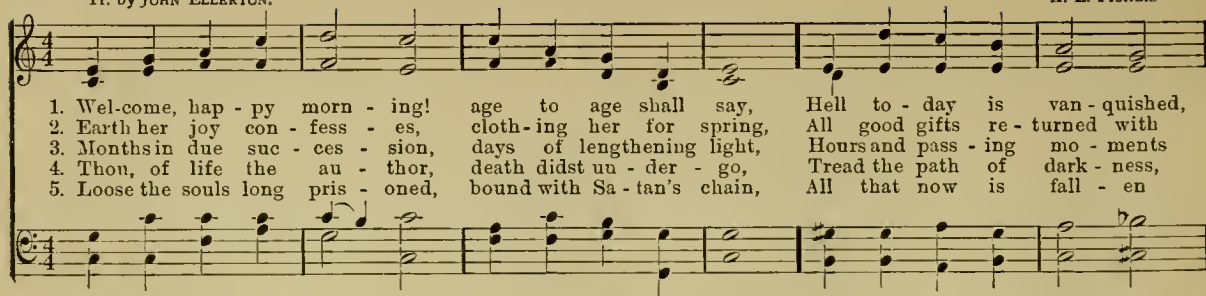
pil-grim way; This my joy-ful song at morn-ing, This my song at close of day.



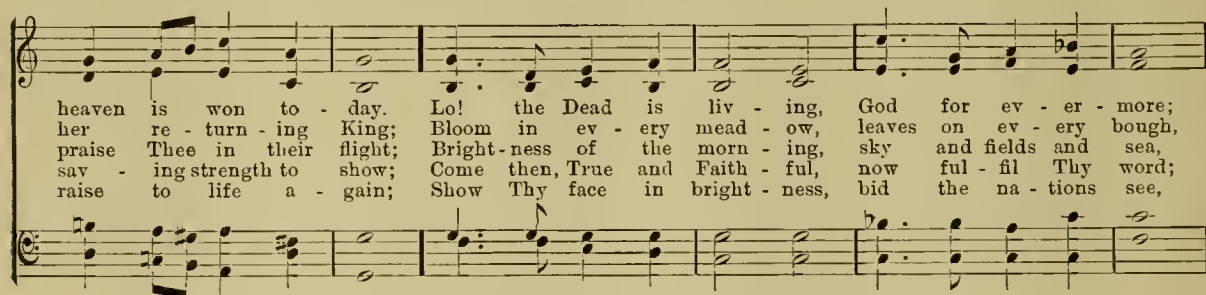
Welcome, happy morning!

Tr. by JOHN ELLERTON.

A. E. FISHER.

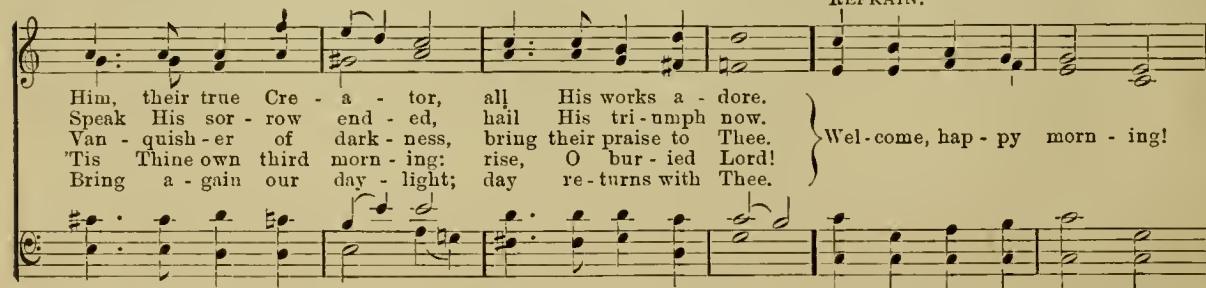


1. Wel-come, hap - py morn - ing! age to age shall say, Hell to - day is van - quished,
 2. Earth her joy con - fess - es, cloth - ing her for spring, All good gifts re - turned with
 3. Months in due suc - ces - sion, days of lengthening light, Hours and pass - ing mo - ments
 4. Thon, of life the au - thor, death didst un - der - go, Tread the path of dark - ness,
 5. Loose the souls long pris - oned, bound with Sa - tan's chain, All that now is fall - en



heaven is won to - day. Lo! the Dead is liv - ing, God for ev - er - more;
 her re - turn - ing King; Bloom in ev - ery mead - ow, leaves on ev - ery bough,
 praise Thee in their flight; Bright - ness of the morn - ing, sky and fields and sea,
 say - ing strength to show; Come then, True and Faith - ful, now ful - fil Thy word;
 raise to life a - gain; Show Thy face in bright - ness, bid the na - tions see,

REFRAIN.



Him, their true Cre - a - tor, all His works a - dore.
 Speak His sor - row end - ed, hail His tri - umph now.
 Van - quish - er of dark - ness, bring their praise to Thee.
 'Tis Thine own third morn - ing: rise, O bur - ied Lord!
 Bring a - gain our day - light; day re - turns with Thee.

} Wel-come, hap - py morn - ing!

Welcome, happy morning!—Concluded.

age to age shall say, Hell to-day is van-quished, heaven is won to-day.

I35

The strife is o'er, the battle done.

Tr. by FRANCIS K. POTT.

Arr. fr. PALESTRINA.

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

1. The strife is o'er, the bat-tle done, The vic-to-ry of
 2. The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions
 3. The three sad days are quick-ly sped, He ris-es glo-rious

Organ.

life is won; The song of tri-umph has be-gun. Al-le-lu-ia!
 hath dispersed; Let shout of ho-ly joy out-burst, Al-le-lu-ia!
 from the dead; All glo-ry to our ris-en Head! Al-le-lu-ia!

4.
 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
 Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
 Alleluia!

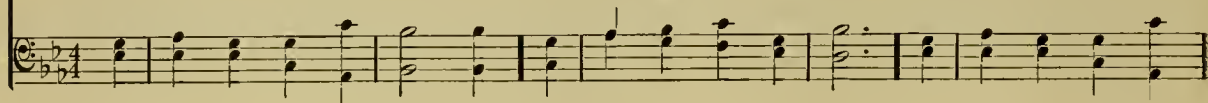
5.
 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
 From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
 That we may live and sing to Thee,
 Alleluia!

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

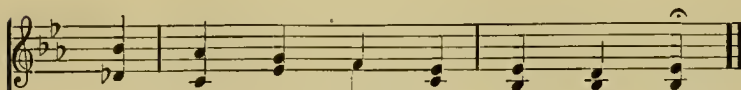
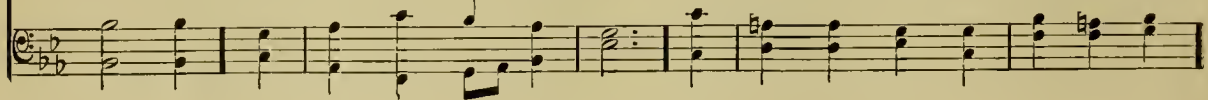
A. H. BROWN.



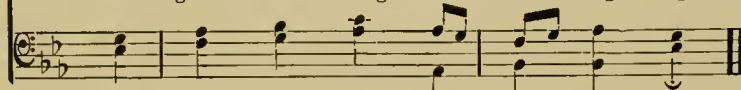
1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! I pray Thee now that
 2. The joys of day are o - ver. I lift my heart to Thee, And ask Thee, that of-
 3. The toils of day are o - ver. I raise the hymn to Thee, And ask that free from



sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight,
 fence - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus, make their dark-ness light,
 per - il The hours of fear may be. O Je - sus, keep me in Thy sight,



And save me through the com - ing night!
 And save me through the com - ing night!
 And guard me through the com - ing night!



4.

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
 O God, for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go.
 Lover of men, oh, hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all!

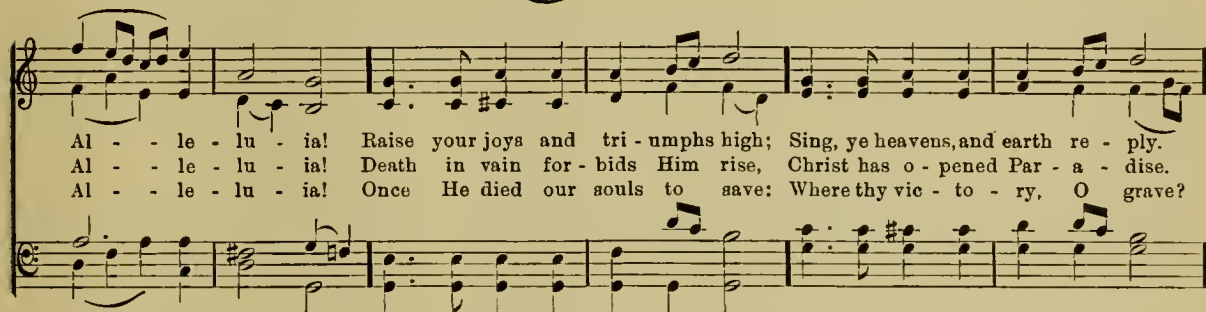
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.

C. WESLEY.

CARVL FLORIO.



1. Christ, the Lord, ia risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia! Sons of men and an - gels say,
 2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Al - - le - lu - ia! Christ has burst the gates of hell;
 3. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King: Al - - le - lu - ia! Where, O death, is now thy sting?



Al - - le - lu - ia! Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply.
 Al - - le - lu - ia! Death in vain for - bids Him rise, Christ has o - pened Par - a - dise.
 Al - - le - lu - ia! Once He died our souls to save: Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave?



Al - - le - lu - ia, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Al - - le - lu - ia, Al - - le - lu - ia!
 Al - - le - lu - ia, Al - - le - lu - ia!

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head.
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 King of glory, Soul of bliss,
 Everlasting life is this,
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

When, His salvation bringing.

J. KING.

J. BARNEY.

1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The chil - dren all stood
 2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still, Though now as King He
 3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deem - er's praise, The stones, our si - lence

sing - ing Ho - san - na to His name; Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But,
 reign - eth On Zi - on's heav - en - ly hill, We'll flock a - round His ban - ner Who
 sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise. But shall we on - ly ren - der The

as He rode a - long, He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
 sits up - on the throne, And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son."
 trib - ute of our words, No; while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's.

To Thee, my God and Saviour.

T. HAWEIS.

BERTHOLD TOURS.

1. To Thee, my God and Sav - iour, My heart ex - ult - ing sings, Re - joic - ing in Thy
 2. Soon as the morn with ros - es Be - decks the dew - y east, And when the sun re -
 3. By Thee through life sup - port - ed, I pass the dangerous road, With heav - en - ly hosts es -

fa - vor, Al - might - y King of kings. I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry, With
 pos - es Up - on the o - cean's breast. My voice in sup - pli - ca - tion, Well -
 cort - ed Up to their bright a - bode; There cast my crown be - fore Thee, Now

all Thy saints a - bove, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 pleas - ed Thou shalt hear; O grant me Thy sal - va - tion, And to my soul draw near.
 all my con - flicts o'er, And day and night a - dore Thee— What can an . an - gel more?

We march, we march to victory.

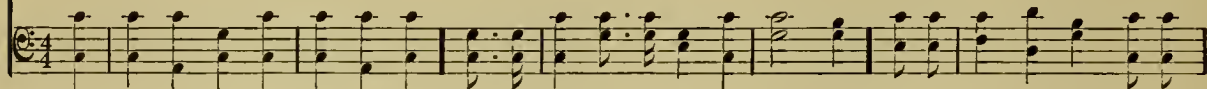
G. MOULTRIE.

J. BARNBY.

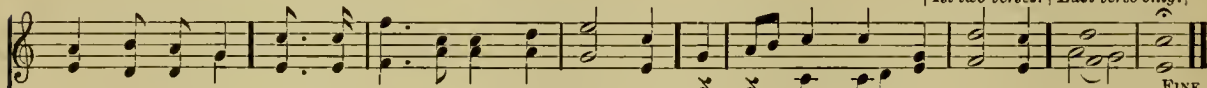
♩:



We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing



| 1st two verses. | Last verse only. |

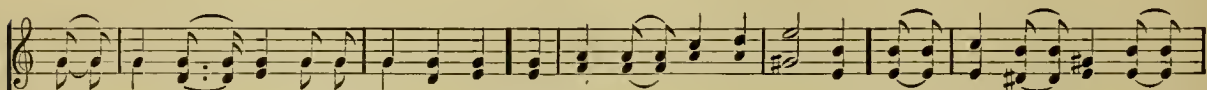


FINE.

down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, o'er us.



His arm spread

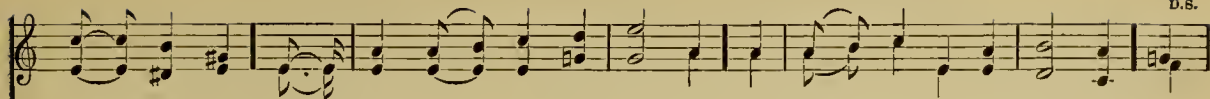


1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met His sal - va - tion; Our ban - ner the cross of
3. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits Our march to the gold - en Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has broken the

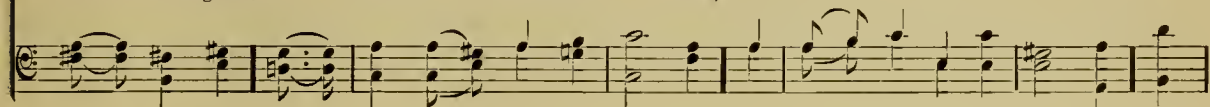


We march, we march to victory.—Concluded.

D.S.



ar - mies of night That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him.
Cal - va - ry, Our watch - word, the In-car - na - tion, Our watchword, the In-car - na - tion. } We
braz - en gates, And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron. }

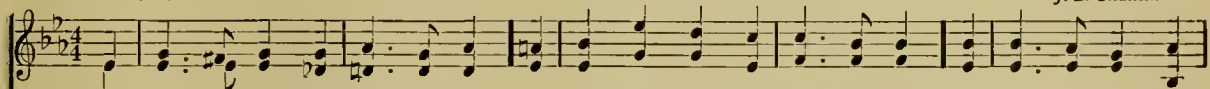


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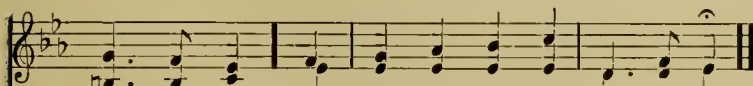
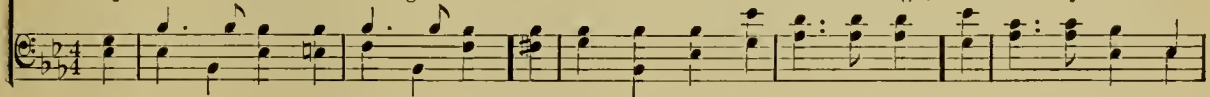
Uplift the banner! Let it float.

G. W. DOANE.

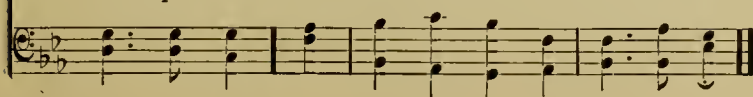
J. B. CALKIN.



1. Up - lift the ban - ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The sun shall light the
2. Up - lift the ban - ner! An - gels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign, And vain - ly seek to

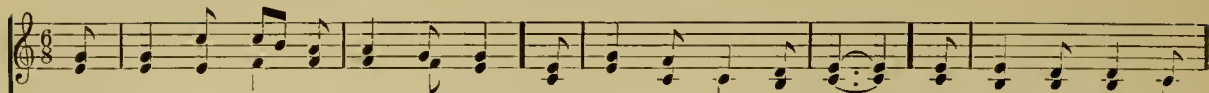


shin - ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - iour died.
com - pre - hend The won - der of the love di - vine.

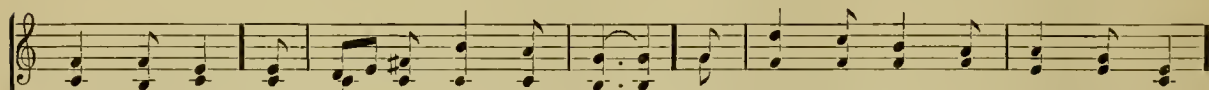
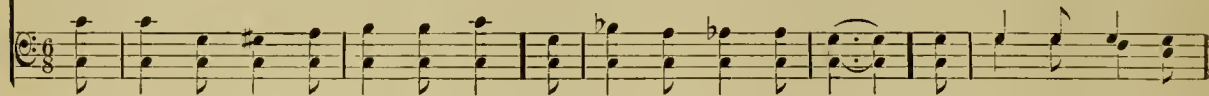


3 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

4 Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
Skyward and seaward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.



1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the
 2. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day Is born of Da - vid's line The Sav - iour, who is
 3. Thus spake the ser - aph; and forth-with Ap - peared a shin - ing throng Of an - gels, prais - ing



Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. "Fear not," said he, for might - y dread
 Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign: The heaven - ly Babe you there shall find
 God, who thus Ad - dressed their joy - ful song: "All glo - ry be to God on high,



Had seized their troubled mind; "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man - kind.
 To hu - man view dis - played, All mean - ly wrapt in swath - ing bands, And in a man - ger laid."
 And to the earth be peace; Good - will henceforth from heaven to men Be - gin, and nev - er cease."



J. EDMESTON.

CARYL FLORIO.

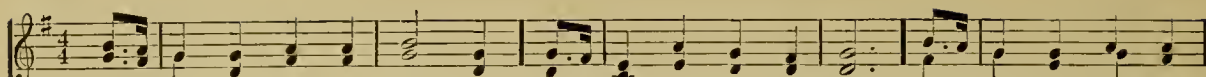
1. When shall the voice of sing - ing Flow joy - ful - ly a - long? When hill and val - ley
 2. Then from the crag - gy mount - ains The sa - cred shout shall fly, And sha - dy vales and

ring - ing In one tri - umph - ant song, Pro - claim the con - test end - ed, And
 fount - ains Shall ech - o the re - ply: High tower and low - ly dwell - ing Shall

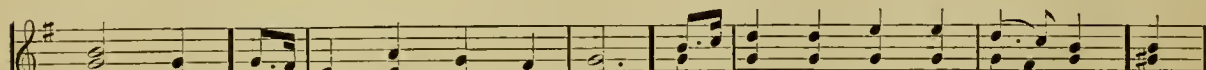
Him who once was slain, A - gain to earth de - scend - ed, In right - eous - ness to reign.
 send the cho - rus round, All Al - le - lu - ia swell - ing In one e - ter - nal sound.

HARRIET AUBER.

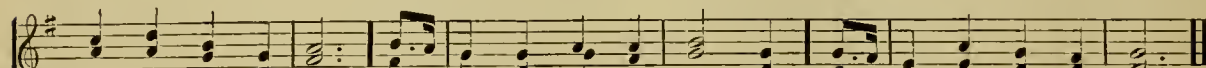
F. J. HAYDN.



1. With hearts in love a - bound - ing, Pre - pare we now to sing A loft - y theme, re -
 2. So reign, O God of Heav - en, E - ter - nal - ly the same; And end - less praise be
 3. And let each Gen - tile na - tion Come glad - ly in her train, To share Thy great sal -



sound - ing Thy praise, Al - might - y King, Whose love, rich gifts be - stow - ing, Re -
 giv - en To Thy Al - might - y Name, Clothed in Thy daz - zling bright-ness, Thy
 va - tion, And join her grate - ful strain: Then ne'er shall note of sad - ness A -

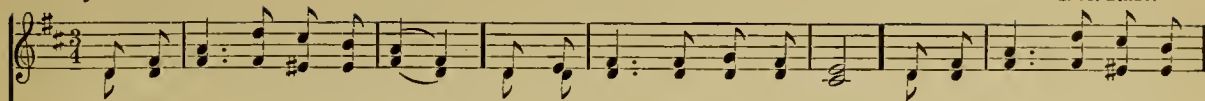


deemed the hu - man race, Whose lips, with zeal o'er - flow - ing, Breathe words of truth and grace.
 Church on earth be - hold, In robe of pur - est white - ness, In rai - ment wrought with gold.
 wake the trem - bling string; One song of joy and glad - ness The ran - somed world shall sing.

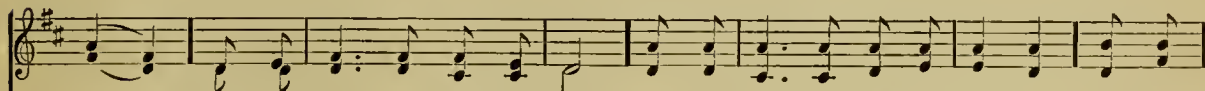
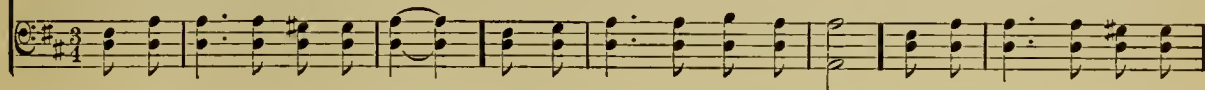
Hail, my ever blessed Jesus!

JOHN WINGROVE.

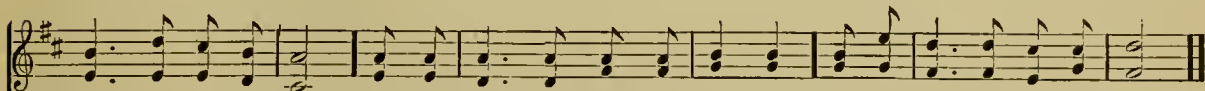
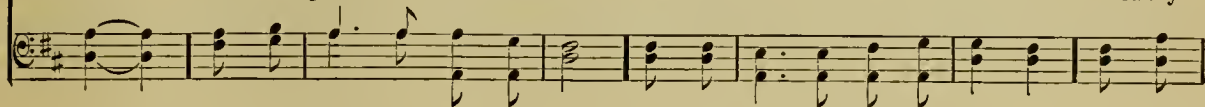
S. M. BIXBY.



1. Hail, my ev - er bless-ed Je - sus! On - ly Thee I wish to sing; To my soul Thy name is
 2. Once with Ad - am's race in ru - in, Un - con-cerned in sin I lay; Swift de - struc - tion still pur -
 3. Shout, ye bright an - gel - ic choir! Praise the Lamb en-throned a - bove, While, as - ton - ished, I ad -



pre-cious, Thou my Proph - et, Priest, and King. O what mer - cy flows from heav - en! O what
 su - ing, Till my Sav - iour passed that way. Wit - ness, all ye hosts of heav - en, My Re -
 mire God's free grace and bound-less love. That blest mo - ment I re - ceived Him Filled my

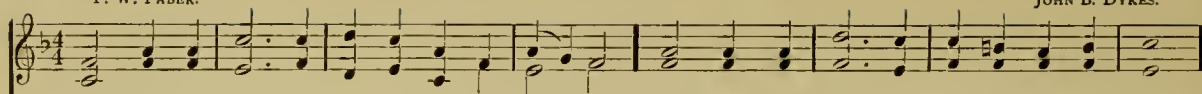


joy and hap - pi - ness! Love I much? I'm much for - giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!
 deem - er's ten - der - ness! Love I much? I'm much for - giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!
 soul with joy and peace: Love I much? I'm much for - giv - en; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!

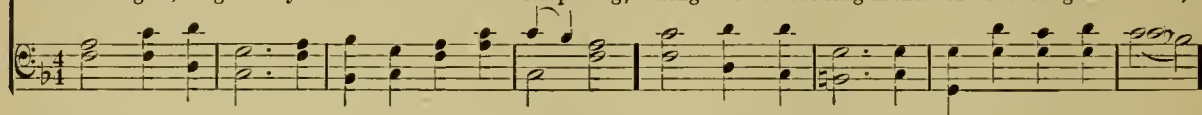


F. W. FABER.

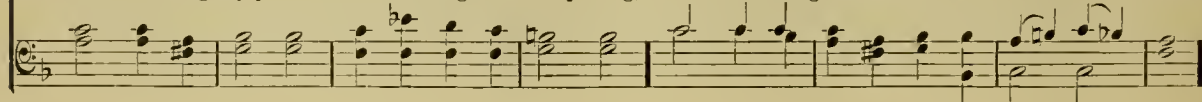
JOHN B. DYKES.



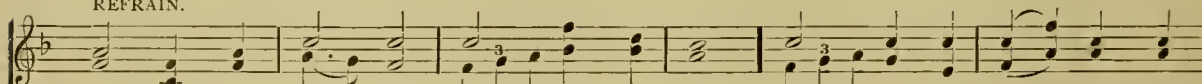
1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and o - cean's wave-beat shore;
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;"
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea,
 4. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments of the songs a - bove;



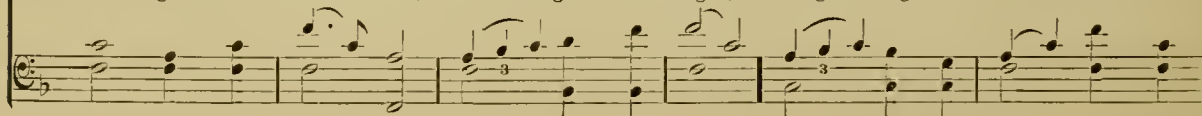
How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
 And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.
 Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.



REFRAIN.



An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the



Hark! hark, my soul!—Concluded.

Musical score for the hymn "Hark! hark, my soul!—Concluded." The score is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "pil-grims of the night, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night!"

I47

Tr. by E. CASWALL.

When morning gilds the skies.

J. BARNBY.

Musical score for the hymn "When morning gilds the skies." The score is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and prayer, 2. My tongue shall nev-er tire Of chant-ing with the choir, May Je-sus Christ be praised! This song of sa-cred joy, 3. Does sad-ness fill my mind, A sol-ace here I find, May Je-sus Christ be praised! Or fades my earth-ly bliss, 4. In heaven's e-ter-nal bliss The loveliest strain is this, May Je-sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky

Musical score for the hymn "When morning gilds the skies." The score is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised! It nev-er seems to cloy, May Je-sus Christ be praised! My com-fort still is this, May Je-sus Christ be praised! From depth to height re-ply, May Je-sus Christ be praised!"

5.

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised!
Be this the eternal song,
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Good news on Christmas morning.

Mrs. MARY M. DODGE.

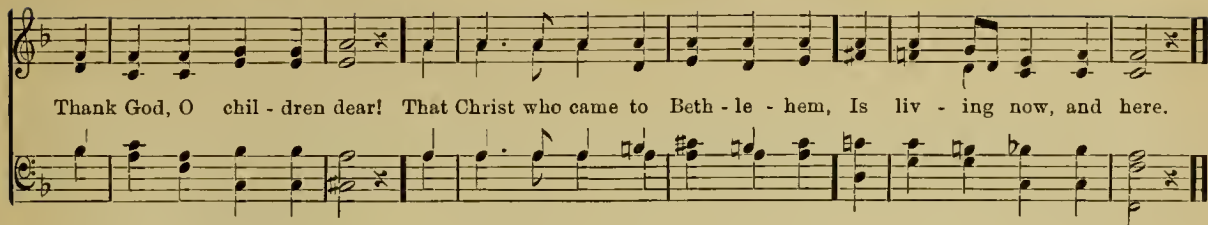
FRANCES J HATTON.

1. Good news on Christmas morning, Good news, O chil-dren dear! For Christ once born in Beth-le-hem,
3. Good news on Christmas morning, Good news, O chil-dren glad! Rare gifts are yours to give the Lord

Is liv-ing now, and here! 2. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O chil-dren sweet!
As ev-er wise men had. 4. Good news on Christ-mas morn-ing, Good news, O chil-dren fair!

The way to find the Ho-ly Child Is light-ed for your feet. 5. Thank God on Christmas morn-ing,
Still doth the one good Shepherd hold The feeblest in His care.

Good news on Christmas morning.—Concluded.



Thank God, O chil - dren dear! That Christ who came to Beth - le - hem, Is liv - ing now, and here.

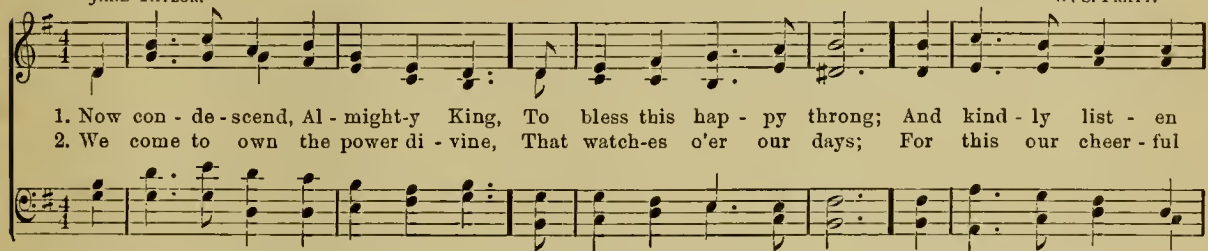
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I49

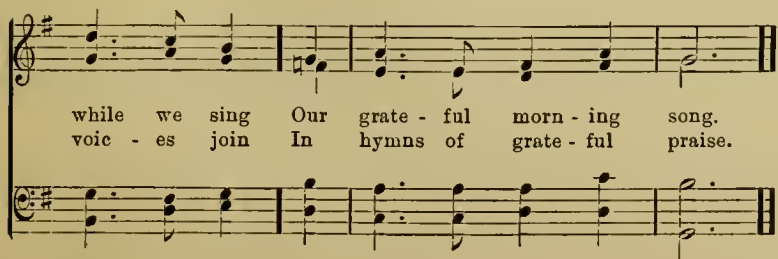
Now condescend, Almighty King.

JANE TAYLOR.

W. S. PRATT.



1. Now con - de - scend, Al - might - y King, To bless this hap - py throng; And kind - ly list - en
2. We come to own the power di - vine, That watch - es o'er our days; For this our cheer - ful



while we sing Our grate - ful morn - ing song.
voic - es join In hymns of grate - ful praise.

3 We come to learn Thy holy word,
And ask Thy tender care;
Before Thy throne, Almighty Lord,
We bend in humble prayer.

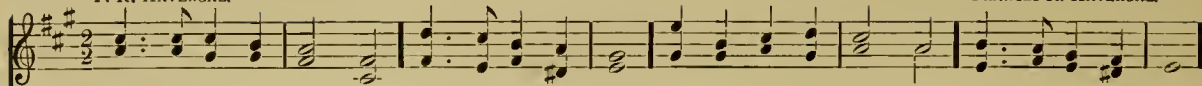
4 May we in safety pass this day,
From sin and danger free;
And ever walk in that sure way
Which leads to heaven and Thee.

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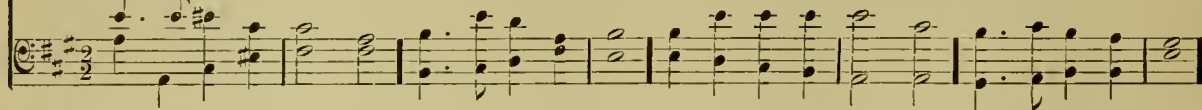
Golden harps are sounding.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

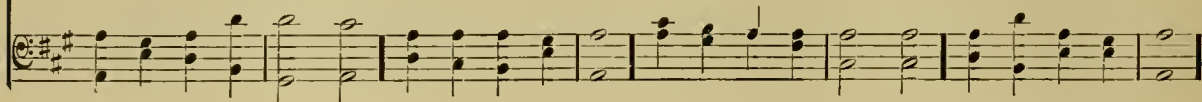
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.



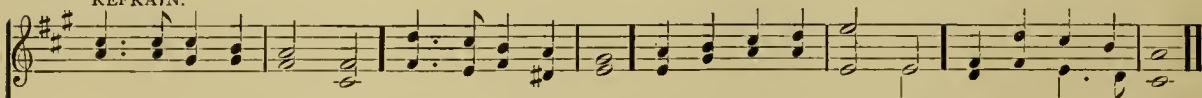
1. Gold-en harps are sound-ing, An-gel-voi-ces ring, Pearl-y gates are o-pened, Opened, for the King.
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glo-ry, At His Fa-ther's side.
 3. Plead-ing for His chil-dren In that bless-ed place, Call-ing them to glo-ry, Send-ing them His grace,



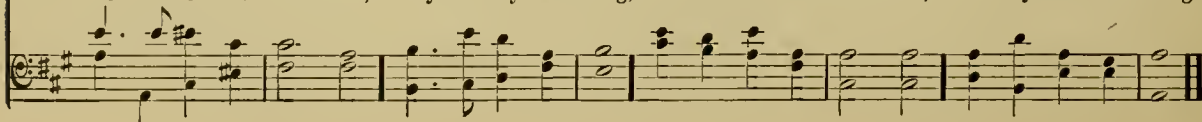
Christ, the King of Glo-ry, Je-sus, King of Love, Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a-bove.
 Nev-er more to suf-fer, Nev-er more to die, Je-sus, King of Glo-ry, Is gone up on high.
 His bright home pre-par-ing Faith-ful ones, for you, Je-sus ev-er liv-eth, Ev-er lov-eth too.



REFRAIN.



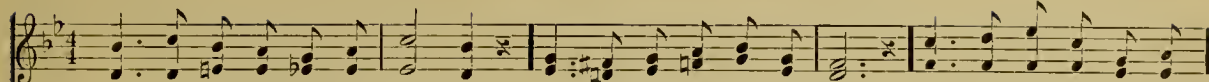
All His work is end-ed; Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je-sus hath as-cend-ed, Glo-ry to our King!



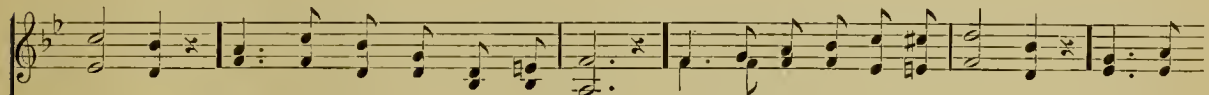
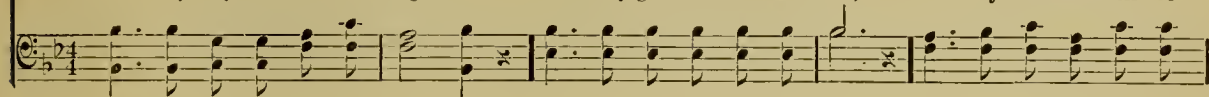
At Thy feet, our God and Father.

J. D. BURNS.

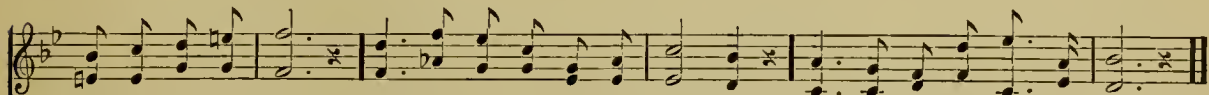
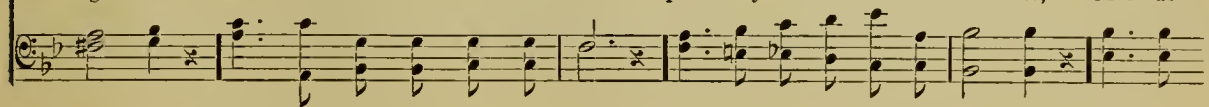
A. T. SCHAUFFLER.



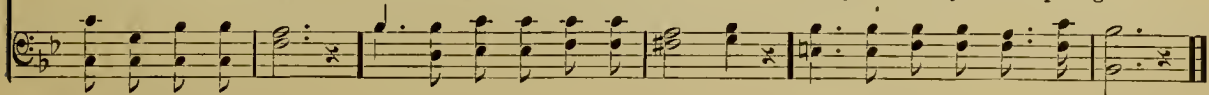
1. At Thy feet, our God and Fa - ther, Who hast blest us all our days, We with grateful hearts would
 2. Je - sus, for Thy love most ten - der, On the cross for sin - ners shown, We would praise Thee, and sur -
 3. Ev - ery day will be the bright - er When Thy gracious face we see; Ev - ery bur - den will be



gath - er, To be - gin the year with praise: Praise for light so bright - ly shin - ing On our
 ren - der All our hearts to be Thine own. With so blest a Friend pro - vid - ed, We up -
 light - er When we know it comes from Thee. Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us; Give us



steps from heaven a - bove; Praise for mer - cies dai - ly twin - ing Round us gold - en cords of love.
 on our way would go, Sure of be - ing safe - ly guid - ed, Guard - ed well from ev - ery foe.
 strength to serve and wait, Till the glo - ry break be - fore us Through the Cit - y's o - pen gate.



D. C. ROBERTS.

GEO. W. WARREN.

Voices alone.

ff Trumpets (before each verse.)

March time $\text{♩} = 60$.

1. God of our fa - thers, whose al - might - y hand
 2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past,
 3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pest - i - lence,
 4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way,

With organ.

cres.

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
 In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
 Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fence;
 Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;

Of shin - ing worlds in
 Be Thou our rul - er,
 Thy true re - li - gion
 Fill all our lives with

Stargando.

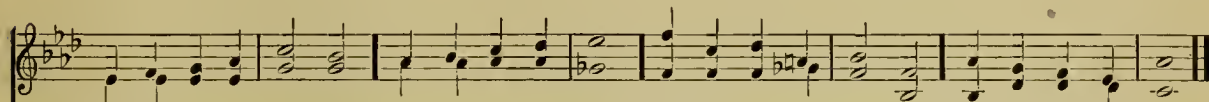
ff

splen - dor through the skies,
 guard - ian, guide and stay,
 in our hearts in - crease,
 love and grace di - vine,

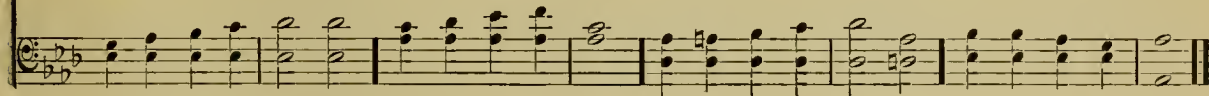
Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
 Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.
 Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
 And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine.



1. From the east-ern mountains, Press-ing on they come, Wise men in their wis-dom To His hum-ble home;
 2. There their Lord and Sav-iour Meek and low-ly lay, Wondrous light that led them On-ward on their way;
 3. Thou who in a man-ger Once hast low-ly lain, Who dost now in glo-ry O'er all kingdoms reign,



- Stirred by deep de-vo-tion, Hast-ing from a-far, Ev-er journeying on-ward, Guid-ed by a star.
 Ev-er now to light-en Na-tions from a-far, As they jour-ney homeward By that guid-ing star.
 Gath-er in the hea-then, Who in lands a-far Ne'er have seen the brightness Of Thy guid-ing star.



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4 Gather in the outcasts,
 All who've gone astray,
 Throw Thy radiance o'er them
 Guide them on their way;
 Those who never knew Thee,
 Those who've wandered far,
 Lead them by the brightness
 Of Thy guiding star.

5 Onward through the darkness
 Of the lonely night,
 Shining still before them
 With Thy kindly light,
 Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
 Homeward from afar,
 Young and old together,
 By Thy guiding star—

6 Until every nation,
 Whether bond or free,
 'Neath Thy starlit banner,
 Jesus, follows Thee
 O'er the distant mountains
 To that heav'nly home
 Where no sin nor sorrow
 Evermore shall come.

Ye soldiers of the Lord, arise!

Mrs. S. K. BOURNE.

FRANK N. SHEPPERD.

1. Ye sol - diers of the Lord, a - rise! The trum-pet calls you from the skies; Be
 2. Put on the arm - or of your Lord! His ho - ly word your might-y sword; Let
 3. O sol - diers, haste to meet the foe! With loy - al zeal to bat - tle go! Your

strong in God, and in His might Go forth the e - vil host to fight! For see, they gath - er
 faith's tried shield turn ev - ery dart, And prayer and watch-ing guard your heart. Your breast plate on, and
 Cap - tain calls you to His side, He waits your ea - ger steps to guide. His strength will help you

far and near, Their mock - ing bu - gle - call we hear— A - rise and meet the
 sword in hand, A - gainst the wiles of Sa - tan stand, That in the end, when
 on the field, Till ev - 'ry en - e - my shall yield; And, when the vic - to -

Ye soldiers of the Lord, arise!—Concluded.

REFRAIN. *With expression.*

powers of sin, And in God's name the bat - tle win!
 all is done, You may o'er - come through Christ a - lone.
 ry is won, His voice will say, "Well done! well done!" } And when the bat - tle's o'er,

And sol - diers fight no more, How sweet to rest when shad - ows come, And wak - en in the heavenly home.

155

Come, Holy Spirit, come.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

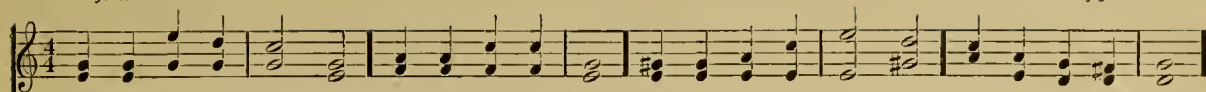
HENRY BURTON.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come; O hear an in - fant's prayer: Stoop down, and make my heart Thy home, And shed Thy blessing there.
 2. Thy light, Thy love im - part, And let it ev - er be A ho - ly, hum - ble, hap - py heart, A dwelling - place for Thee.
 3. Let Thy rich grace in - crease, Through all my ear - ly days, The fruits of right - eous - ness and peace, To Thine e - ter - nal praise.
 4. To God the Fa - ther, Son, And Ho - ly Ghost be given E - ter - nal praise by saints on earth, And an - gel - choirs in heaven.

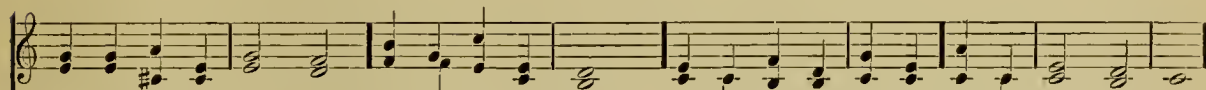
1. With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high; A - bove the heavens He
 2. His stead - y coun - sels change the face Of the de - clin - ing year; He bids the sun cut
 3. He sends His word and melts the snow; The fields no lon - ger mourn; He calls the warm - er

spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky. He sends His showers of bless - ing down, To
 short his race, And win - try days ap - poar. His hoar - y frost, his flee - cy snow, De -
 gales to blow, And bids the spring re - turn. The chang - ing wind, the fly - ing cloud, O -

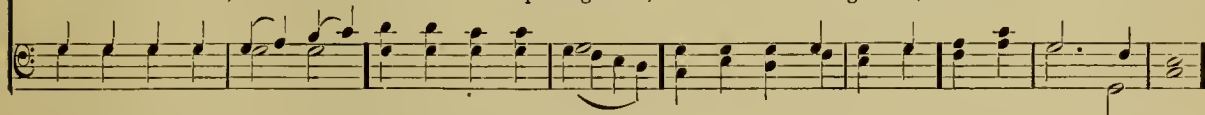
cheer the plains be - low; He makes the grass the mount - ains crown, And corn in val - leys grow.
 scend and clothe the ground; The li - quid streams for - bear to flow, In i - cy fet - ters bound.
 bey His might - y word: With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud Praise ye the sovereign Lord.



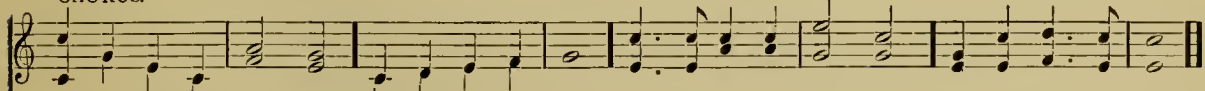
1. Earth be - low is teem - ing, Heaven is bright a - bove; Ev - ery brow is beam - ing In the light of love;
 2. For the sun and show - ers, For the rain and dew, For the buds and flow - ers Spring and Summer knew;
 3. Earth's broad harvest whit - ens In a bright - er sun Than the orb that light - ens All we tread up - on;



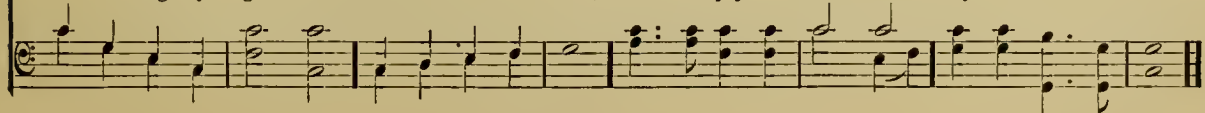
Ev - ery eye re - joic - es, Ev - ery thought is praise; Hap - py hearts and voic - es Glad - den nights and days.
 For the gold - en Au - tumn, And its pre - cious stores For the love that brought them Teeming to our doors.
 Send out laborers, Fa - ther! Where fields ripening wave, All the na - tions gath - er, Gath - er in and save.



CHORUS.



O Al - might - y giv - er! Boun - ti - ful and free, As the joy in har - vest, Joy we now in Thee.



Come, Thou Almighty King.

1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all-glo-ri-ous,
 2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our prayer at-tend! Come, and Thy peo-ple bless,
 3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort-er! Thy sa-cred wit-ness hear, In this glad hour! Thou, who al-might-y art,

4.
 To the great One in Three.
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore;
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

Gracious Spirit, dwell with me.

1. Gra-cious Spir-it, dwell with me; I my-self would gra-cious be, And with words that help and heal,
 2. Might-y Spir-it, dwell with me; I my-self would mighty be,— Might-y, that I may pre-vail
 3. Ho-ly Spir-it, dwell with me; I my-self would ho-ly be; Sep-a-rate from sin, I would

Gracious Spirit, dwell with me.—Concluded.

Would Thy life in mine re - veal; And with ac-tions bold and meek, Would for Christ my Sav - iour speak.
Where, un - aid - ed, man must fail, Ev - er, with a might - y hope, Press - ing on and hear - ing up.
Choose and cherish all things good, And what - ev - er I can be, Give to Him, who gave me Thee.

160

Hear, O Jesus! Israel's Shepherd.

Anon.

J. BARNEY.

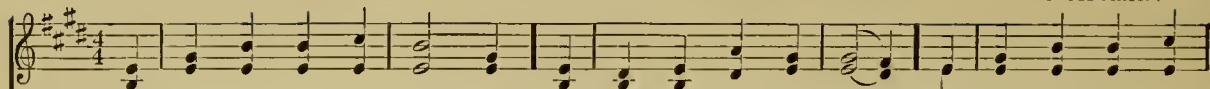
1. Hear, O Je - sus! Is - rael's Shepherd, hear us, Thou that led - dest Jo - seph like a sheep
2. Thy sweet voice a - midst the storm to cheer us, Thy blest foot-marks for the nar - row way,
3. Thy dear voice, O Shepherd, true and ten - der, All its wondrous tones Thy sheep would know;

On the hill - top bleak, be ev - er near us In the dark - some val - ley while we sleep.
Thy dear hand to hold us up, to steer us, For Thy help and guidance, Lord, we pray.
To Thy call their prompt o - be - dience ren - der, Fol - low Thee wher - ev - er Thou wilt go.

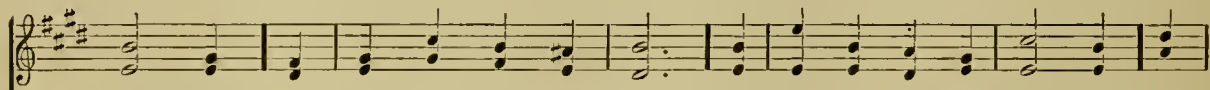
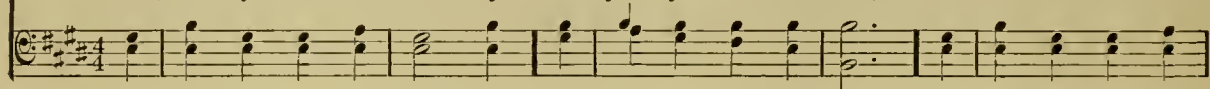
From Greenland's icy mountains.

R. HEBER.

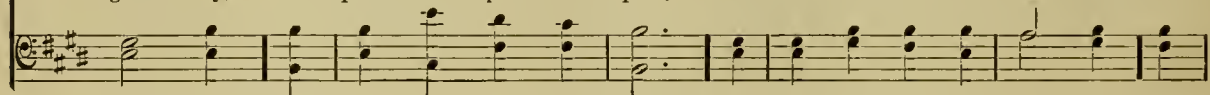
LOWELL MASON.



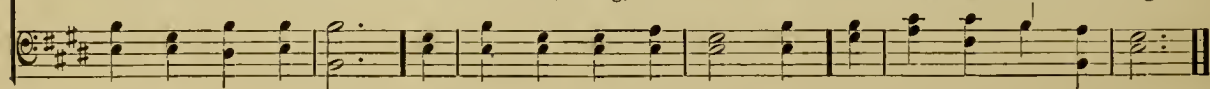
1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's co - ral strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny
 2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle; Though ev - ery pros - pect
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high, Shall we to men be -
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of



fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From
 pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The
 night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The
 glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The



many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 gifts of God are strown; The hea - then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
 joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
 Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign!



Courage, brother! do not stumble.

N. MACLEOD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Cour-age, brother! do not stumble, Though thy path be dark as night; There's a star to guide the hum-ble:
 2. Per-ish pol-i-cy and cunning, Per-ish all that fears the light; Wheth-er los-ing, wheth-er win-ning,
 3. Sim-ple rule and saf-est guid-ing, In-ward peace and in-ward light, Star up-on our path a-bid-ing,

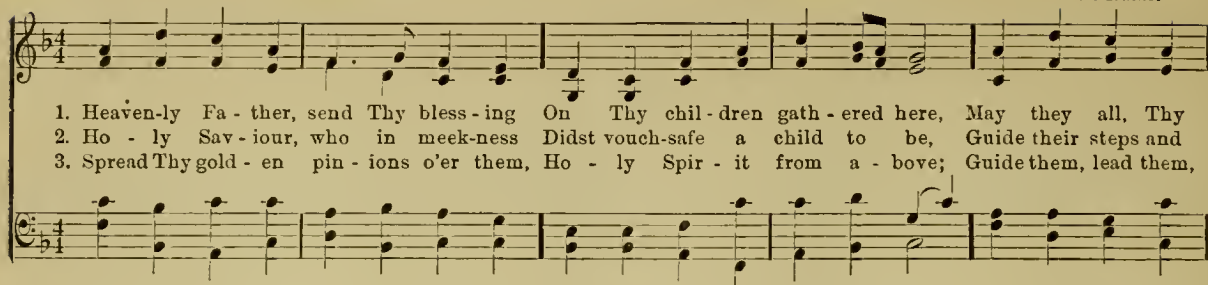
"Trust in God, and do the right." Let the road be long and drear-y, And its end far out of sight;
 "Trust in God, and do the right." Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flat-ter, some will slight;
 "Trust in God, and do the right." Cour-age, brother! do not stum-ble, Though thy path be dark as night;

Foot it bravely—strong or wea-ry: "Trust in God, trust in God, Trust in God, and do the right."
 Cease from man, and look a-bove thee: "Trust in God, trust in God, Trust in God, and do the right."
 There's a star to guide the humble: "Trust in God, trust in God, Trust in God, and do the right."

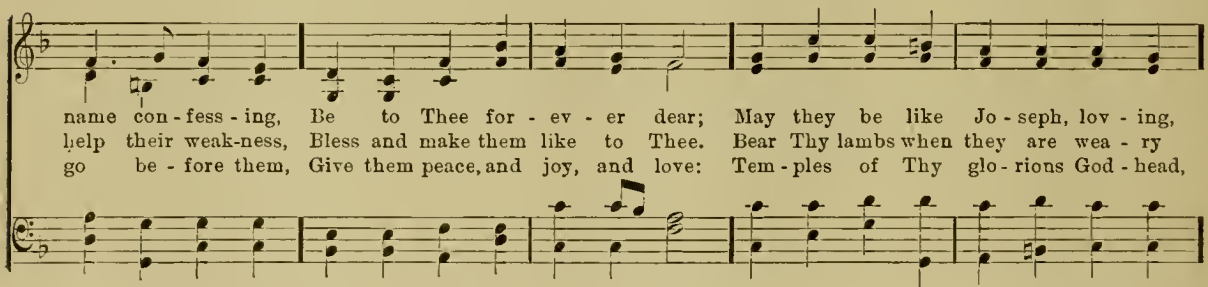
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing.

C. WORDSWORTH.

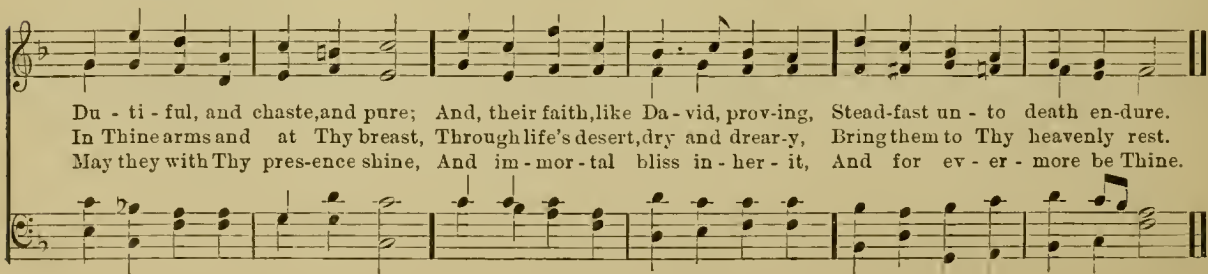
H. SMART.



1. Heaven-ly Fa - ther, send Thy bless - ing On Thy chil - dren gath - ered here, May they all, Thy
 2. Ho - ly Sav - iour, who in meek - ness Didst vouch - safe a child to be, Guide their steps and
 3. Spread Thy gold - en pin - ions o'er them, Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove; Guide them, lead them,



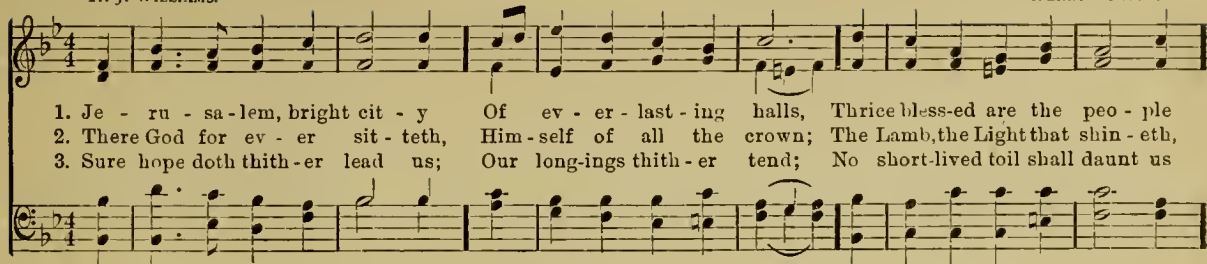
name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear; May they be like Jo - seph, lov - ing,
 help their weak - ness, Bless and make them like to Thee. Bear Thy lambs when they are wea - ry
 go be - fore them, Give them peace, and joy, and love: Tem - ples of Thy glo - rious God - head,



Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure; And, their faith, like Da - vid, prov - ing, Stead - fast un - to death en - dure.
 In Thine arms and at Thy breast, Through life's desert, dry and drear - y, Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.
 May they with Thy pres - ence shine, And im - mor - tal bliss in - her - it, And for ev - er - more be Thine.

Tr. J. WILLIAMS.

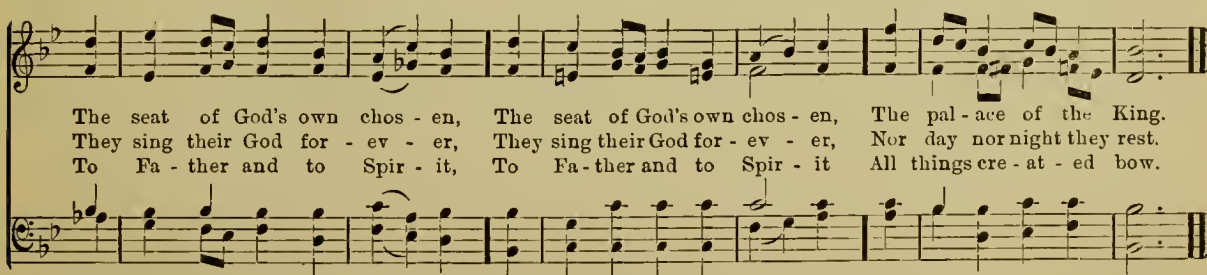
HENRY BURTON.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, bright cit - y Of ev - er - last - ing halls, Thrice bless - ed are the peo - ple
 2. There God for ev - er sit - teth, Him - self of all the crown; The Lamb, the Light that shin - eth,
 3. Sure hope doth thith - er lead us; Our long - ings thith - er tend; No short - lived toil shall daunt us



Thou stor - est in Thy walls; Thou art the gold - en man - sion, Where saints for ev - er sing;
 And nev - er go - eth down. Naught to this seat ap - proach - eth, Their sweet peace to mo - lest;
 For joys that can - not end. To Christ, the Sun that light - ens His Church a - bove, be - low;



The seat of God's own chos - en, The seat of God's own chos - en, The pal - ace of the King.
 They sing their God for - ev - er, They sing their God for - ev - er, Nor day nor night they rest.
 To Fa - ther and to Spir - it, To Fa - ther and to Spir - it All things ere - at - ed bow.

Unison.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, we im - plore Thee, Hear Thy chil - dren now be - fore Thee, For Thy good - ness
2. Meek - ly now Thy word re - ceiv - ing, In Thy pre - cious name be - liev - ing, Earth - ly pleas - ures
3. In our weak - ness, Lord, be - friend us, From the tempter's power de - fend us, May the shin - ing

*ritard.**a tempo.*

we a - dore Thee, Still our hearts in safe - ty keep. While Thy mer - cy we are plead - ing, Thou in heaven art glad - ly leav - ing, Help us, Lord, to fol - low Thee. Hop - ing, trust - ing, ne'er re - pin - ing, All to Thee by ones at - tend us When we wake, and when we sleep. Peace - ful in Thy strength a - bid - ing, Joy - ful in Thy

ritard.

in - ter - ced - ing; Lead us where Thy flocks are feed - ing, Gen - tle Shep - herd, lead Thy sheep.
faith re - sign - ing, In Thy gra - cious arms re - clin - ing, Thy dis - ci - ples we would be.
love con - fid - ing; Where the liv - ing streams are glid - ing, Bless - ed Sav - iour, lead Thy sheep.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

M. TESCHNER.

{ All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem-er, King, } 1. Thou art the King of Is - rael,
 { To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho-san-nas ring. } 2. The com - pa - ny of an - gels
 3. The peo - ple of the He - brews

Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son, Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless-ed One.
 All prais - ing Thee on high; And mor - tal men, and all things Cre - at - ed, make re - ply.
 With psalms be - fore Thee went; Our praise and prayers and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.

{ All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem-er, King, } 4 To Thee before Thy passion
 { To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho-san-nas ring. } They sang their hymns of praise;
 To Thee, now high exalted,
 Our melody we raise.
 All glory, etc.

5 Thou didst accept their praises;
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, etc.

167

Blessed Saviour, Thee I love.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

Spanish Melody.

1. Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - hove; All my hopes in Thee a - bide,
 2. Once a - gain be - side the cross, All my gain I count but loss; Earth - ly pleas - ures fade a - way, —
 3. Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thine am I, Thine to live, and Thine to die; Height, or depth, or earth - ly power,

Thou my hope, and naught be - side; Ev - er let my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee.
 Clouds they are that hide my day: Hence, vain shadows! let me see Je - sus, cru - ci - fied for me.
 Ne'er shall hide my Sav - iour more; Ev - er shall my glo - ry be On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee.

168

Break Thou the bread of life.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be - side the sea.
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;

Break Thou the bread of life.—Concluded.



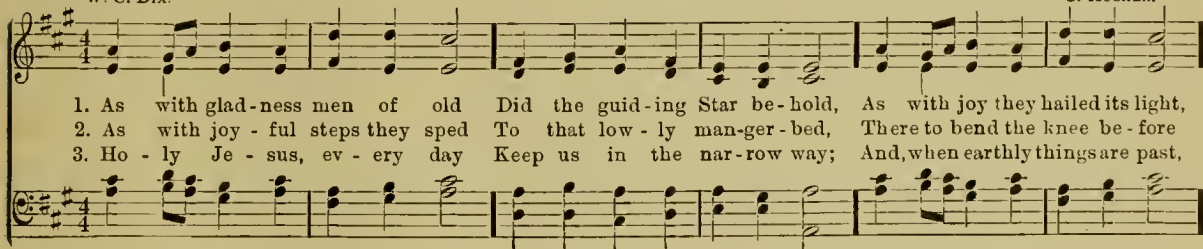
Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all!

169

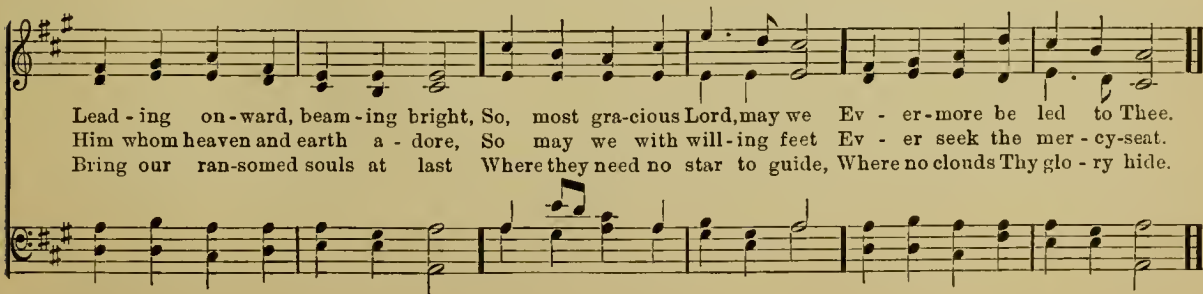
As with gladness men of old.

W. C. DIX.

C. KOCHER.



1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing Star be-hold, As with joy they hailed its light,
2. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man-ger-bed, There to bend the knee be-fore
3. Ho - ly Je - sus, ev - ery day Keep us in the nar-row way; And, when earthly things are past,



Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright, So, most gra - cious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.
Him whom heaven and earth a - dore, So may we with will - ing feet Ev - er seek the mer - cy - seat.
Bring our ran - somed souls at last Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo - ry hide.



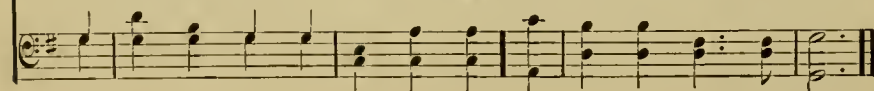
1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le - hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the an - gels keep
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The wondrous gift is given! So God im - parts to hu - man hearts



The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 Their watch of wondering love. O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
 The bless - ings of His heaven. No ear may hear His com - ing; But in this world of sin,



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.



4.

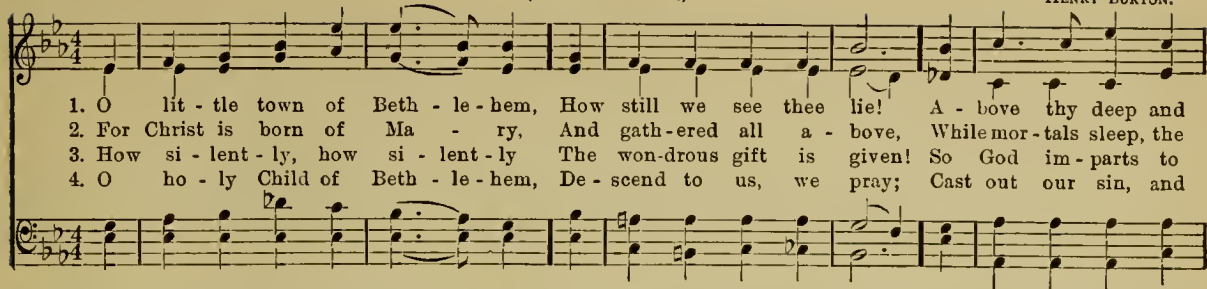
O holy Child of Bethlehem,
 Descend to us, we pray;
 Cast out our sin, and enter in,—
 Be born in us to-day.
 We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell;
 O, come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel!

O little town of Bethlehem.

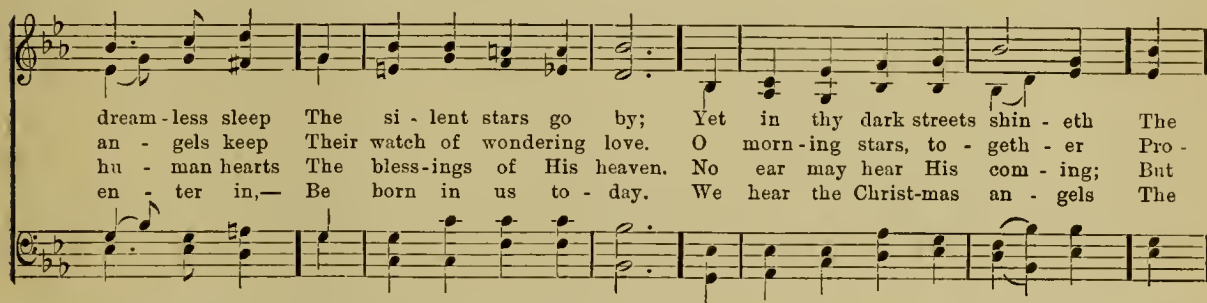
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

(Second Tune.)

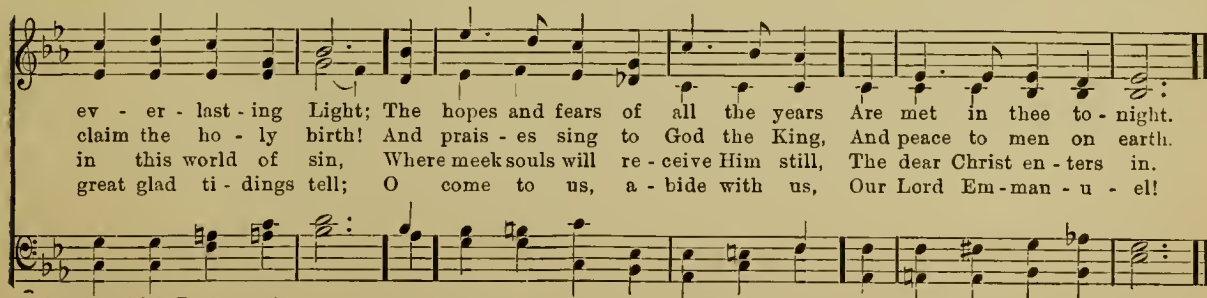
HENRY BURTON.



1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove, While mor - tals sleep, the
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is given! So God im - parts to
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray; Cast out our sin, and



dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The
 an - gels keep Their watch of wondering love. O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro -
 hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heaven. No ear may hear His com - ing; But
 en - ter in, — Be born in us to - day. We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The



ev - er - last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 claim the ho - ly birth! And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
 great glad ti - dings tell; O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!

Blest be our everlasting Lord.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Arr. by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Blest be our ev - er - last - ing Lord, Our Fa - ther, God, and King! Thy sov - reign good - ness
 2. The king - dom, Lord, is Thine a - lone, Who dost Thy right main - tain, And, high on Thine e -
 3. Thou hast on us the grace be - stowed Thy great - ness to pro - claim; And there - fore now we

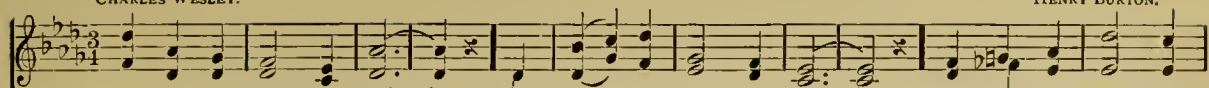
we re - cord, Thy glo - rious power we sing. By Thee the vic - to - ry is given; The
 ter - nal throne, O'er men and an - gels reign. Rich - es, as seem - eth good to Thee, Thou
 thank our God, And praise Thy glo - rious name. Thy glo - rious name and na - ture's powers Thou

maj - es - ty di - vine, And strength, and might, and earth, and heaven, And all there - in, are Thine.
 dost, and hon - or give; And kings their power and dig - ni - ty Out of Thy hand re - ceive.
 dost to us make known; And all the De - i - ty is ours, Thro' Thy in - car - nate Son.

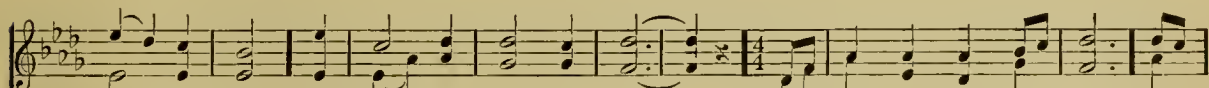
Soldiers of Christ, arise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

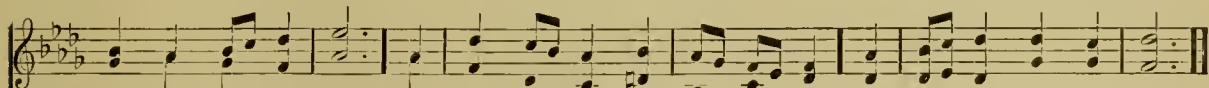
HENRY BURTON.



1. Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your arm - or on, Stroug in the strength which
 2. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued; But take, to arm you
 3. Leave no un - guard - ed place, No weak - ness of the soul; Take ev - ery vir - tue,



God sup - plies Through His e - ter - nal Son; Strong in the Lord of hosts, And
 for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God; That, hav - ing all things done And
 ev - ery grace, And for - ti - fy the whole: In - dis - so - lu - bly joined, To

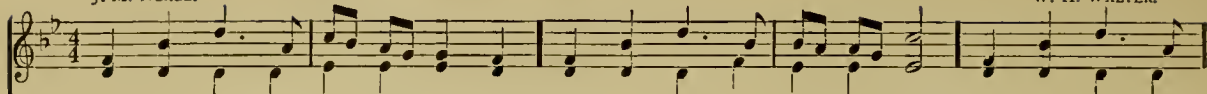


in His might - y power; Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
 all your cou - flicts passed, Ye may o'er - come, through Christ a - lone, And stand com - plete at last.
 bat - tle all pro - ceed; But arm your - selves with all the mind That was in Christ, your Head.

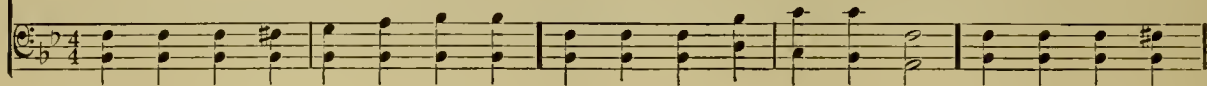
All is bright and cheerful round us.

J. M. NEALE.

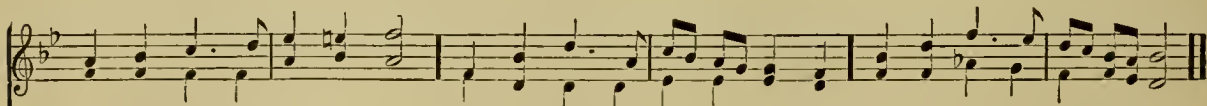
W. H. WALTER.



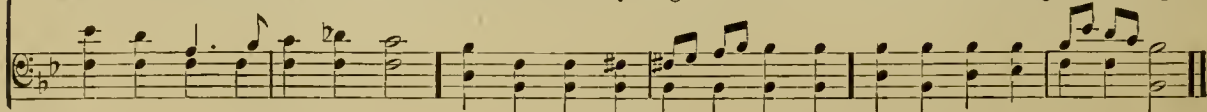
1. All is bright and cheer-ful round us, All a - bove is soft and blue; Spring at last hath
 2. If the flowers that fade so quick - ly, If a day that ends in night, If the skies that
 3. There are leaves that nev - er with - er; There are flowers that ne'er de - cay; Noth - ing e - vil



come and found us; Spring and all its pleas - ures too: Ev - ery flower is full of glad - ness,
 clouds so thick - ly Oft - en cov - er from our sight,— If they all have so much beau - ty,
 go - eth thith - er; Noth - ing good is kept a - way. They that came from trib - u - la - tion,



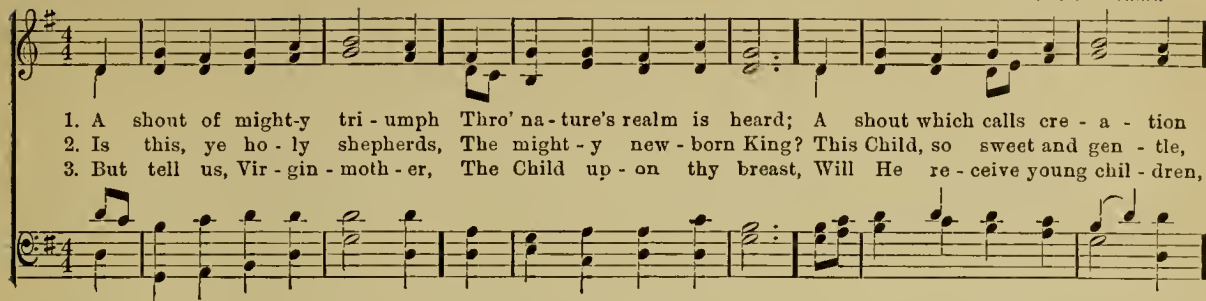
Dew is bright and buds are gay; Earth, with all its sin and sad - ness, Seems a hap - py place to - day.
 What must be God's land of rest, Where His sons that do their du - ty, Aft - er ma - ny toils are blest?
 Washed their robes and made them white, Out of ev - ery tongue and na - tion, Now have rest, and peace, and light.



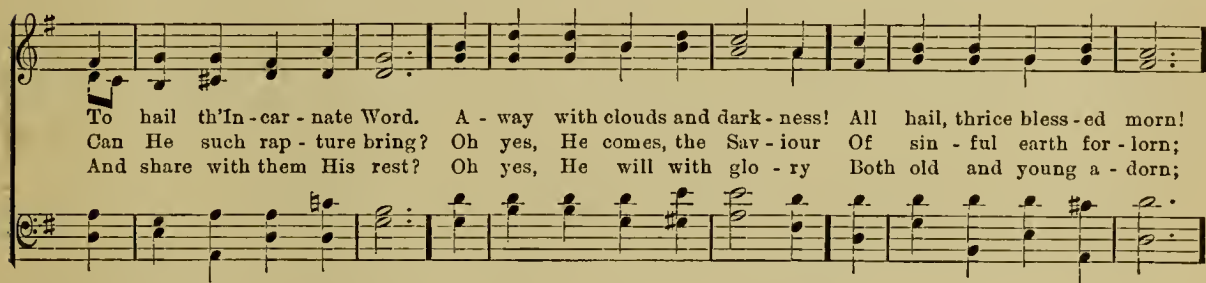
A shout of mighty triumph.

G. P. GRANTHAM.

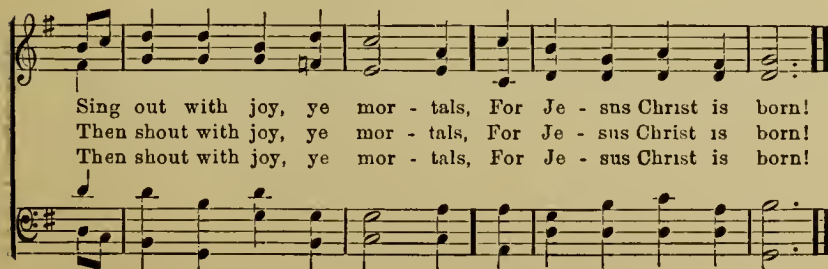
G. P. GRANTHAM.



1. A shout of might-y tri-umph Thro' na-ture's realm is heard; A shout which calls cre-a-tion
 2. Is this, ye ho-ly shepherds, The might-y new-born King? This Child, so sweet and gen-tle,
 3. But tell us, Vir-gin-moth-er, The Child up-on thy breast, Will He re-ceive young chil-dren,



To hail th'In-car-nate Word. A-way with clouds and dark-ness! All hail, thrice bless-ed morn!
 Can He such rap-ture bring? Oh yes, He comes, the Sav-iour Of sin-ful earth for-lorn;
 And share with them His rest? Oh yes, He will with glo-ry Both old and young a-dorn;



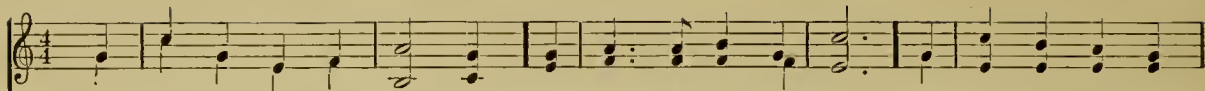
Sing out with joy, ye mor-tals, For Je-sus Christ is born!
 Then shout with joy, ye mor-tals, For Je-sus Christ is born!
 Then shout with joy, ye mor-tals, For Je-sus Christ is born!

4.

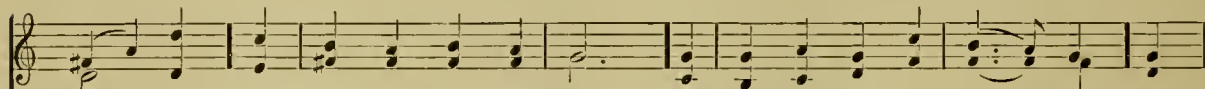
Rejoice then, youths and maidens,
 Old men and children too;
 Lift up your cheerful voices
 With bliss and rapture true!
 Ring out, ye towers and steeples!
 Blow trumpet, pipe, and horn!
 And shout with joy, ye mortals,
 For Jesus Christ is born!

Anon.

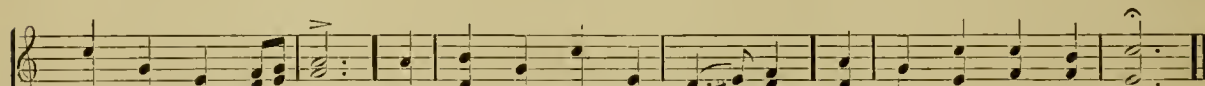
S. P. WARREN.



1. The wise may bring their learn - ing; The rich may bring their wealth; And some may bring their
 2. We'll bring Him hearts that love Him, We'll bring Him thank-ful praise, And young souls meek - ly
 3. We'll bring the lit - tle du - ties We have to do each day, We'll try our best to



great - ness, And some bring strength and health; We, too, would bring our treas - ures, To
 striv - ing To walk in ho - ly ways. And these shall be the treas - ures, We
 please Him At home, at school, at play. And bet - ter are these treas - ures To



of - fer to the King: We have no wealth or learn - ing, What shall we chil - dren bring?
 of - fer to the King: And these are gifts that ev - er The poor - est child may bring.
 of - fer to our King, Than rich - est gifts with - out them, Yet these a child may bring.

The Homeland! O the Homeland!

HUGH R. HAWEIS.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born! No gloom-y night is
 2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair; No sin-ful thing nor
 3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come, Where neith-er death nor

known there, But aye the fade-less morn; I'm sigh-ing for that Coun-try, My heart is
 e - - vil Can ev - er en - ter there; The mu - sic of the ran - somed Is ring - ing
 sor - row In - vade their ho - ly home: O dear, dear na - tive Coun - try! O rest and

ach - ing here, There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw - ing near.
 in my ears, And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are wet with tears.
 peace a - bove! Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of His e - ter - nal love.

177

All praise to Thee, my God, this night.

T. KEN.

THOMAS TALLIS.

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light; Keep me, O keep me,
 2. For - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done; That with the world, my -

King of kings, Be - neath Thine own al - might - y wings.
 self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at Thy judgment-day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose;
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
 Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
 To serve my God when I awake.

178

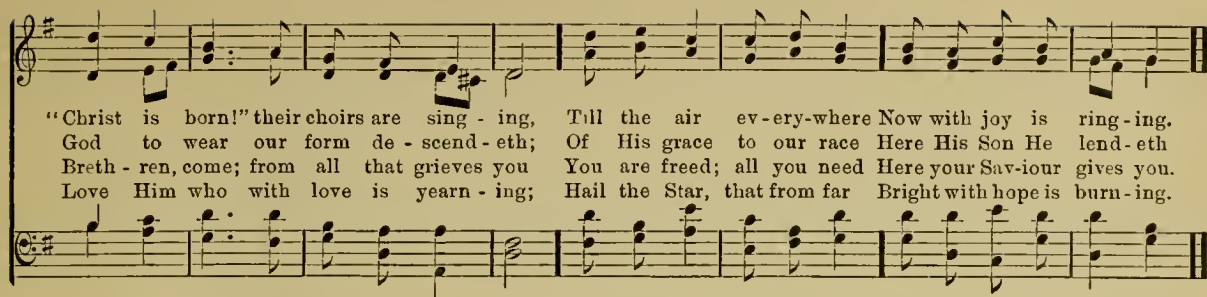
All my heart this night rejoices.

Miss C. WINKWORTH.

J. G. EBELING.

1. All my heart this night re - joic - es, As I hear, far and near, Sweet-est an - gel voic - es;
 2. For it dawns, the prom-ised mor - row, Of His birth, who the earth Res - cues from her sor - row.
 3. Hark! a voice from yon - der man - ger Soft and sweet, doth en - treat—Flee from woe and dan - ger;
 4. Come, then, let us hast - en yon - der; Here let all, great and small, Kneel in awe and won - der.

All my heart this night rejoices.—Concluded.



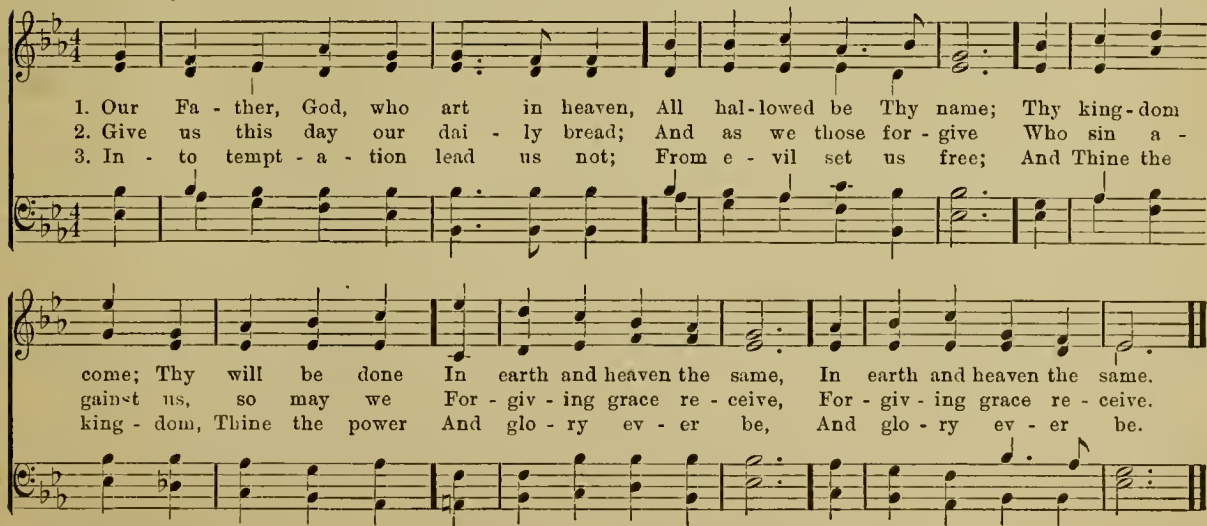
“Christ is born!” their choirs are sing - ing, Till the air ev - ery - where Now with joy is ring - ing.
 God to wear our form de - scend - eth; Of His grace to our race Here His Son He lend - eth
 Breth - ren, come; from all that grieves you You are freed; all you need Here your Sav - iour gives you.
 Love Him who with love is yearn - ing; Hail the Star, that from far Bright with hope is burn - ing.

179

Our Father, God, who art in heaven.

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

HENRY BURTON.

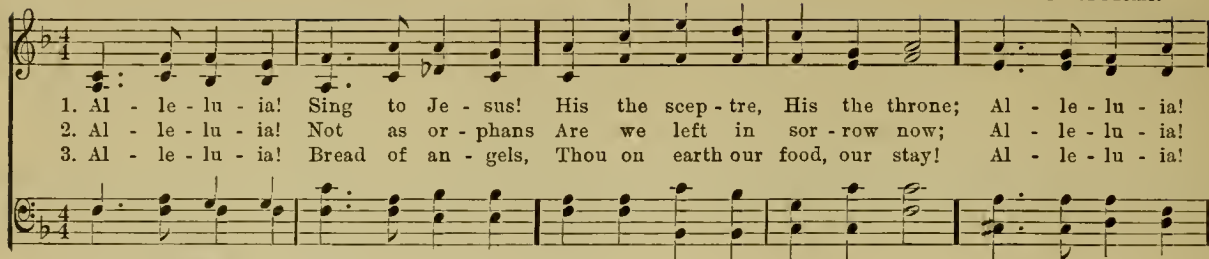


1. Our Fa - ther, God, who art in heaven, All hal - lowed be Thy name; Thy king - dom
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread; And as we those for - give Who sin a -
 3. In - to tempt - a - tion lead us not; From e - vil set us free; And Thine the

come; Thy will be done In earth and heaven the same, In earth and heaven the same.
 gainst us, so may we For - giv - ing grace re - ceive, For - giv - ing grace re - ceive.
 king - dom, Thine the power And glo - ry ev - er be, And glo - ry ev - er be.

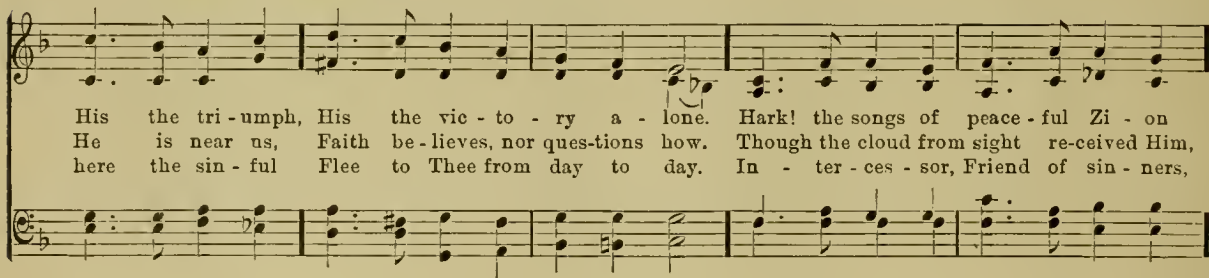
W. C. DIX.

CARYL FLORIO.

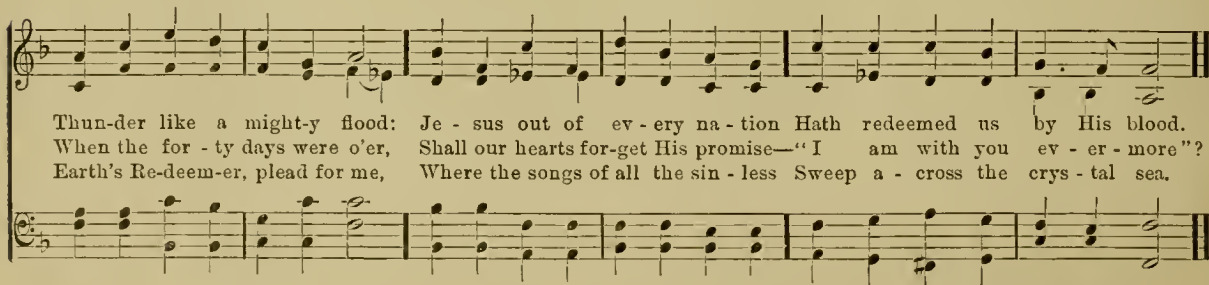


1. Al - le - lu - ia! Sing to Je - sus! His the scep - tre, His the throne; Al - le - lu - ia!
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! Not as or - phans Are we left in sor - row now; Al - le - lu - ia!
 3. Al - le - lu - ia! Bread of an - gels, Thou on earth our food, our stay! Al - le - lu - ia!

N. B.—The first stanza should be repeated at the close of the hymn.



His the tri - umph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone. Hark! the songs of peace - ful Zi - on
 He is near us, Faith be - lieves, nor ques - tions how. Though the cloud from sight re - ceived Him,
 here the sin - ful Flee to Thee from day to day. In - ter - ces - sor, Friend of sin - ners,




Thun - der like a might - y flood: Je - sus out of ev - ery na - tion Hath redeemed us by His blood.
 When the for - ty days were o'er, Shall our hearts for - get His promise—"I am with you ev - er - more?"
 Earth's Re - deem - er, plead for me, Where the songs of all the sin - less Sweep a - cross the crys - tal sea.


A pilgrim and a stranger.

Tr. fr. PAUL GERHARDT.

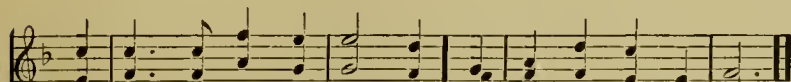
HENRY BURTON.



1. A pil - grim and a stran - ger, I jour - ney here be - low; Far dis - tant is my coun - try,
 2. It is a well-worn path - way, — Ma - ny have gone be - fore; The ho - ly saints and proph - ets,
 3. So I must hast - en for - wards, — Thank God, the end will come. This land of my so - journ - ing



The home to which I go. Here I must toil and trav - el, Oft wea - ry and op - pressed,
 The pa - tri - archs of yore, They trod the toil - some jour - ney In pa - tience and in faith:
 Is not my des - tined home; That ev - er - more a - bid - eth, Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove,



But there my God shall lead me To ev - er - last - ing rest.
 And them I fain would fol - low, Like them in life and death.
 The ev - er - last - ing cit - y, The land of light and love.

- 4 There still my thoughts are dwelling,
 'Tis there I long to be!
 Come, Lord, and call Thy servant
 To blessedness with Thee.
 Come, bid my toils be ended;
 Let all my wanderings cease,
 Call from the wayside lodging
 To Thy sweet home of peace.

182

Anon.

I would a youthful pilgrim be.

GEO. F. HENRY.

1. I would a youth - ful pil - grim be, Re - solved a - lone to fol - low Thee, Thou Lamb of
 2. I would my heart to Thee re - sign: O come, and make it whol - ly Thine! Set up Thy

God, who now art gone Up to Thine ev - er - last - ing throne.
 king - dom, Lord, with - in, And cast out ev - ery thought of sin.

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3.
 Be it my chief desire to prove
 How much I owe, how much I love.
 Contentedly my cross to take,
 And meekly bear it for Thy sake.

4.
 Then, when my pilgrimage is o'er,
 And I can serve Thee here no more,
 Within Thy temple, God of love,
 I'll serve Thee evermore above.

183

O. W. HOLMES.

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!

A. GORE MITCHELL.

1. O Lord of Hosts! Al - might - y King! Be - hold the sac - ri - fice we bring:
 2. Wake in our breast the liv - ing fires, The ho - ly faith that warmed our sires;
 3. Be Thou a pil - lared flame to show The mid - night snare, the si - lent foe;
 4. God of all na - tions! Sov - ereign Lord! In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
 5. From trea - son's rent, from mur - der's stain, Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,

Used by per.

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!—Concluded.

To ev - ery arm Thy strength im - part, Thy Spir - it shed through ev - ery heart.
 Thy hand hath made our na - tion free; To die for her is serv - ing Thee.
 And when the bat - tle thun - ders loud, Still guide us in its mov - ing cloud.
 We lift the star - ry flag on high, That fills with light our storm - y sky.
 Till fort and field, till shore and sea, Join our loud an - them, Praise to Thee!

184

Now the day is over.

S. BARING-GOULD.

J. BARNEY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh; Shad - ows of the eve - ning
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; With Thy ten - derest bless - ing

evening Steal a -
 blessing May our

Steal a - cross the sky;
 May our eye - lids close.

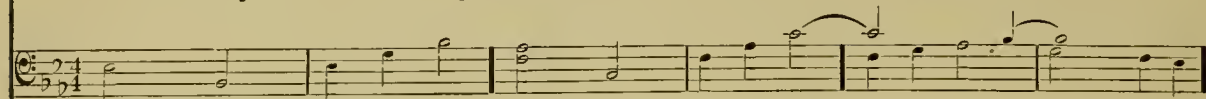
cross the sky.
 eye - - - lids close.

- 3 Grant to little children
 Visions bright of Thee,
 Guard the sailors tossing
 On the deep, blue sea.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer
 Watching late in pain;
 Those who plan some evil
 From their sins restrain.

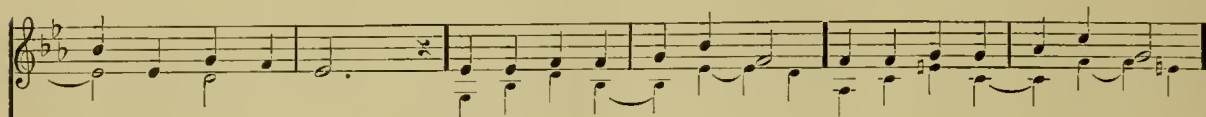
- 5 Through the long night watches,
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.



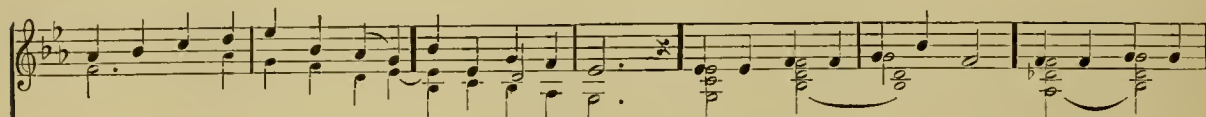
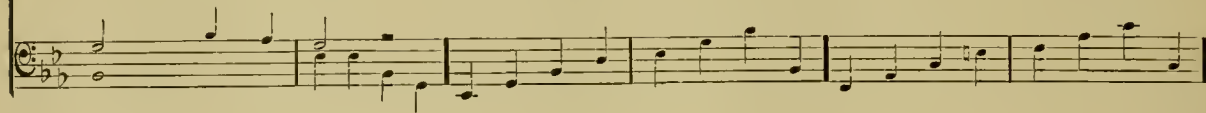
1. Je - sus, Shep-herd of the sheep, Who Thy Fa-ther's flock dost keep, Safe we wake and safe we sleep,



The melody is the same for all the verses.



Guard-ed still by Thee. 2. In Thy prom-ise firm we stand, None can pluck us from Thy hand,



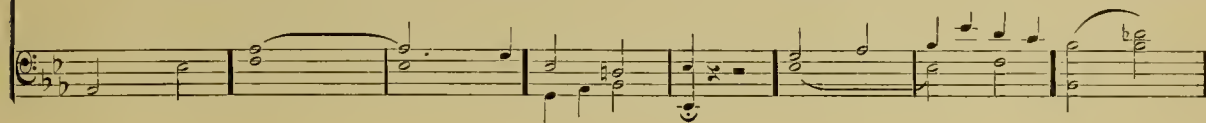
Speak,—we hear; at Thy com-mand We will fol-low Thee. 3. By Thy blood our souls were bought, By Thy life sal-



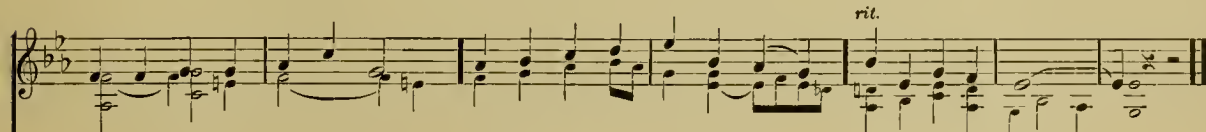
Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep.—Concluded.



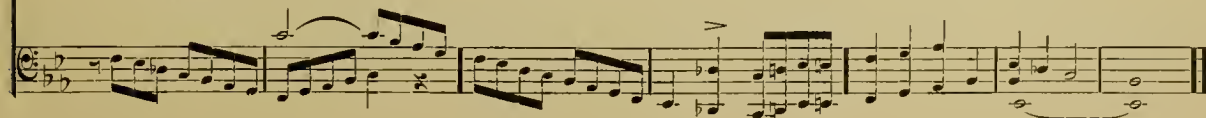
vation wrought, By Thy Word our feet are taught, Lord, to follow Thee. 4. Father, draw us to Thy Son, We with joy will



fol-low on, Till the work of grace is done, And, from sin set free, 5. We in robes of glo-ry dressed

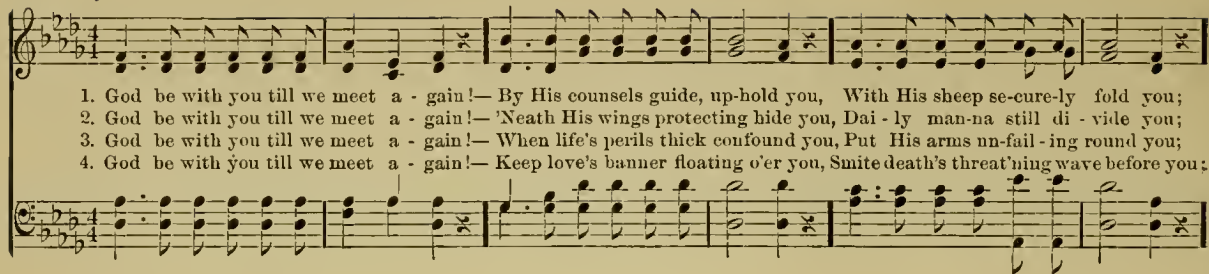


Join th' assem-bly of the blest, Gathered to e - ter-nal rest, In the fold with Thee.....



J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up-hold you, With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you;
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— 'Neath His wings protecting hide you, Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you;
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— When life's perils thick confound you, Put His arms un-fail - ing round you;
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;



CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 God be with you till we meet a - gain!

Till we meet! till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus'
 Till we meet! till we meet a - gain!



feet; Till we meet! till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Till we meet! Till we meet! till we meet a - gain!

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Ad. by HENRY CAREY.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grims' pride, From ev - ery mount - ain side Let free - dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

1 Father of heaven, bless
 Missions, with great success,
 We humbly pray!
 Soon may the gospel sound
 Through all the world around,
 Till earth's remotest bound
 Shall own Thy sway.

2 O'er every hill and plain,
 Washed by the mighty main,
 Echo the call!
 Till gods of wood and stone
 Shall all be overthrown,
 And Jesus reigns alone,
 Supreme o'er all!

3 Then spread the gospel's light
 Till nations all unite
 Beneath His sway!
 And let us, as we sing
 Praise to our Saviour King,
 Our grateful offerings bring,
 To haste the day!

MAJOR'S "Book of Praise."

189

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

St. Paul.

A. T. SCHAUFFLER.

1. The grace of our Lord Je - sus Christ, The love of God the Fa - ther,

And the com-mun-ion of the Ho - ly Ghost Be, and a - bide with us all. A - men.

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190

May the grace of Christ our Saviour.

J. NEWTON.

D. E. JONES.

1. May the grace of Christ, our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Ho - ly Spir-it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove!

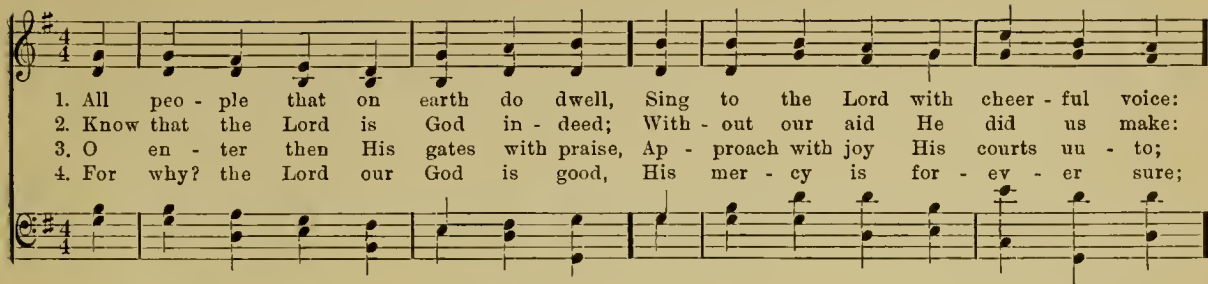
2. Thus may we a - bide in uu - ion With each oth - er, and the Lord; And pos-sess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot af - ford.

191

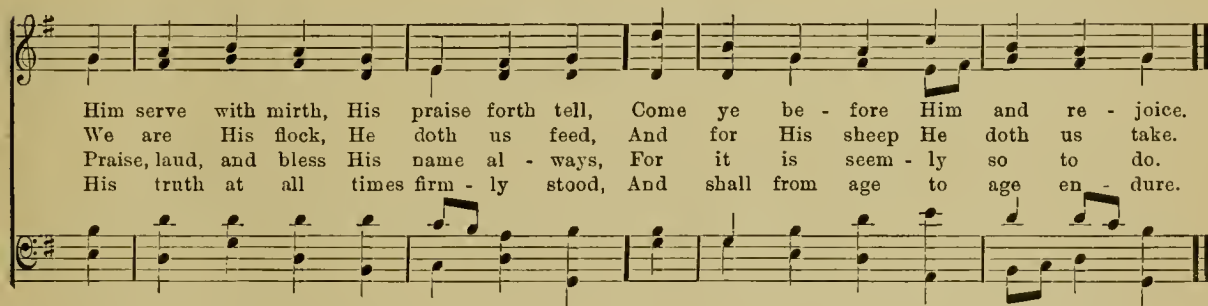
All people that on earth do dwell.

W. KETHE.

L. BOURGEOIS.



1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice:
 2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make:
 3. O en - ter then His gates with praise, Ap - proach with joy His courts un - to;
 4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure;



Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
 We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 Praise, laud, and bless His name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.
 His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

192 A mourning class, a vacant seat.

- 1 A mourning class, a vacant seat,
 Tell us that one we loved to meet
 Will join our youthful throng no more,
 Till all these changing scenes are o'er.
- 2 No more that voice we loved to hear
 Shall fill a teacher's listening ear;

- No more its tones shall join to swell
 The songs that of a Saviour tell.
- 3 God tells us by this mournful death,
 How vain and fleeting is our breath,
 And bids our souls prepare to meet
 The trial of His judgment-seat.

Anon.

193 Praise God.

- Praise God, from whom all blessings
 flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN.

194 Tune—BOYLSTON.

- 1 BLESSED be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts, and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

JOHN FAWCETT.

195 Tune—STATE STREET.

- 1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of Thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

196 Tune—NETTLETON.

- 1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.
- 2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart! oh, take and seal it!
Seal it for Thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON.

197 Tune—OUI ON THE OCEAN.

- 1 WE are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.

- All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

- 2 Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
- 3 Spread your sails while heavenly breezes
Gently waft your vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing,
Sweet salvation is the song.

CHARLES DUNBAR.

198 Tune—EVEN ME.

- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free!
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some portion fall on me,

CHORUS.—Even me! even me!
Let some portion fall on me.

- 2 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me,
Even me!

- 3 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me!

- 4 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me,
Even me!

- 5 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee!
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, oh, bless me,
Even me!

ELIZABETH CODNER.

199 Tune—HE LEADETH ME.

- 1 HE leaeth me! O blessed thought,
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leaeth me.

REFRAIN.

He leaeth me, He leaeth me,
By His own hand He leaeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leaeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leaeth me!
- 3 Lord! I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leaeth me.

- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's won,
Ev'n death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leaeth me.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE.

200 Tune—SHEPHERD.

- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blesséd Jesus!

Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

- 2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blesséd Jesus!

Let us early turn to Thee.

- 3 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us learn Thy will;
Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blesséd Jesus!

Thou hast loved us: love us still.

HENRY F. LYTE.

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